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COLLIER'S · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

October 23, 1937

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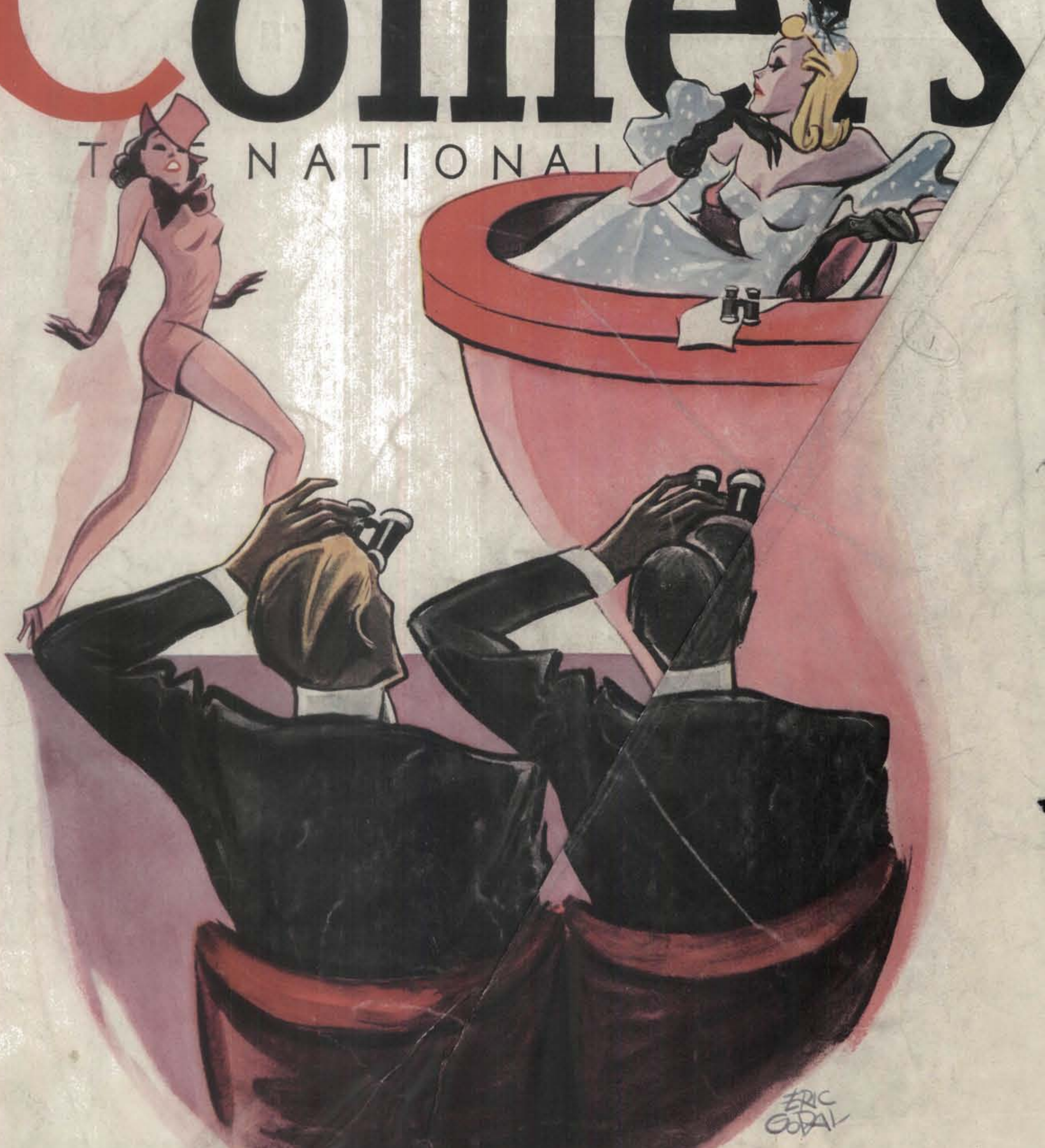
FREE PUBLIC
IOLA, KANSAS

Collier's

THE NATIONAL



THOMAS WALSH

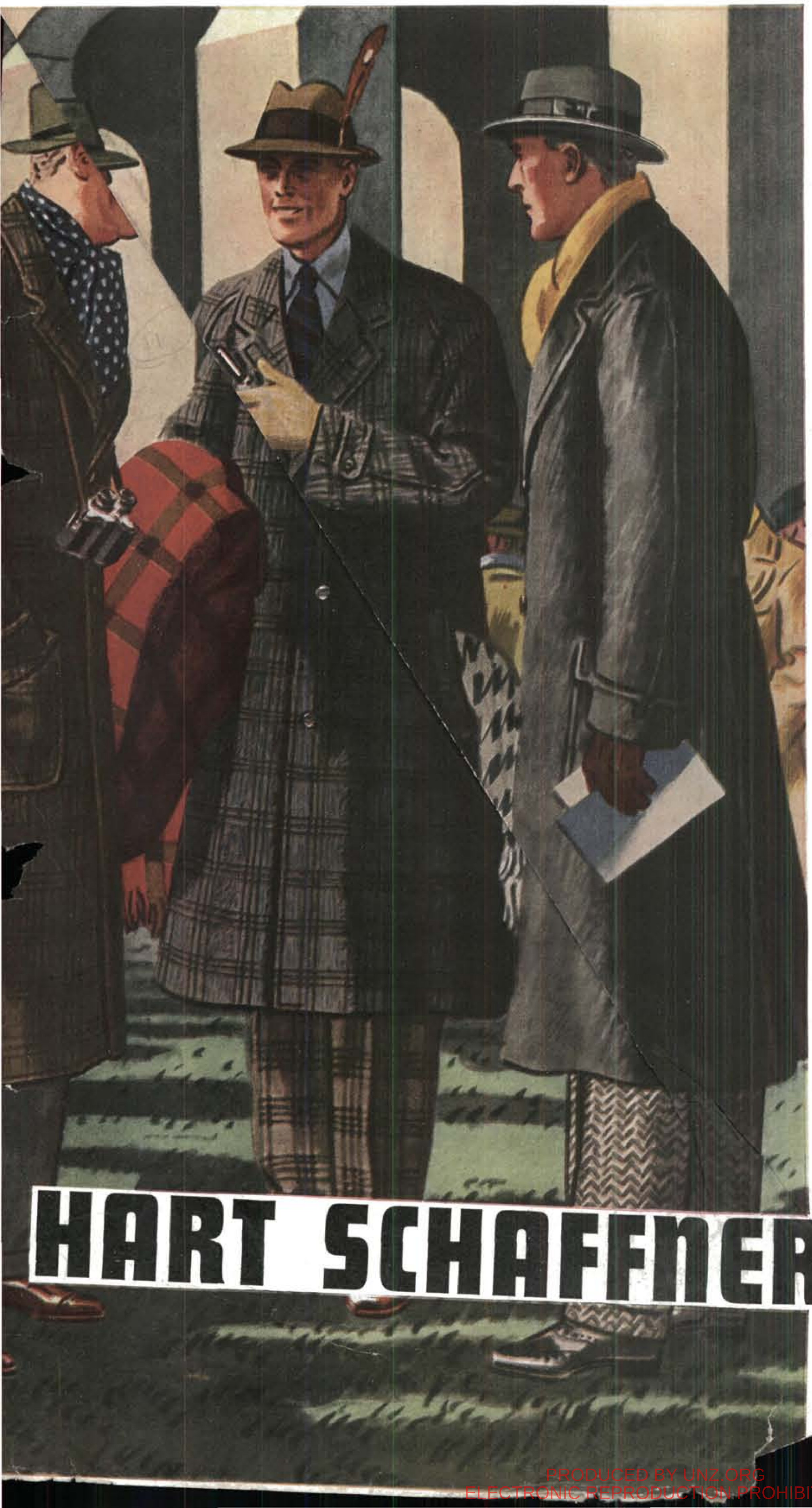
CORY FORD

"SHIPWRECK" KELLY

MRS JOAN ....HARGROVE 12B
417 E MADISON 21965 RC
IOLA KANS 22JY39 R HH3X

Oct. 23, 1937

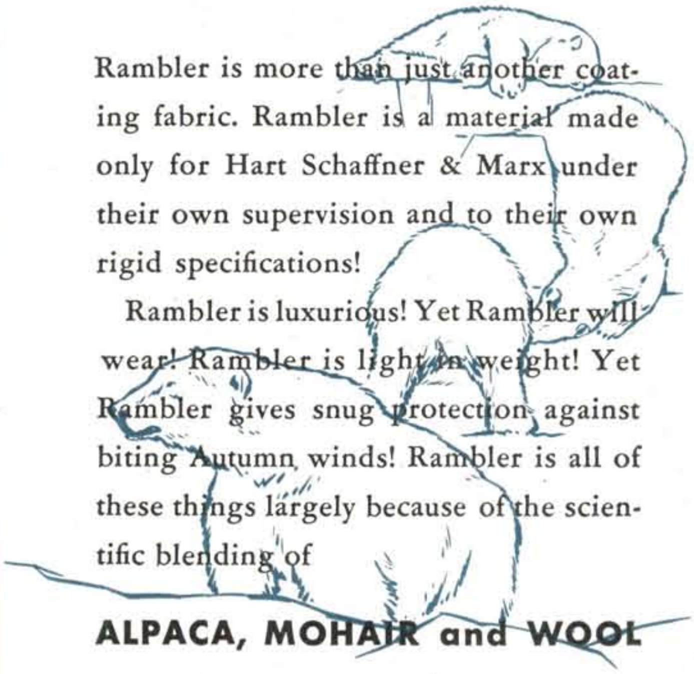
HE PERFECT COAT! *Rambler*



"A BEAR FOR WEAR"

Tailored exclusively by

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



Rambler is more than just another coating fabric. Rambler is a material made only for Hart Schaffner & Marx under their own supervision and to their own rigid specifications!

Rambler is luxurious! Yet Rambler will wear! Rambler is light in weight! Yet Rambler gives snug protection against biting Autumn winds! Rambler is all of these things largely because of the scientific blending of

ALPACA, MOHAIR and WOOL

which goes into its construction. And this blending of three fibres—instead of concentrating on just one—is the reason Rambler has at least an extra season of wear! It's the perfect coat for brisk Autumn days; great at football games, ideal for traveling or motor trips, or for general knock-about wear.

A 50TH ANNIVERSARY VALUE 1887 1937

RAMBLER IS A 50TH YEAR VALUE

—commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the firm of Hart Schaffner & Marx. Famous throughout the past five decades as the leading makers in the country of ready-for-service garments, Hart Schaffner & Marx, this season, brings forth one of the greatest value-giving collections of fine clothing in its entire history. See this great Rambler coat—and other 50th anniversary values—at your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer this week.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

to Look For ... A Big Thing to Find

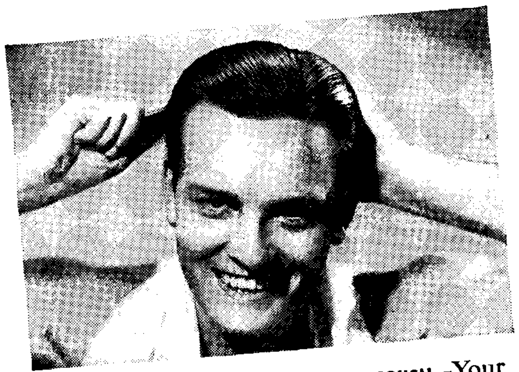
When Good Impressions Count

let healthy, handsome Hair help you!

Use VITALIS

and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 SECONDS TO RUB**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Your hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

WELL-KEPT, handsome hair does more than contribute to your good appearance. It gives you an air of breeding and assurance, marks you as a man who respects himself and wants that respect from others. It's one of the most valuable assets a man can have—and one of the easiest to possess...thanks to Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

To help keep your hair looking at its best, apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation awakens—your scalp loses its tightness—it becomes "looser," more flexible—your hair takes on a rich, new lustre. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help the health of your scalp by supplementing the natural oils—overcoming dryness. Just 50 seconds and your hair has a healthy, handsome look!

Now take 10 seconds to comb and brush. See how firmly and smartly your hair stays in place—just as you want it. And no trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look!

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug store today. Give your hair the care it needs—the quick, easy "60-Second Workout" with Vitalis. You'll have a better-looking head of hair—handsome, lustrous hair—hair that "builds up" self-confidence and respect!

VITALIS SEALTUBE

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Insist on Sealtubes!

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME...

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

October 23, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

SALLY PORTER ran a column called Let's Be Smart. It was popular and brought her a good income. Sally herself was smart. And she was beautiful. In short, she was the last person in the world you would expect to find smuggling a disguise into the hide-out of a notorious labor agitator wanted by the police.

That, however, is what you'll find Sally doing when you begin George F. Worts' new serial. It's the first twist in as bad a tangle as a "Smart Girl" ever found herself in.

THE price of living has gone up. Just possibly you have noticed it. And possibly you have wondered whether it was going higher and if so whether your salary or income would go up too. Very likely you thought the government ought to do something about it. John T. Flynn, boldly plunging into the extraordinary complexities of the subject, shows you in a brilliant article just how the economic health of the nation affects your everyday life. "That's Where Your Money Goes" is the title, and it may surprise you to find out where that is and why.

PAUNCEFOTE PARTINGTON, Esq., was a survival from the legendary age of Wall Street, the age of the empire builders. Partington had made his millions and lost them and was left to fumble among almost worthless securities and be snubbed by younger men. But the spirit of the great days was in him and when opportunity came he showed it. "The Magnificent Beetlepuss" is by Jefferson Crallé.

"PRETTY soft," *said the people of* Rome when Count Galeazzo Ciano was plucked from oblivion by the strong hand of Mussolini and installed as Il Duce's son-in-law. "All he has to do is sit tight and he'll be Mussolini's successor." They still say that, but they no longer think it's soft. In "The Making of Duce II," T. R. Ybarra shows you a young man with father-in-law trouble.

STEVE CONKLIN ran into the girl with the long legs and nice eyes in a bamboo grove. They were both running away from a walrus, a highly vocal walrus that sang in the movies. The girl didn't know that Steve was the voice of the walrus. That fact almost, but not quite, wrecked a beautiful romance. "Too Much Walrus" is by Frederic Mertz.

MAURICE BARRANGON writes the Short Short Story. Jesse Stuart, Will F. Jenkins, Quentin Reynolds, Betty Thornley Stuart, Ernest Haycox, Freling Foster and others handsomely round out the issue.

This Week

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●

FRELING FOSTER
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COVER ERIC GODAL

Any Week

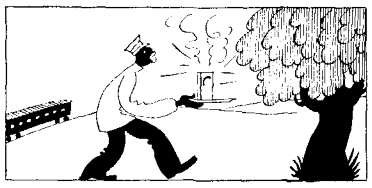
JIM MARSHALL was the first magazine reporter to see the fighting in Shanghai. He arrived from Singapore the day it started—arrived aboard a little German ship in a typhoon. Landing was impossible, but some refugees made the ship before she went on to Yokohama. Mr. Marshall hadn't intended to go to Japan, had no visa. Besides, Collier's is banned as a book full of dangerous thoughts and lacking in respect for the higher things. So he was refused entry. But he crashed the country, dodged the Mikado's cops all the way to Kobe, where he boarded a French ship bound for Shanghai. At 5 A.M., just before sailing time, our Mr. Marshall was thrown off. Implacable, those Japanese. Ducking his way to Tokyo, he looked up his personal spy, who was easily convinced that his job depended on keeping Mr. Marshall out of jail. Then came a week of visits, always pleasant, to police stations, the War Department and the Foreign Office, talking fast but getting no nearer a permit for China.

In the mornings, before his spy arrived, he found time to write the excellent Shanghai bombing article which you read last week and "The Girls They Left Behind" (this week), which tells you what the folks at home are doing while the army boys are away throwing things at the Chinese.

Finally the Honorable Front Office said he could have every facility for leaving, provided he went to Seattle or Singapore. So it was home to Seattle with polite Japanese officials buying a beer before the boat pulled out and waving from the dock just to make sure our tireless correspondent didn't jump overboard.

But Mr. Marshall is back in China now. He flew from San Francisco to Manila and the U. S. Navy ferried him up from there. Thus do we spare no expense and find no danger too heart-stopping to get stories for your eyes.

LETTERS from intelligent, widely informed, alert-minded people are highly prized by this department. *They are ennobling, heartening, inspiring.* Our favorite Pullman porter, Mr. John Baptist Ford, veteran of thirty-five years of service and sometime guest lecturer in sociology at Dartmouth College, has just written to us. "I was a little disheartened by that hot spell around the last of June," he writes. "Upon my arrival at Hyannis, Massachusetts, at the end of my day's work I took a fourteen-ounce glass to make myself a lemonade. In this fourteen-ounce glass I placed the juice of two lemons, some clean ice and club soda. I scanned the horizon and picked out a shady tree about three hundred feet from my car. I started for this tree. It was so hot that while walking the three hundred feet the lemonade started boiling and broke the glass. So I went fishing instead."



MOREOVER, it is quite educational—this job. If it weren't for Mr. W. B. Powell of Indian Springs, Georgia, we wouldn't have known that just south of Macon there is a filling station displaying the sign: "Neat and Clean Laboratories for Men and Women."

MONEY is not visible in Mississippi, we noticed when we took a jaunt through that state a few weeks ago. One of Mississippi's current problems is what to do with some thirty defunct counties which are not only insolvent but unable to support their county courthouses and all their brave arrays of unemployed tax assessors, tax collectors, sheriffs, deputy sheriffs and other statesmen. We got to talking to a Mr. Glower, of Hattiesburg, about this dismal situation. Mr. Glower allowed that it was indeed a desperate plight. We asked him whether it wouldn't be a profitable idea to abolish these county offices and try somehow to get along without a few hundred hired politicians.

" 'TWOULDN'T do at all," said Mr. Glower. "This here state is full of folks who wouldn't take four governors and a President throwed in for a sheriff. And if you didn't have no tax collectors a lot of folks wouldn't have nobody official to say go to hell to."

MR. GLOWER also told us that Mississippi's Governor White was advocating free textbooks for the state's school children. We said that was fine. But Mr. Glower scoffed. "He wouldn't be saying it," said he, "if the children could vote."

WHY not let 'em?

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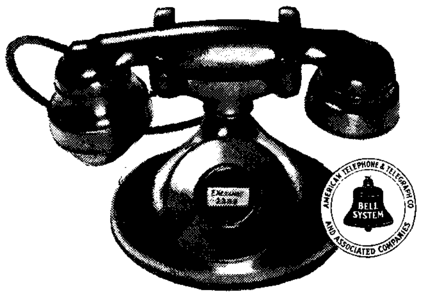
Woolen waste dealer MOPS UP MARKET by Long Distance

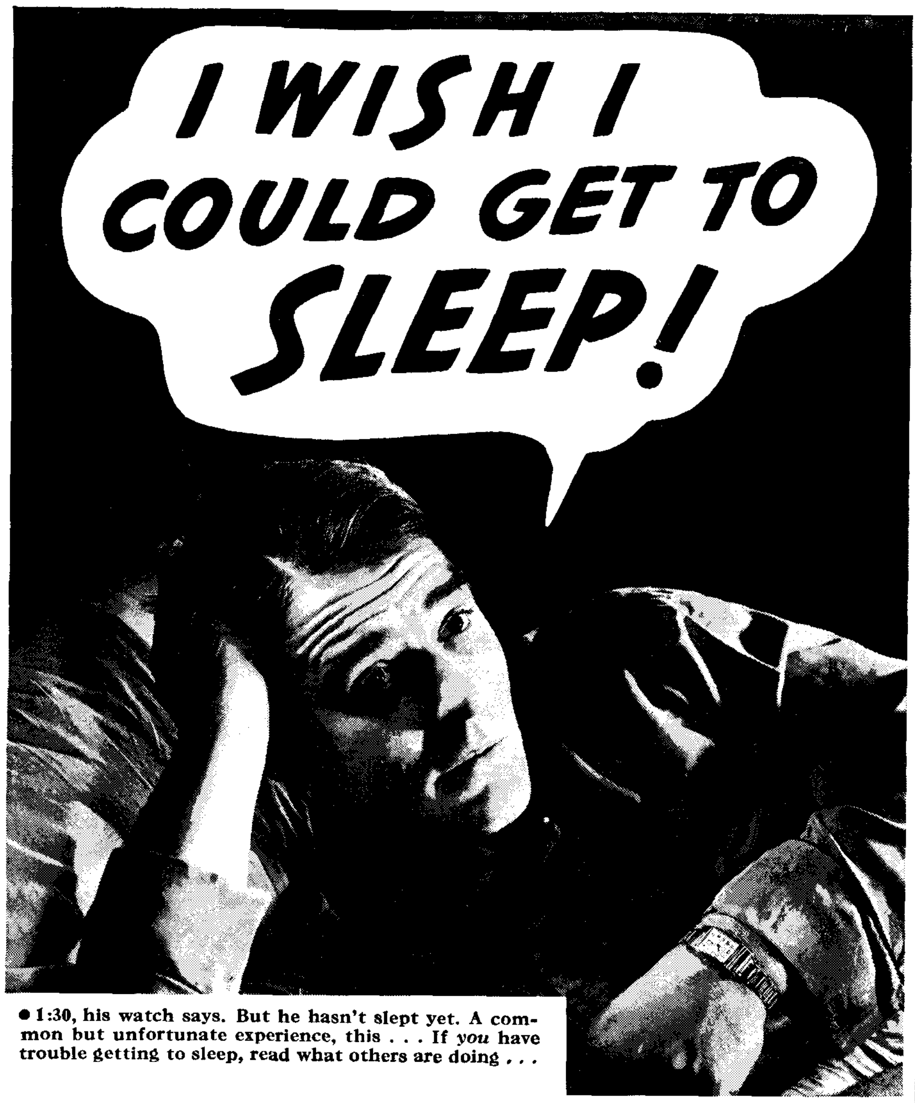
● A woolen waste firm sells to eastern wool-spinners through a sales manager and three salesmen. The sales manager needed more time for home office duties . . . realized he *lost* time in waiting for busy customers and calling on those who were absent or not in the market.

He tried telephoning from strategically located points . . . found it permitted faster, more frequent coverage . . . avoided useless visits . . . secured personal appointments where necessary. On his first two-week trip, he saved two full days at a telephone cost of $12. On another trip, five calls to different cities saved 1450 miles of traveling.

Similarly, the sales department uses Long Distance to *follow up* after salesmen's trips. Here it minimizes expensive "back-tracking"—assures quick, *timely* contact with customers—and reduces loss of business to competitors. Two typical instances . . . a telephone call costing $1.75 brought an order for $1100 . . . a series of calls totaling $6.75 produced a $7000 order.

Concerns of all kinds find they can "mop up" markets more thoroughly and more economically by the systematic use of Long Distance service. Why not discuss it with a Bell System representative? Just call the local telephone business office. No obligation.




I WISH I COULD GET TO SLEEP!

● 1:30, his watch says. But he hasn't slept yet. A common but unfortunate experience, this . . . If *you* have trouble getting to sleep, read what others are doing . . .

Thousands are solving the problem *this way*:—

TOSSING AND TURNING, *worrying* about getting to sleep! Night after night of that will wear down anyone's resistance and vitality.

To get to sleep more quickly and secure a good night's rest, thousands of people are taking a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime. This simple practice, they report, helps them to get to sleep *quicker*, and to wake up more refreshed and rested the next day.

Ovaltine is not a sleep-inducing drug. It is a food, pure and wholesome. It was originated, in fact, as a convalescent drink. At a later date it was discovered that when taken at bedtime it also promoted natural, restful sleep.

Now it is the world's favorite nightcap. People are constantly praising its benefits.

Here is the way the action of Ovaltine has been explained:—

It gives the stomach a light digestive job to do and this relieves that feeling of hollowness and restlessness that often keeps people awake. (Many people have trouble getting to sleep at night, because of some slight digestive unrest that they may not even be conscious of.)

As a result, *Ovaltine reduces that feeling of "Inner Tenseness" which many people complain about.* It helps them relax. And when you relax, sleep usually follows shortly.

Restful sleep. Not the "dopey," unrefreshing kind. Ovaltine promotes the kind of sleep that Nature intended you to have—the kind from which you awake feeling full of life and "go." You have more energy.

Drink Ovaltine Regularly

Remember that Ovaltine nourishes you, too. It supplies vitamins and minerals and other food elements which you need in your diet. It is a "protective" food.

Make an Ovaltine "nightcap" tonight and see if you don't sleep better. Just put 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of milk and drink this delicious beverage when you go to bed.

Make a *practice* of it. Do it every night. Ovaltine is not habit-forming but it's a mighty fine habit nevertheless.

Get a can at your grocery or drug store.

(*Doctors approve of Ovaltine and it is used in over 1700 hospitals in this country alone*)

MR. L. H. CRUTCHER, *Long Beach, Calif., writes:* "I could not sleep at night . . . I would read, count sheep, and everything, but sleep just wouldn't come . . . *Now that I am taking Ovaltine I sleep fine.*"

"Both my husband and I were troubled with sleeplessness," *writes* MRS. S. A. DELMAR *of Cleveland, Ohio.* "We heard so much about Ovaltine that we decided to try it. We began sleeping soundly and can't praise Ovaltine enough."

"Before I started drinking Ovaltine I found it difficult to sleep nights," *writes* JACK E. GILMAN, *Philadelphia, Pa.* "I'd tried other things without avail. Now I sleep well every night and feel wonderful. I am grateful."

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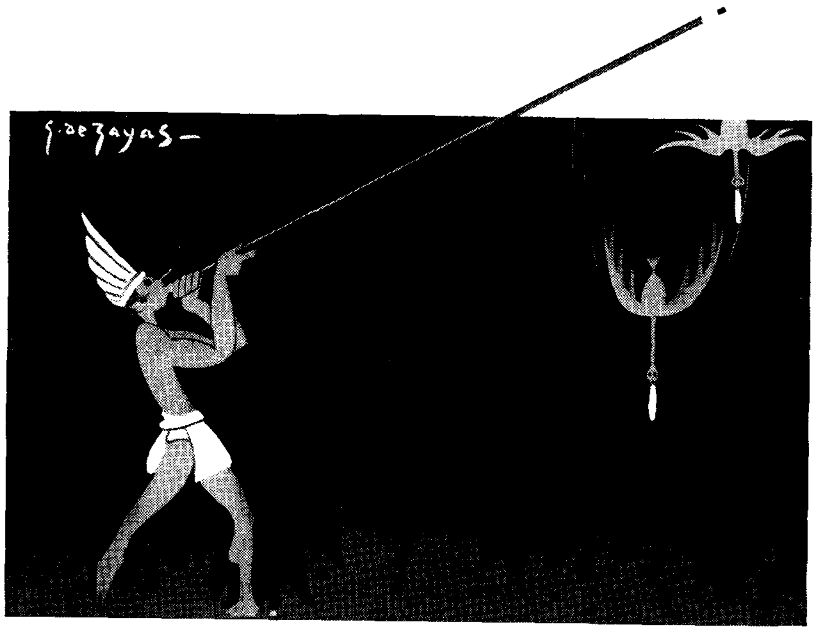
OVALTINE

promotes sound, natural SLEEP



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Approximately 2,000,000 aborigines in tropical countries still hunt with the blowgun, the "rifle" of the primitive world. With these guns, which are often twelve feet in length, a skilled man can blow the poisoned darts with such accuracy as to kill birds on the wing at a distance of two hundred feet.

The ability to focus the eye and see objects clearly at different distances usually declines year by year after a person passes middle age. By the time he is seventy, usually all power of altering the focus of the eye is lost.

Reports from a number of American hospitals for mental diseases reveal the fact that forty per cent of their patients are eventually discharged as fully recovered or so improved that further detention is unnecessary.

Near Chatsworth, New Jersey, stands a unique memorial on the spot where Emilio Carranza, the Mexican aviator, crashed to his death in July, 1928. Carved on its face are bare footprints leading to the ground, symbolic of this airman's last journey—back to the earth.—*By Wilbert Sheldon, Millville, New Jersey.*

Probably the most famous golden eagle ever trained to kill sizable animals was "Alagym," owned by a falconer and fur trader in the Tian Shan Mountains of Russia up to a short time ago. One day in 1923, this bird, weighing less than eight pounds, broke the backs of fourteen wolves within eight hours.

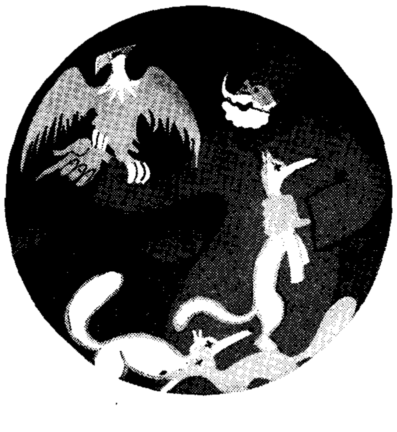
In Australia and New Zealand, most homes and hotels serve tea seven times a day—before breakfast, at breakfast, at eleven in the forenoon, at lunch, at four in the afternoon, at dinner and at bedtime. Most industrial and commercial concerns also serve it to employees at eleven and four.

Up to a few years ago, British battleships were virtually floating menageries, their seamen owning a wide variety of animals which included deer, antelopes, bears, foxes, monkeys, apes, mongooses and chameleons. But this practice was curtailed when the Admiralty learned that one of its vessels was carrying an "animal crew" of nearly 1,600 assorted pets.

New Yorkers make and receive a total of 80,000 long-distance telephone calls every 24 hours.—*By Fanny Arnold, New York City.*

At one time, burial plots south of the church in a churchyard cemetery were regarded as the preferable ones, as according to ecclesiastical lore, that was the "angels' side" of the yard.

No one except La Roche, the Roumanian acrobat, has ever been known to perform "The Rolling Ball," an act which he invented and presented in the circuses of Europe for many years during the latter part of the 19th century. Enclosed in a ball about three feet in diameter, he rolled himself up and down a narrow spiral ledge which encircled a supporting pole 25 feet in height.



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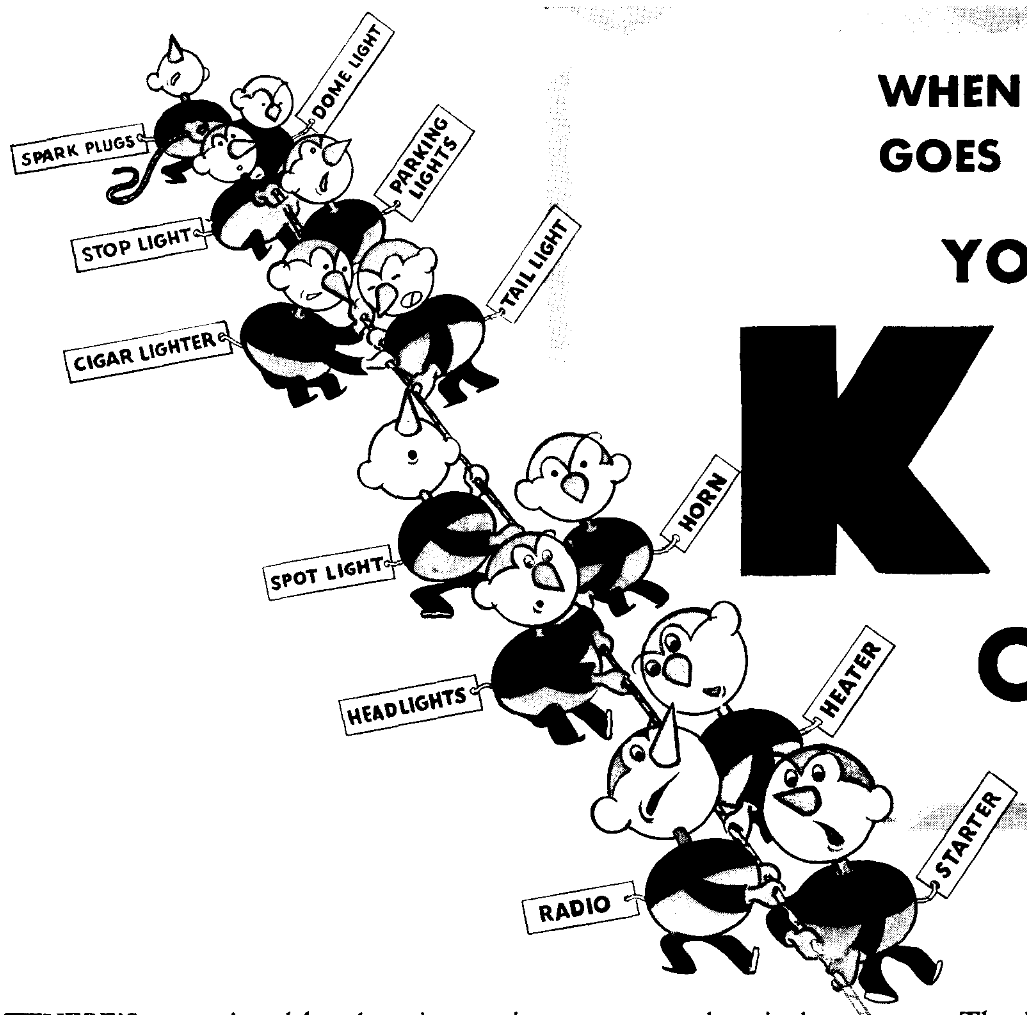
WHEN THIS TUG-OF-WAR GOES ON IN YOUR CAR

YOU'VE GOT A

KICK

COMING!



THERE'S a continual battle going on in your car—electrical parts and accessories pitted against battery. The odds have been growing greater year after year as radios, fog lights and other newcomers join the battery's opponents.

Old-fashioned, low-capacity batteries haven't a chance in this electrical tug-of-war. It takes a modern battery to win this fight—a high-capacity battery with a world of KICK—a Goodyear!

Goodyear Batteries are designed and built for modern cars and for all the electrical equipment these cars can carry.

The batteries themselves are as modern as the cars they serve. Plates rest on feet which lift them above sediment in the acid and prevent internal short circuits. Separators are built of finest Port Orford Cedar, thoroughly inspected for any sign of a flaw. Cell walls are tapered inward to eliminate internal chafing and vibration.

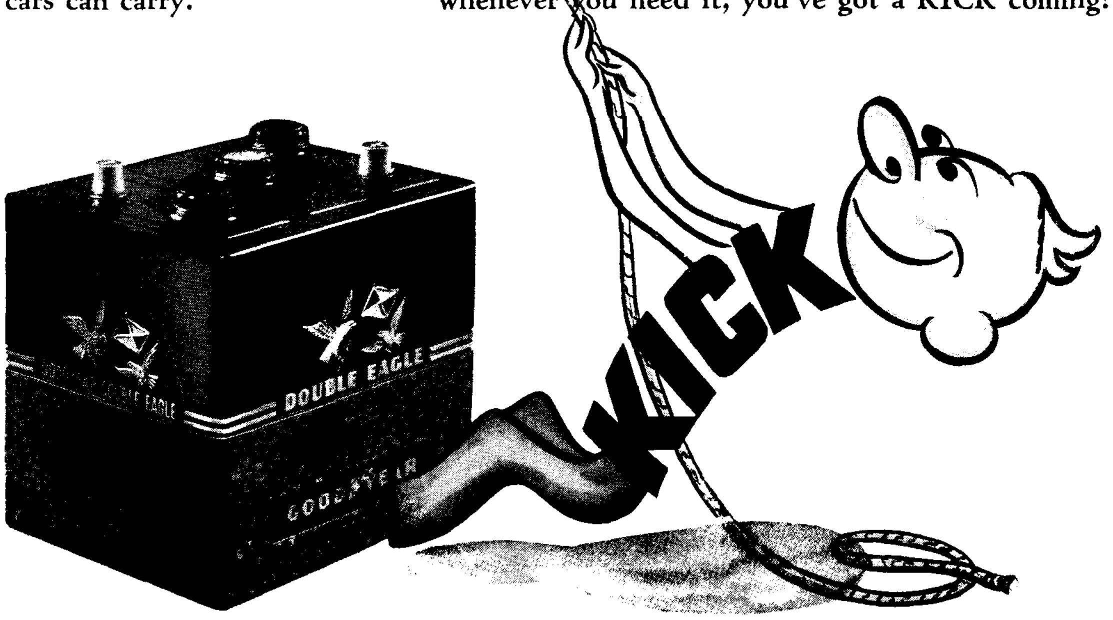
As a result of this new and scientific design, Goodyear Batteries not only *have* more KICK—they also *keep* their KICK for a longer time.

Put a Goodyear Battery in your car. Then you can be sure that, whenever you need it, you've got a KICK coming!

IN BUYING a battery today, it is important to select one with plenty of capacity for all the equipment on your car. Your Goodyear Dealer will be glad to analyze your needs and recommend the Goodyear Battery best fitted to meet them. All Goodyear Batteries are very moderately priced.

☆ ☆ ☆

LET YOUR Goodyear Dealer take your battery off your mind. Stop in at his store and register. He will give your battery a complete and thorough inspection. Then at regular intervals, he will remind you by telephone or post card when periodic inspections are due. Registration, reminders, and inspections are all absolutely FREE!

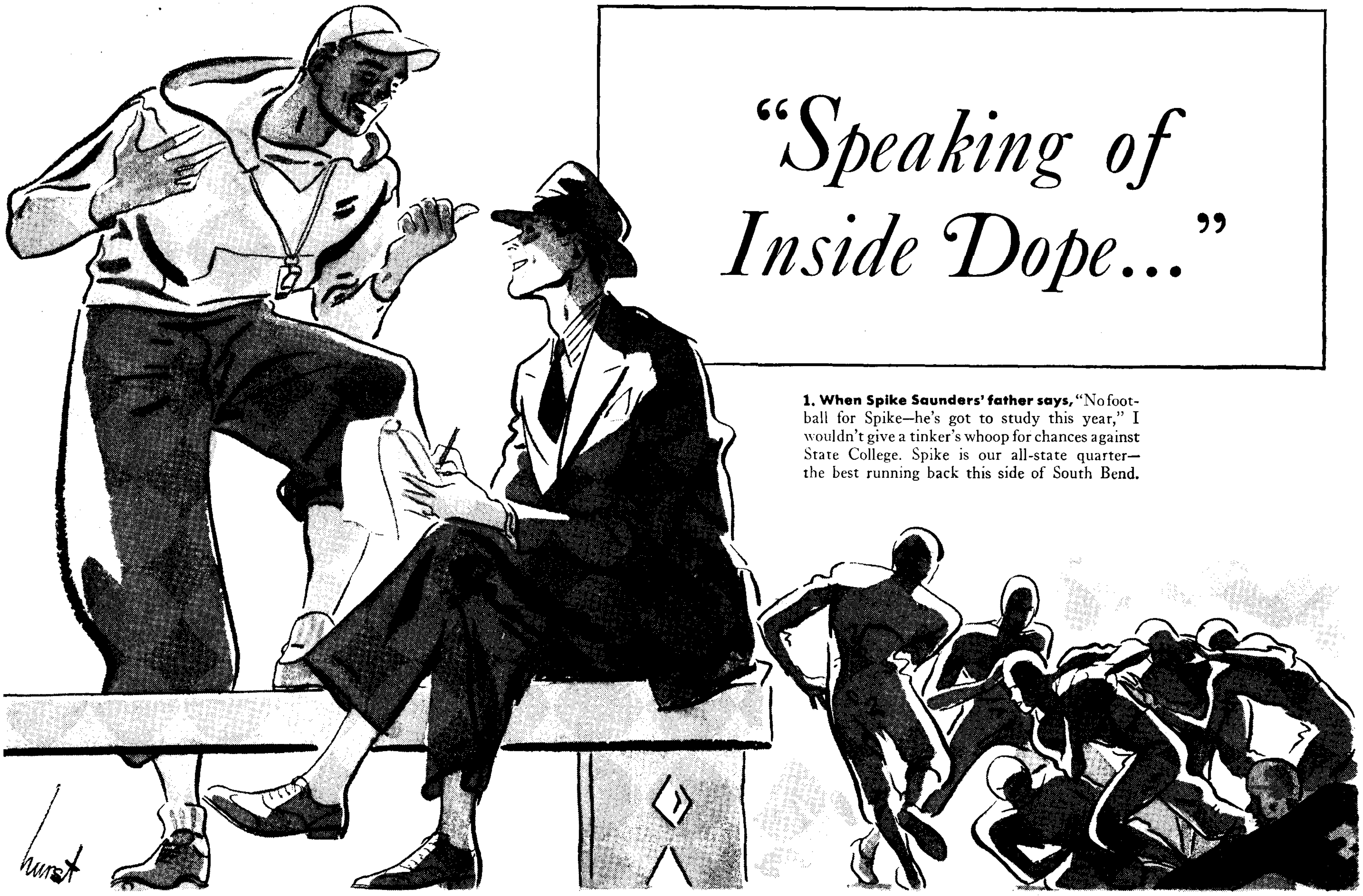


GOODYEAR

BATTERIES

AS GOOD AS THE NAME THEY BEAR

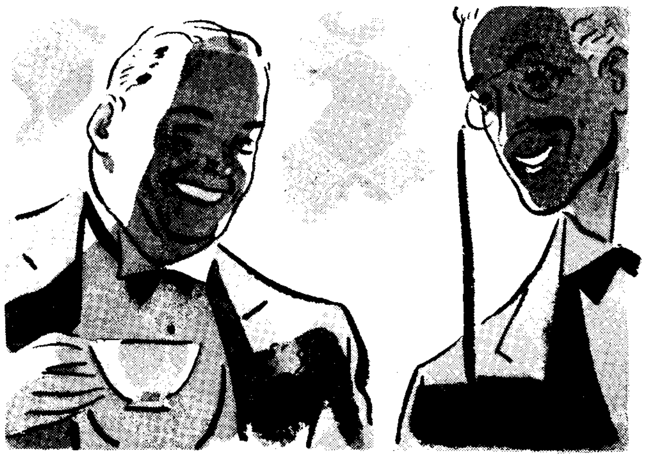
"Speaking of Inside Dope..."



1. When Spike Saunders' father says, "No football for Spike—he's got to study this year," I wouldn't give a tinker's whoop for chances against State College. Spike is our all-state quarter—the best running back this side of South Bend.

2. But Prexy Sewall gets busy and invites old man Saunders down for a week-end on some pretext or other. And then Prexy has the whole team over to dinner to help put some pressure on the old buzzard.

3. You couldn't budge that guy with a tractor. When they offer him coffee he explodes like a torpedo, and it sure looks like our cause is lost. Seems he loves coffee but is a victim of caffein.



4. Right there, Prexy steps in the breach. "This is Sanka Coffee," he says. "Its caffein is removed, so it can't keep you awake." Spike's father drinks it—gets real enthusiastic. Things look brighter when we leave.

5. Well, the old boy sleeps like a log. Next morning he says giving him Sanka proves we're pretty smart after all—so he guesses we're right about letting Spike play. Zowie! Them State College boys better watch out now!

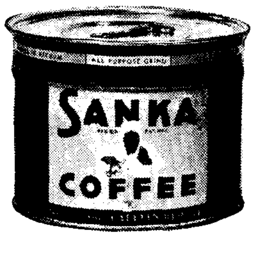
If you're among those coffee-lovers whom caffein throws for a loss—it's time you teamed up with Sanka Coffee.

Remember, Sanka Coffee is *not* a substitute. In its own right, it is rich, fragrant, full-bodied coffee—as delicious and refreshing as anything you've ever tasted.

But—because 97% of its caffein is removed—any one can drink Sanka Coffee until the whistle blows without being penalized by loss of sleep.

Make Sanka Coffee strong—the way all good coffee should be made. Use a heaping tablespoonful for every cup. If you "perk" it, give it a few *extra* minutes "on the fire."

It is a General Foods Product.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP

ON "WE, THE PEOPLE"

There's kindness to spare in Paducah, Ky. And the heart-throbbing story of how the generous people of that town changed despair to joy for poor, frail Ma Little was a thrilling treat to thousands of radio listeners.

For this and many other stirring incidents from real life have made "We, The People" the thrill hit of radio. There's love, pathos, and humor in this show, which brings you real people telling their own human experiences.

LISTEN IN! "We, The People" comes to you each Thursday night over the Columbia Broadcasting System. See your paper for time and station.

TONY saw they were different the first day he watched them playing on their roof. And there was, to Tony, something strange and rather contemptible in that difference, apparent in the way they played and talked, and the way they were dressed, and the way they looked at him. He knew what Cornhead would have said of them—rich kids and sissies; and he thought of all the fun he would have had if only Cornhead were with him now.

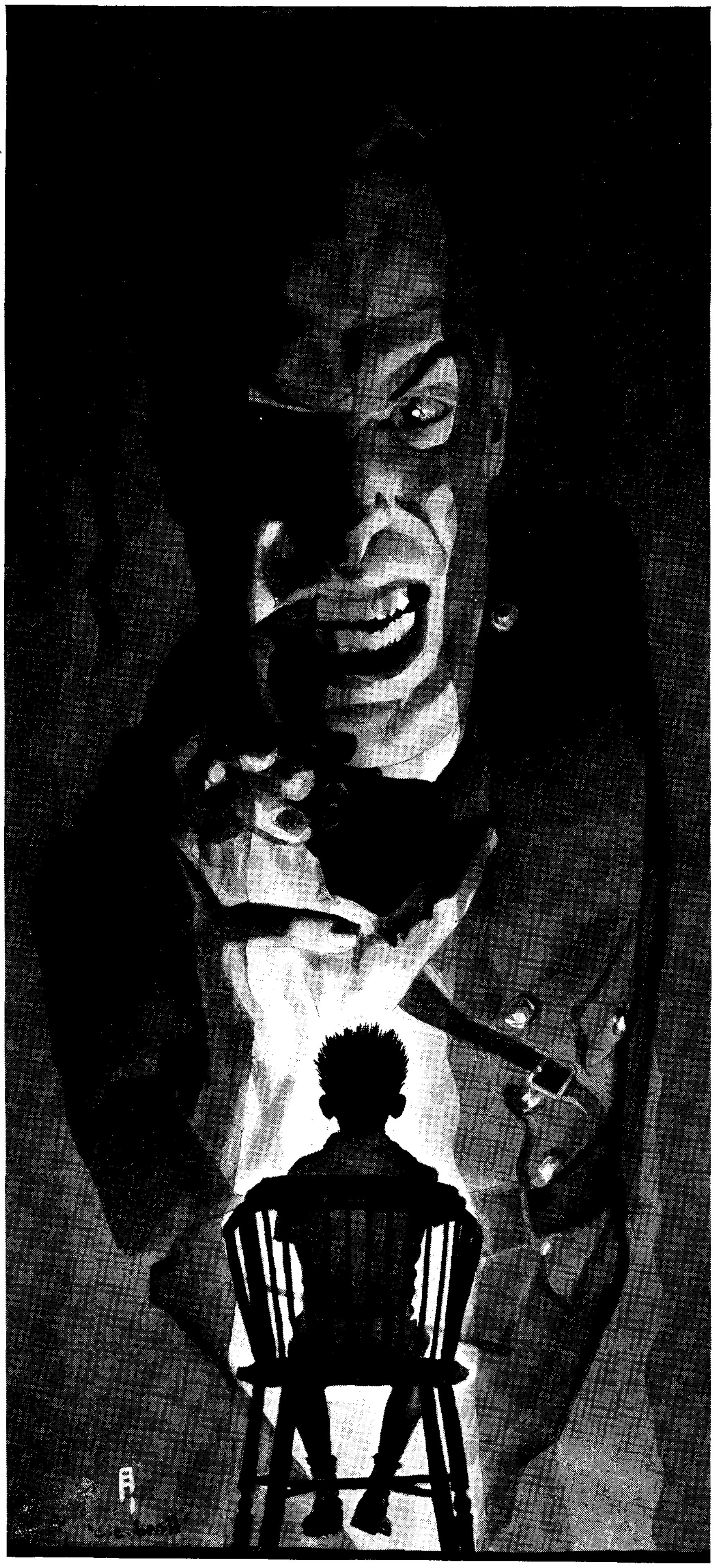
But this summer Cornhead wouldn't be with him. He had departed long since to the Bronx, and the row of shabby, high-stooped houses where he had lived with Manny and Mike Martin and the other kids had departed too. In a year they had vanished, and in their place husky magicians had raised an elegant dwelling of gray stone spaced by gleaming windows. The old houses were gone like a page torn from a book; there was none left now but that one in which Tony lived. And Cornhead and Mike, Manny and Ed Bonley and The Dutchman were gone too. The very first time he looked at them Tony knew these kids were never going to take their places.

Of course, after a while, he played with them. The girl seemed friendly enough, and, besides, there were no other kids in all the block. And he found they weren't brother and sister, as he had thought at first, but that their folks merely occupied adjoining apartments in the new house. And he knew that Cornhead the realist would have accepted them at once as enemies. Weren't they rich kids? Well, then. . . .

IN a way Tony recognized that enmity, though he could not have named it. It showed itself first in the way Roger, after asking where he lived, said the one word "There?" with a lift in his voice. Roger was a sturdy and authoritative little boy with blue eyes and a persistent habit of looking at people steadily and rather coolly.

The girl, Tony liked better. Her name was Alice and she was small and dark, quiet and active. Even when he wasn't looking at her Tony was always uncomfortably aware of her eyes, glowing with a kind of starriness. She was a girl, but still he liked her; he could talk to her. She would listen gravely—a thin little girl in a backless sun suit, wearing strapped sandals and socks low on tanned skinny legs. Occasionally, in her turn, she told him about her father—about the time, last summer, that they'd lived in Washington, and the things they'd done there. Her eyes shone more when she spoke of him; inexplicably, in the middle of a sentence, she'd get up and turn away, and start a game of something all by herself in a corner of the roof. At those times Tony would wonder what was the matter with her.

But of the three of them Roger was the leader. Roger ordered the games and had the best ideas; and, if Tony objected, just by something he did to his voice he could make him feel stupid and clumsy. There was the afternoon he brought them across to his roof, to the old water tank where Cornhead and the fellows had held their meetings last summer.



Tony couldn't tell him. He tried to say: "I promised someone, see?"

It had been something rather special to Tony. And it was also something that Roger had never seen, so that as he showed it to them Tony's heart beat faster, triumphantly. But Roger was not impressed. He took one disdainful look around the shabby interior and wrinkled his nose.

"Pfui," he said. He scrambled to the top and poised there, one leg hung over. "Come on, Alice. Let's get out."

"No," Alice said. "I think it's nice. I'm going to stay."

After Roger had vanished over the edge Alice sat down on a chunk of wood. "I think it's nice, Tony," she said gently. "It's so—so secret."

"That's what we liked about it," Tony answered, squatting on his toes and looking at her earnestly. He had been afraid at first that she was staying because she didn't want to hurt him, but now her eyes were bright and excited. He began to tell her a lot of things about himself, and he didn't tell her anything that wasn't true. He told her about the times they went swimming, out on Long Island—how they dressed in a little hollow and how once someone had stolen Manny's new pants, so that he had had to ride all the way home on the trolley in his bathing suit.

Alice liked to swim too. Last summer, she said, they went bathing every day. It was lovely. Daddy took her far out, farther than anyone else dared to go. But she was never afraid because he could swim better than anyone in the world. As she talked of him, the dark glow in her eyes gathered and spread, luminously; bits of it sparkled and gleamed on her slim brown cheek. Tony pretended he never saw the tears at all.

"Let's go," he said, feeling uncomfortable. "We'd better get out."

ON THE roof Roger had set a brick up on end atop the chimney, and was trying to knock it off by firing at it with the BB gun he said he had bought in Germany last summer.

"They've all kinds of game in Canada, you know," he told Tony. "Next week I'm going up to camp there, for the summer. I have to practice up now for the hunting. Daddy's promised to see that I get a bear."

Tony wasn't fooled by that. He knew a BB gun could never kill a bear.

"As if you knew," Roger said, with that edge in his voice. "Hit them right in the eye and—" His gaze went past Tony. "What are you crying for?"

She wasn't, Alice said; there was just something in her eye. And he couldn't kill a bear with that gun either. Once Daddy had taken her hunting with him, and he could shoot better than anyone in the world. He told her—

Her voice broke; her tears appalled Tony, for this time there was no hiding them.

"What's the matter with you?" Roger asked. "You're always talking about your father but he's never been here. Is he dead?" When she did not answer he nodded solemnly. "Then he's divorced. He's living back in Washington where you came from. Why doesn't he come up here to see you?"

"He can't," Alice said. She was angry now with her tears. "But it isn't because he doesn't want to. He's too busy. He —he was going to come up next Monday, on my birthday, but he can't now; he has to work. He—he—I know he would if he could."

"Then you ought to go to him," Roger said, with finality. "Washington isn't far, you know. If we had a car—"

"Sure," Tony jeered. "You could drive one, I suppose."

"Oh, couldn't I?" Roger glanced at him quietly. "If we had one I'd show you soon enough."

"A kid like you," Tony said, and laughed. Something reckless rose in him. Why was it always Roger who thought of things, who must seem to her brave and clever, and—"Listen," he went on, "you'd be scared stiff. If she really wanted to go—" he paused there, his heart beating—"if she really wanted to go I know how you could get down."

Roger sniffed. "Anybody knows that. I've been to Washington ten times on the train. But she'd have to have the fare."

"No," Tony said triumphantly. "No, she wouldn't. Not a cent. All the big fellows in this block used to go wherever they wanted, and it didn't cost them anything at all. They hitchhiked."

"Asking for rides?" Alice breathed, with her face raised to his. "You mean you'd come with me—you and Roger? You'd start right now?"

"I'd go," Tony said. "I'd go in a minute with you."

But he was looking at Roger. He knew that this kid, this sissy, would never have the nerve. He'd get out of it some way. Roger was staring at him coolly, as if he understood what he was thinking.

"I'd go too," he said. "But we mustn't start now—not till after lunch." Grave, thoughtful, he took charge of things at once. "We'll get all the money we can to bring with us. And we'll meet at two sharp, up here. Understand that?" Then he smiled slightly, almost maliciously, at Tony, and for a moment this was just between them; it had nothing to do with the girl at all. "You aren't getting frightened now? You won't back out?"

"Me?" Tony said. "Me?" He laughed as if that were a good joke, but he was glad all the same that the coldness he felt stayed in his stomach, where Roger couldn't possibly see it.

THEY started after lunch, with three dollar bills from Alice's bank folded carefully in her little pocketbook and three cheese sandwiches and a very ripe banana done up in brown paper carried under Tony's arm. Roger contributed some silver; his mother, he said, had suspected him, and he had had to slip out hurriedly while she was on the phone. It sounded somehow as if he were much the most agile and resourceful of the three, as if the dangers he risked had been incomparably greater. He knew where they should change in the subway, and the station that was closest to the Jersey ferry. That part was all Roger; he made it easy.

But for a long while after they left the ferry they weren't offered any rides. It was a hot day; they tramped endlessly through bleak streets, past tenements and warehouses, and freight trains motionless in deserted yards. A man in an old car gave them a ride to Newark, where they had two ice-cream sodas apiece in a gleaming store near the Hudson-Manhattan tubes. They came out feeling refreshed; but it was almost dark, and the unfamiliar streets, crowded with busses and trolleys and hurrying people, had a disquieting effect on Tony. He was wishing he were home, and that they'd waited until tomorrow to start, when Roger spoke up suddenly as if echoing his thoughts.

"Look here," he said, frowning and rubbing a thumb under his chin. "I don't think we've done this right. We should have started in the morning, so that we'd have been down to Philadelphia by night. After it's dark no one's going to stop to give us a lift, you know. Suppose we go back now and start tomorrow, early? Suppose we do that?"

"Okay with me," Tony muttered.

"All right," Alice said. "All right." Her face was streaked with dust, tired, hot but indomitable. "Goodby then."

She went on across the street, and Tony shifted his hands and looked at Roger and licked his lips. Then he walked after her.

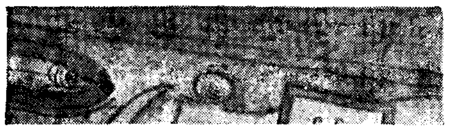
"Well," Roger said, following them too, "don't say I didn't warn you. I just suggested going back because I thought you'd want to."

Tony, trudging at her side, knew that was boloney. Roger was scared. He was sorry now that he'd ever started out. From his own emotions he could reconstruct that perfectly, and the knowledge gave him a secret satisfaction that dissipated his own fears.

They went on after that in silence. No one stopped to give them a ride; at last it got so dark that Tony knew it was useless to give the beseeching gesture. Traffic roared by while they walked in single file along the very edge of the wide highway. Street lamps grew more infrequent.

Presently, around a turn in the road, they came to a cross-cut that had a traffic light at the point of intersection. As they approached, it blinked from green to red, and behind them a truck, squealing frantically against its momentum, braked for the stop. It was a moving van. Strapped in and covered

(Continued on page 47)



Who's Afraid of Boogaboo?

BY CARL HAPPEL

BOOGABOO SCHWARTZ was alone.

The great wrestler sat in his underwear before the dresser mirror of his hotel room and tried to put some *grr-r* into the faces he was practicing. Manny had asked for more *grr-r*. But it was no use. Boogaboo felt too blue. He was sick to death of being all the time alone.

And whose fault was it? he demanded of the massive face with the fuzzy red beard that looked back from the glass. Manny, his manager, that's who. Manny made him snarl at everybody, bellboys, waiters, taxi drivers, crowds on Broadway, traffic cops, everybody. "Frankenstein stuff, sure," Manny said when he had him grow the beard, "only different. *You're* going to go the rest of the palookas one better by keeping it up outside the ring in addition, know what I mean?"

Boogaboo opened his mouth to check his teeth. They weren't yellow tusks like the newspaper writer said; they were teeth like anybody else's. And his chest wasn't no ship's boiler—could he help it if he weighed 235 pounds? He was born big. Yet all the time he had to act mean, just so people would yell, "That's Boogaboo Schwartz!" No friends, nothing. Guys in the game wouldn't shoot pool with him any more, because Manny ordered him to pick arguments even with a rubber. This morning at the gym he had caught himself circling the dinge in the shower room, trying for an opening, just because the dinge had let the soap run out.

Boogaboo grabbed a handful of the beard, scowling terribly. "Yah, Bearded Lady!" the crowd would scream on match nights, and "Break it off!" they told the other guy the moment Boogaboo's arm was caught in a hammerlock. They hated him. Everybody hated him. He couldn't stand it any longer, see? He wanted people to like him.

"I'll show him," he snarled. "I'll show that Manny! The runt!"

At the end of ten minutes the beard that was his trademark had been shaved off, and he bulged into his street clothes. He caught a down elevator, his cheeks hurting.

The elevator boy stared. "Boogaboo!" he breathed finally. "Without the spinach. You'll catch it from Manny."

Boogaboo gave him the glower. "Me'n Manny's through." And to prove it he added defiantly, "I'm going to the tavern. Like other people. Beer."

ON THE street he shouldered against those other people. All the time scream "boo" at him, would they? For a moment he had a funny feeling. Suppose he *was* mean outside the ring the way they said, mean in general? But he hadn't been before Manny signed him up. And lookit, didn't he give a blind panhandler four bits only a couple days ago, shoving him into an alley and making him take it there so nobody'd see? A fellow that did that couldn't be mean.

At the tavern he stood in the middle of the floor, turning slowly, arms a little lifted, waiting for somebody to make a crack. But nobody recognized him, and Boogaboo relaxed. Advancing to the bar, he practiced pleasant faces in the mirror. He ordered a beer, then experimentally shoved a bowl of pretzels toward a customer next him.

The customer raised his eyebrows, nodded and took one, and started talking with a friend again.

Boogaboo felt swell. He sipped at his beer and decided to try his stuff on somebody else.

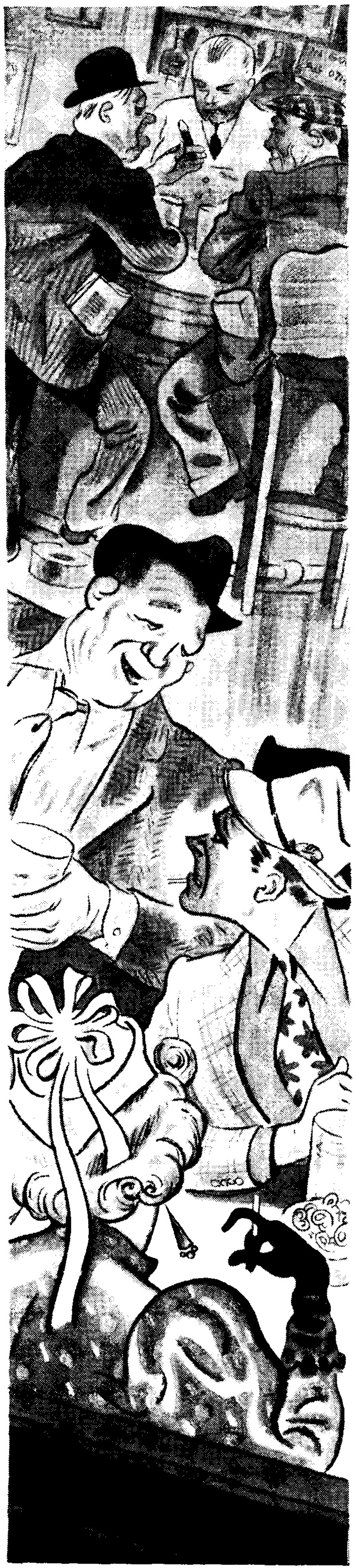
In a booth down the room he saw a small guy—couldn't weigh over 120. Boogaboo had always been fond of the little jockeys, only they were the ones that always spoke most dirty to him. If he could get this one to speak nice it'd prove sure people liked him. Carrying his beer, he started for the booth, thinking. He'd have to act different. Friendly. Refined. No mean stuff.

Passing the booth, Boogaboo saw it was a party of four, two guys and two flowers. Coming back, he stepped on the little guy's foot, kind of gentle, just for an excuse, not realizing till too late it looked funny, because the foot wasn't even sticking out on the floor.

"Hey!" the jockey said.

"Me, I'm sorry," Boogaboo said fast.

"Why, the big ape," said the flower across from the little guy. She had snapping black eyes, and the way she was mad you'd think it was her toe. "Trying to pick something! Don't let him get away with it, Mitch!"



"Hey!" the jockey said. "Me, I'm sorry," Boogaboo said fast. "Why, the big ape," said the flower across from the little guy. "Trying to pick something"

The jockey half rose, and Boogaboo held up his elbow to protect his beer. The other dame laughed.

"It was an accident, see?" Boogaboo said, friendly. "I don't want no trouble."

The black-eyed flower said, looking at her man with pride, "He didn't mean nothing, Mitch. You stopped him."

"What was you going to do, Mitch?" asked the second dame. "Call the manager?"

"He was going to crack him one," said the little guy's dame fiercely.

"I just want a place to sit," Boogaboo told her, acting meek. "All the booths is filled up."

"Move over, Mitch," she said. "Let him finish his beer here. You got his number."

THE jockey gave room condescendingly, and Boogaboo, all quivery with feeling nice, realized he must play this game like he was scared: the old cringe.

"I don't like mixes," he said.

"A little fellow like you!" said the second guy.

"I'm muscle-bound. You know, short-winded," Boogaboo explained to him.

"Forget it," said Mitch, still basking in his dame's admiration. "What's your name?"

"Kosckowitz," said Boogaboo, picking a coal miner he'd tossed over in Scranton. "Bill," hopefully, remembering his own first name.

"Meet Elsie," said Mitch, waving at his flower, "and Shirley and Ed. Sorry I flew off the handle."

"He just got tired of big guys trying to get away with something," said Elsie, like a mother telling her kid what to say. "Because he's sort of small."

"Yeah," said Mitch. "I don't take nothing."

"Small guys is the most dangerous," said Boogaboo. "On account they can get in two socks before I can move."

"You're okay, Bill," said Elsie.

Boogaboo took a happy gulp of beer. "Size is all right," he said, wiping his mouth, "but all the time you got to watch out for the other guy's fists."

"I'm pretty fast at that," said Mitch. "Had some boxing lessons once."

Boogaboo put a fake freeze on his face. "Listen, mister, I don't want no trouble." He edged away like he was trying to hide behind the referee.

They all laughed, and Boogaboo dropped the fake freeze and joined eagerly. It was the first time he'd laughed in three years. People liked him!

"You, Schwartz!"

It was Manny, standing there in his double-breasted suit and narrow-brimmed hat, resembling a small boy with an old face. The face was tied up in knots. He was panting.

"Cutting the beard!" said Manny, hovering above him. "Lapping beer! The elevator boy told me. What you got to say?"

BOOGABOO lifted both elbows, the old protection, and the blood had left his face. "Honest, Manny—"

Manny knocked the elbows aside, cuffed him terrifically, first on one side of the head, then the other.

"Take it easy, Manny," Boogaboo pleaded. "These is friends of mine—"

"You big coward," Elsie screamed at him. "You taking that from that squirt? *Why, he's smaller than Mitch!*"

In his fear and bewilderment Boogaboo was aware of tears in her eyes, knew that somehow he had let these friends of his down. Suddenly he got nasty-mad. Baring his teeth he forgot Manny was his manager and smacked him ten feet away. He clouted a passing waiter. He lifted the table and threw it at some guys starting for him. Roaring, he jumped to the center of the floor and began reaching for them, bartenders, customers, everybody, using his knucks, the running shoulder, the kangaroo kick, everything, slamming them to the boards and tossing them over the mahogany. In one minute thirty-two seconds he found himself the winner. He sank to a booth bench, a little winded, and stared around the now empty tavern.

Boogaboo Schwartz was alone.

He tried to cry.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The Girls They Left Behind

By Jim Marshall

COLLIER'S STAFF WRITER IN THE ORIENT

Troopships sail, flags wave, there are even cheers, but Japan is not excited, not even exhilarated. She is doing her duty as she sees it. These neighbors of hers have failed to understand their best interests and they must be punished—but in sorrow, not in anger. Mr. Marshall, with a chance to look around before he was expelled from the country, shows how Japan keeps the home fires burning

OUTSIDE, in the sunshine of tree-lined Ginza Street, the red-sun flags flapped limply from store fronts and flagpoles. A little breeze floated lazily in from Tokyo Bay to temper the sweaty heat of late summer. The capital's noon crowds bustled along, a colorful pageant of white suits and flowered kimonos. Pretty girls in smart Western frocks smiled with red lips at brown men in blue robes. The sidewalks musically echoed the click of high-heeled pumps and wooden *geta*.

In the *kaikans* and restaurants soldiers, businessmen, stenographers from the Maranouchi office buildings, shoppers in from the suburbs, ate quaint mixtures of Japanese and American food, washing them down impartially with icy beer or hot *sake*. Around the corner the Toho Theater was starting its fifteen-scene war revue. Up the street other show houses unreeled American movies. Newsboys, jangling strings of sleigh bells, darted through the crowds selling damp *go-gais*—one-sheet war extras.

We sat in a cool, air-conditioned café with three bronzed Japanese marines, taking a stirrup cup before entraining for Nagasaki and the war across the China Sea. They seemed, like everyone else in Japan, to be taking their war very calmly. They weren't even sore at the Chinese.

"There is not much excitement about the war," said a husky major. "I do not mean we Japanese are not united against the enemy. But we do not hate our foes. We will have to make heavy sacrifices and we cannot profit from victory. It is our duty, and we do our duty. . . ."

"But we would much rather not have to do it," seconded a lieutenant. "There is, in this war, no great adventure. As you say, what price the glory?"

Over across the water, in half a dozen shell-torn, bomb-wrecked Chinese cities, schools, universities, factories, arsenals, homes and stores were being smashed into rubble heaps. Men in dingy uniforms, sweating and powder-stained, were being torn apart, drilled by steel bullets, shrieking hate above the whine of the shells and the crash of the falling bombs.

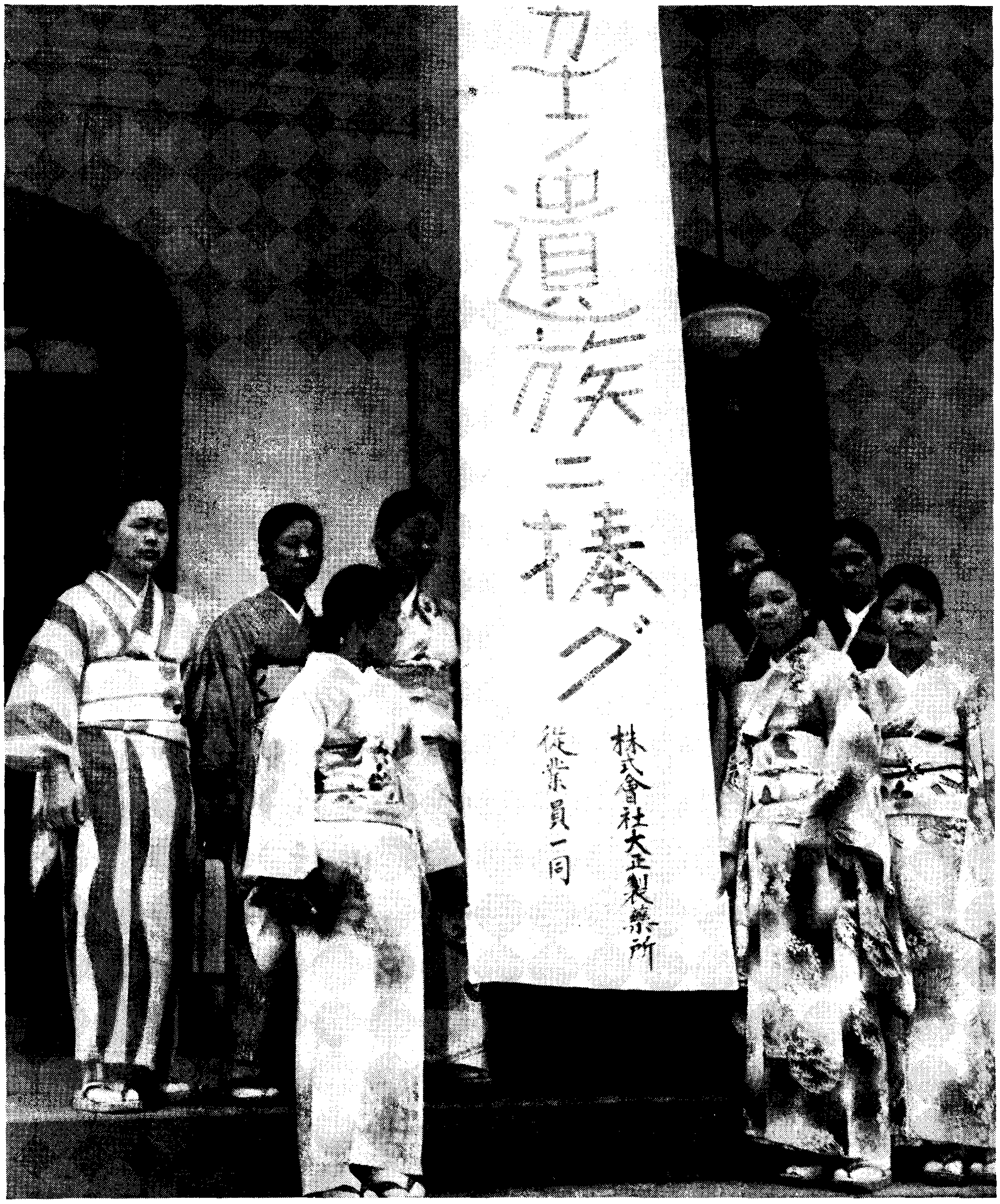
But in Japan the sun flags flapped lazily and business went on as usual. Blue-uniformed schoolboys played baseball with perfect imitations of the actions of Mr. Lou Gehrig. Kimonoed girls of ten carried kimonoed babies of two on their backs. On the tea plantations, in the rice paddies, in the mulberry patches, along the coast where the Pacific gales swept through the fishing villages, people carried on unemotionally.

Only the Foreigners Are Jittery

In the cities, small crowds gathered on the station platforms, carrying flags and silken scrolls lettered with noble thoughts, bearing gifts for the soldiers who streamed southwestward to the waiting transports. Newspapers collected money from readers—for warplanes, for wounded heroes, for the families left behind by soldiers, for refugees from Chinese cities.

In the capital, the only jittery people were the foreigners. When the thunder rolled, they looked popeyed toward China, imagining Chiang Kai-shek's bombers droning over the city. Every time one of the city's thousand annual earthquakes made the ground tremble, they gazed fearfully northward, whence might come the Soviet planes.

But the city's crowded six millions scrubbed and soaked and rubbed and soaked themselves every afternoon, as usual, and didn't worry about enemy planes. Did not their papers tell them, six times a day, how the Japanese air-


力士ノ遺族ニ捧グ
株式會社大正製菓所
從業員一同

Girls from a candy factory in Yokohama with a scroll they have made to present to the family of a dead Japanese soldier

Schoolgirls collect money for the soldiers while their mothers sew on a sennim-bari, designed to protect its wearer from bullets

men in China were fighting down the Chinese ships a dozen at a crack?

Across the sea, Chinese were hacking Japanese to pieces, burning their homes and stores, forcing them to flee to safety. But in all the length of the empire, not a Chinese was molested. The mayor of Tokyo told his people to "extend to the Chinese in our midst the magnanimity of a great nation and refrain from reckless words or conduct toward them."

Along the downtown streets, phonographs were blaring out war songs—Japanese versions of Over There. A *kabuki* theater advertised battle scenes on its stage, at reduced prices, that all might see and be inspired by correct thoughts. . . .

Whatever the rest of the world may think, the Japanese believe they are fighting a defensive war. They are "positively punishing the Chinese" for "firing illicit bullets" at Japanese marines, for "harboring wrong thoughts" and failing to co-operate with Japanese ideas for the administration of China.

As you read this, there may be fighting around Shanghai or Kalgan or Tientsin or Peiping, or there may be an interlude of peace. But if there is a lull, it is a lull between two storms. Japan is fighting her battle on the installment plan, as she can afford it and as the situation, both at home and internationally, makes it possible for her to go ahead a step with her plans.

The fact is that Japan cannot afford a long war. Time fights against her and her people want peace because they cannot possibly gain anything material from war.

The Case for Japan

It is hard for Americans to understand the Japanese viewpoint, because we are a self-sufficient continental nation and Japan is an island empire largely dependent on other nations. To get the Japanese slant, imagine America to consist of a string of none-too-fertile islands running from Labrador to Cuba. Then let Canada stand for Russia and the United States for China. People Canada and the United States with dense populations far down in the scale of living standards and definitely hostile to us.

In this imaginative setup, we would probably feel none too secure against the half billion people across a few miles of sea to the westward. We might reasonably be expected to make some attempt to control them, or at least prevent their combining against us.

Probably we would do what Japan is trying to do: Drive a wedge between the two hostile nations in the form of an autonomous state under our direction and, in addition, prevent the building up of armaments and offensive forces that might be used to attack us.

This is precisely what Japan is trying to do, and what she very probably will succeed in doing unless she collapses under the strain. She is rich neither in man power nor money nor natural resources, except water power. That is why her efforts today are concentrated, first, on destroying Chinese air power and arsenals; second, on setting up a buffer state in North China to prevent a Russian-Chinese combine against her.

Two reasons impelled the Japanese to strike, last summer, when they did. One was the temporary impotence of the Russian army, morally weak after wholesale slaughterings of its commanders and the putting down of half a dozen revolts by drastic means. This situation was coupled with the belief that the German-Japanese alliance would force Russians to watch both their borders and prevent any great Russian concentration around Manchukuo.

The other reason was the political situation at home. There had been a fast-growing proletarian movement, resulting in Diets which were not much in sympathy with military and naval powers, and war appropriations began to be endangered. The diversion of the Chinese war quickly disposed of the difficulty of getting enough money and united the country behind the armed forces, at least on the surface.

Early in the struggle, at the height of the Shanghai fight, there were humorous touches.

Most of the foreign news agencies have their offices in the Dentsu Building, which also is headquarters for Domei, the official Japanese news agency. On the desk of the Domei news chief is a set of half a dozen buttons, connected to bells in the American, British, French, Russian and German correspondents' offices. When news flashes come in, the Domei man summons the agency men and tells them.

War in All Its Tragedy

One morning, a boy brought a sheet of flimsy to the Domei man, who scanned it and then fell on his buttons with all fingers. Bells shrilled. Correspondents came running down. The Domei man waited until they were all there. Then he announced solemnly:

"Gentlemen, the worst has happened. This is war in all its stark tragedy . . . In Shanghai, gentlemen, the brewery has been bombed!"

There was silence for a minute. A British correspondent fainted. His colleague, white to the gills, muttered that there would be questions in the 'Ouse of Commons about this. An American blurted: "Who done it?"

The Domei man looked pained. Was someone suggesting that the Japanese were so barbaric as to bomb a brewery?

The other correspondents looked aghast at the American. Did he suspect the Japanese, a beer-loving race temporarily engaged in chastising wayward and recalcitrant Chinese, of such an atrocity?

At this moment the boy came in with another flimsy. The Domei man read it and translated. The brewery had not been bombed. It had merely been seized by the Japanese. Everybody beamed. This was okay.

"Sound strategy, what?" said the Britisher who had fainted.

"Darn' sensible thing to do. Shows good judgment," said the American.

The war went on. . . .

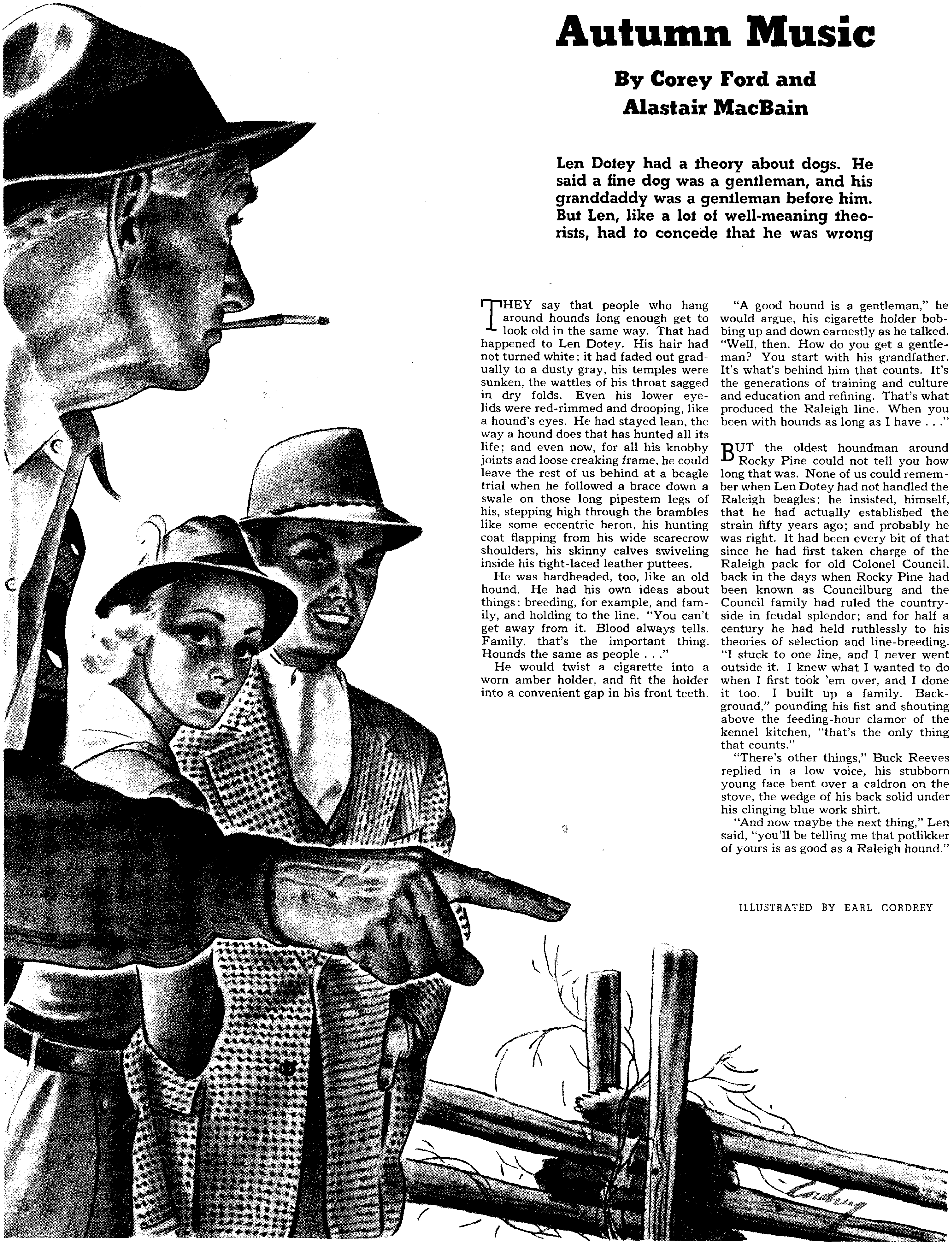
The country continued to take it calmly. From Tokyo to Kobe, people set their watches by the passing of the Fuji Limited and the Tsubami—the crack train named for the swallow. Maranouchi dandies wore little lapel markers bearing the name of their favorite tavern and the number of their private beer mug. Sanitary workers marched as usual through office buildings swabbing out telephone mouthpieces with disinfectant. Cops still got seats in crowded trolleys and busses, and people with second-class railroad tickets slipped the boy a yen to ride in the observation car.

Good Luck from the Tiger Year

On the streets, girls and women stopped to help make Thousand-Stitch *sennim-bari*—long strips of cotton cloth which, worn around a soldier's waist, would stop bullets and bring him back home in safety.

Every woman born in a Year of the Tiger, which comes once in twelve years, was pressed into service to start a *sennim-bari*, needling in as many red stitches as she had years, for the Tiger Year is potent with good luck. Once started, the other stitches were placed by friends, by passers-by and anyone who had a spare second, until the number reached one thousand.

(Continued on page 71)



Len asked slowly: "Sure that's the right line, Vance?" "Of course it is," Vance said. He turned to Ginny

Autumn Music

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Len Dotey had a theory about dogs. He said a fine dog was a gentleman, and his granddaddy was a gentleman before him. But Len, like a lot of well-meaning theorists, had to concede that he was wrong

THEY say that people who hang around hounds long enough get to look old in the same way. That had happened to Len Dotey. His hair had not turned white; it had faded out gradually to a dusty gray, his temples were sunken, the wattles of his throat sagged in dry folds. Even his lower eyelids were red-rimmed and drooping, like a hound's eyes. He had stayed lean, the way a hound does that has hunted all its life; and even now, for all his knobby joints and loose creaking frame, he could leave the rest of us behind at a beagle trial when he followed a brace down a swale on those long pipestem legs of his, stepping high through the brambles like some eccentric heron, his hunting coat flapping from his wide scarecrow shoulders, his skinny calves swiveling inside his tight-laced leather puttees.

He was hardheaded, too, like an old hound. He had his own ideas about things: breeding, for example, and family, and holding to the line. "You can't get away from it. Blood always tells. Family, that's the important thing. Hounds the same as people . . ."

He would twist a cigarette into a worn amber holder, and fit the holder into a convenient gap in his front teeth. "A good hound is a gentleman," he would argue, his cigarette holder bobbing up and down earnestly as he talked. "Well, then. How do you get a gentleman? You start with his grandfather. It's what's behind him that counts. It's the generations of training and culture and education and refining. That's what produced the Raleigh line. When you been with hounds as long as I have . . ."

BUT the oldest houndman around Rocky Pine could not tell you how long that was. None of us could remember when Len Dotey had not handled the Raleigh beagles; he insisted, himself, that he had actually established the strain fifty years ago; and probably he was right. It had been every bit of that since he had first taken charge of the Raleigh pack for old Colonel Council, back in the days when Rocky Pine had been known as Councilburg and the Council family had ruled the countryside in feudal splendor; and for half a century he had held ruthlessly to his theories of selection and line-breeding. "I stuck to one line, and I never went outside it. I knew what I wanted to do when I first took 'em over, and I done it too. I built up a family. Background," pounding his fist and shouting above the feeding-hour clamor of the kennel kitchen, "that's the only thing that counts."

"There's other things," Buck Reeves replied in a low voice, his stubborn young face bent over a caldron on the stove, the wedge of his back solid under his clinging blue work shirt.

"And now maybe the next thing," Len said, "you'll be telling me that potlikker of yours is as good as a Raleigh hound."

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Buck straightened and slammed food into the dog tins with a wooden ladle. "What's any Raleigh got that Piper hasn't got?"

"Breeding," Len retorted triumphantly. "Looks. Class." He jerked a contemptuous thumb at the squat black-and-tan beagle slumbering at Buck's feet. "When you breed to a hound like him, you might get crooked legs, or a curly coat, or light eyes; you couldn't even guess. All you could be sure of is pups. What kind of family is that?"

BUCK'S jaw thrust forward. His face was broad and homely, his snub nose freckled, his skull covered with kinky red hair as close-coiled as though it had been shampooed and had dried with the soap in it. "Maybe Piper's a little short on class," he admitted, "but some of your pretty hounds might not look so slick if they'd ever get into the briers and pick a few checks of their own. I'd a sight rather have me an honest line straddler, even if he's not a wind splitter, than a hound that's always cutting corners and letting the others do the tough work." He picked up several tins in his big calloused hand. "I don't care what's behind a hound, mister, so long as when he opens I know there's something in front of him."

Len's cigarette holder tilted dangerously. "Reckon Piper's gonna look mighty sorry," he gloated, pursuing Buck to the door, "take him alongside Mr. Vance Council's hound when he gets here."

"We'll tell that better Saturday over at the trials."

"Climax went best of breed at Morris and Essex this spring," Len pointed out. "Got the nod at Westminster, and got it at Newark, too—"

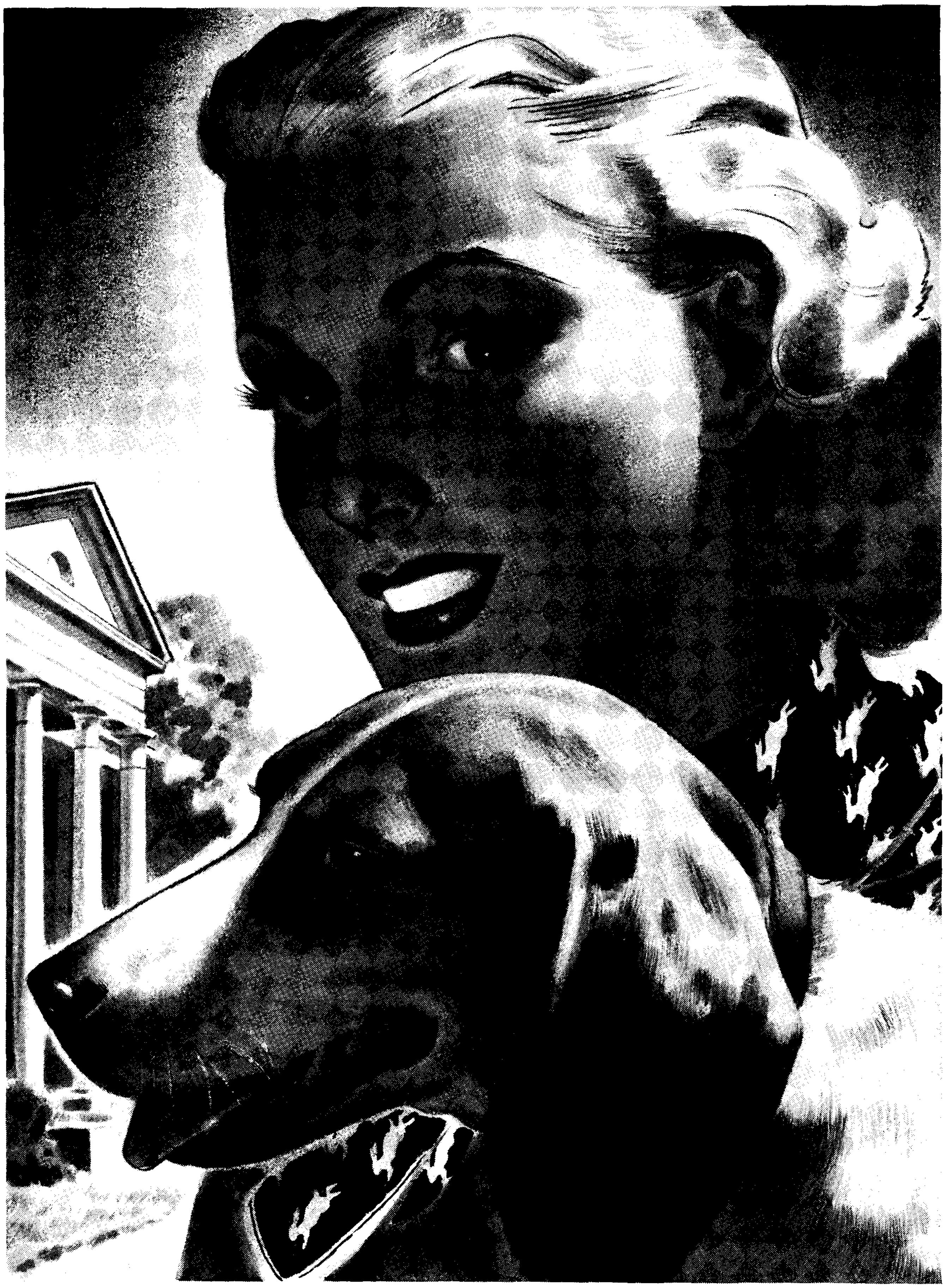
"That's bench," said Buck, his hand on the knob. Piper yawned and clambered to his feet. "You haven't seen what he can do in the field."

"Don't have to," said Len stoutly. "I know what he can do. I know his background. He's a Raleigh hound." He took a deep breath. "Why, look at his family," he began. "Climax's own father was Raleigh Captor out of Raleigh Frolic that was a litter sister to Raleigh Bell's sire who was Raleigh Rioter; furthermore, he was uncle to Raleigh Senator on his mother's side that was the sire of old Raleigh Vendor . . ."

THE kennel door slammed, and Len checked himself. He glared at Buck's retreating back, the stubby beagle still tagging at his heels.

"What would you know about family?" he flung after him malevolently. "You ain't a Council . . ."

Which was true, of course. Buck Reeves had spent most of his life around the Council plantation—his father had been a tenant farmer for Colonel Council, and Len Dotey had taken over the youngster and reared him on the place when Buck's father died—but he was not a Council. He had grown up with young Ginny Council; they had gone to school together; but there was always a subtle difference between Ginny and himself, the deep distinction of birth; and Len Dotey, hardheaded as an old houndman can be, would never quite let him forget it. Now and then, when Buck would look at Ginny a trifle too long, or when they would perch together on the fence of the kennel run and talk for a brief moment in the moonlight, Len would appear from nowhere and clear his throat in a low warning growl, like a jealous family watchdog, and Buck would lower his eyes and retreat into sullen silence. He had no right to Ginny, he knew. He did not have the background, breeding, family. Len was right. You can't get away from family, people any more than hounds. . . .



You have seen Ginny at the trials: slim, almost fragile, in rough hunting clothes, yet somehow self-possessed and sure

You know the Council place, of course, if you have driven down to Rocky Pine for the annual beagle trials in October. You remember the straight line of magnolias marching off across the fields at a curious tangent to the new cement highway—Route 17 slashed off a whole corner of the Council property—and you may have caught a glimpse of the distant white house, at the end of a long lane of holly trees and cedars, the four porch columns lifting its roof in a permanent expression of lofty pride, like a dowager peering through her lorgnette at a nouveau world. It is an old house, old even for that part of Carolina; it raised six generations of Councils, until the colonel's two sons split the family in half after the war, one heading north to make a fortune selling cotton, the other staying south to lose a fortune growing it. Today it is weather-beaten and needs paint, the stable roof sags and the walls of the kennel lean a little, the Negro shanties are deserted beyond the weed-grown peanut fields; but there is about it still an air of benevolent dignity, the kind of tradition that is slow in growing, and that dies even more slowly.

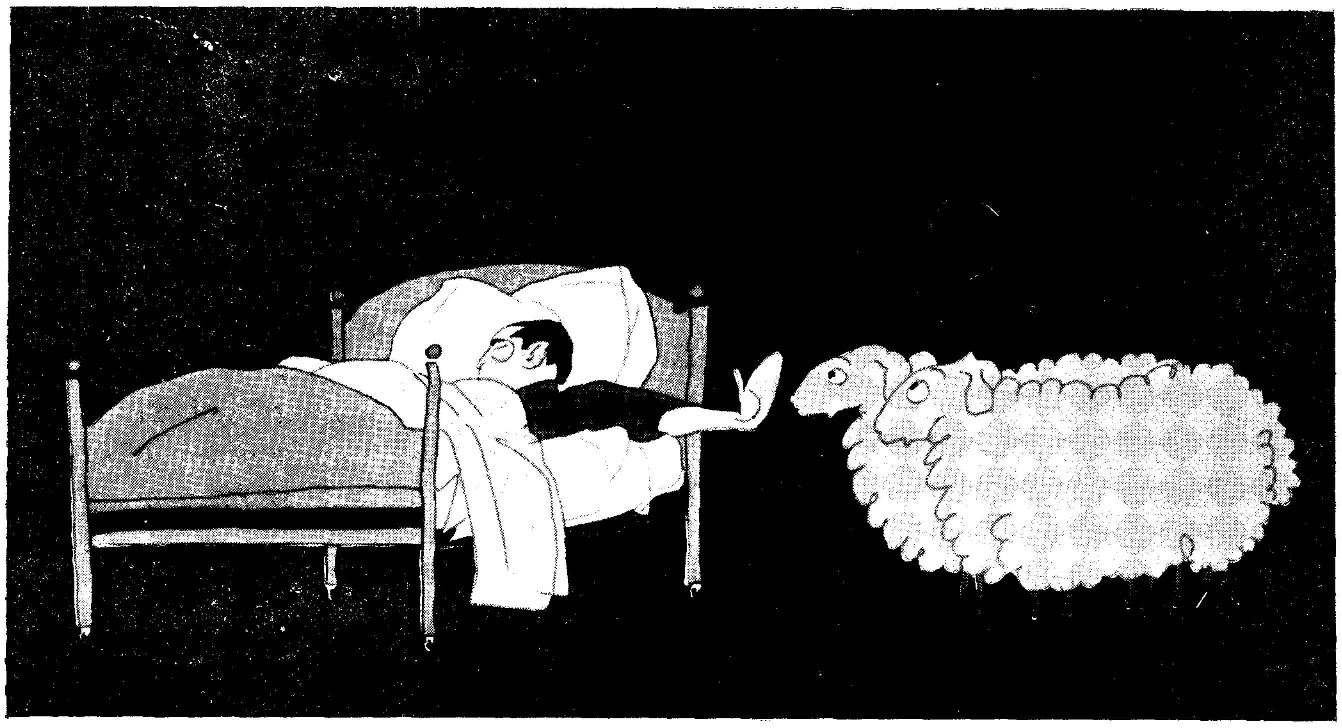
Ginny Council was the last of that southern half of the Council family. You have seen her at the trials: slim, almost fragile in rough hunting clothes, yet somehow self-possessed and sure. She had always that easy assurance that only comes with generations of breeding. Sometimes Len Dotey's cigarette holder would sag, his eyes would grow blank, he would stare at Ginny with the abstract pride of an old houndman viewing at last the perfect product of a line. She was so completely a Council.

He could see it in her swift sure stride as she shouldered beside him through the scrub oak and brambles behind the hounds, her chin lifted—she carried her head high, the way all the Councils did—and her gray eyes level. He could see it in the confident poise of her slight boyish figure as she halted for a moment with fists rammed deep into the pockets of her worn leather jacket, her brier-

(Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY BECKHOFF

The writer of this article has a personal interest in drinking. He has seen it change a man—himself. He is now interested in finding whether the change was for the better or the worse and presents the facts



IN ANOTHER month, I shall have passed my fifth year as a changed man, now operating in a new sphere, and I have a yen to look back and try to see just what has happened. Five years ago, I suddenly switched over and became a moderate and steady consumer of alcohol in numerous forms. During all the years that preceded, I was a nondrinker and tea-user. Now what I would like to know is where do I stand today? How much has my character shredded? What have I lost; and if I have gained anything, what is it and how much?

To cross over from being a teetotaler or *pop-drinker and join the ranks of the* convivial requires a definite act of the will, and I made the switch calmly, just to see what would happen. At the time, I weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds, mostly bones, for I am the lanky, cadaverous type. People were *forever stopping me on the street and in* worried accents saying to me: "You look drawn and haggard. Are you well?" They said such things on sunny, bright days when I had noticed nothing wrong, and of course that destroyed the day for me, as I am a moody fellow and easily swayed by the spoken word.

Now I weigh one hundred and seventy pounds and even on mornings when I feel slightly ill, on mornings when the world looks like wet ashes, persons walk up to me and say: "My, but you look well!" I may not feel well, but that is how I look to the public.

It is, of course, perfectly possible that I would weigh one hundred and seventy even had I remained a teetotaler, but I don't believe so.

It is, to be sure, not decorative weight nor ornamental, for it is largely gathered in the central or midriff section, and, standing before a mirror, I can easily see I have lost the old washboard frontier forever. That is gone. Thus it would seem reasonable that a person who is interested in slimness and the neatness of his or her figure will do very well to go *along with tea, coffee, lemonade and* ginger pop.

Always, I regard myself as a moderate drinker and not actually a victim of strong drink during these five years. I am changed in many ways, some of them easily perceptible to me, all of them visible to my wife, who would make a first-rate observer on a submarine periscope during rough weather and fog. There are times in our household when she believes I have become a victim of alcohol and she so states, with no mincing of words.

The strange thing is, I don't eat nearly as much as I did in the old, dry days. Some mornings, I don't care for anything but half a cup of coffee and very little of that. When lunch hour arrives, it leaves me cold, but about midafternoon, I begin to look forward to the delectable task of tearing into a sirloin steak and a hatful of potatoes, along with beans, celery, peas, salad and indiscriminate foods.

The assets and liabilities of these five years are difficult to enumerate. Start in with money. I haven't as much money now as I had five years ago, but who has? I am down to about half as much cash on hand or reachable and that's significant, yet I know many hard-working *and respectable drys who are in the* same boat and some of them are in canoes.

I don't earn as much, either. The former annual income has faded off alarmingly and my wife is convinced we are heading straight for the poorhouse, *due to nothing in the world but the fact* that I am no longer a water boy. She says, quote: "What you are doing deliberately, you are drinking this family out of house and home." These statements are made on what I call our poor days.

I do not regard the house and home allusion as tragic, for I have been trying to get rid of the house and home for seven or eight years. It cost me a huge sum of money and is now worth about one sixth of the original investment, and only on clear days.

There is another shot she takes at me, when she is trying to throw a scare, and incidentally, I have learned through cautious inquiry that almost all wives are scare-throwers. If it isn't one thing, it's another. So she says: "If you keep on, the bank won't have anything to do with you"—meaning I *will lose* my old-time and honorable standing with the institution and cause them to call in all my notes, mortgages, bills payable and probably the Christmas blotters.

The answer to that warning is that I frequently play golf with the head of *the bank and it is no trifling with the* truth to say that his personal habits are equally as bad as mine and often worse. I have gone home with him evenings and his wife wouldn't let either of us in.

And speaking about the game of golf—that is another interesting item. My golf game is nowhere near as sterling as it was in those tea days. I admit it freely and mourn. True, I was always a rotten golfer, even when full of apple pie, ice cream and corned beef, but now I have sunk to such a low estate that it is a waste of time even to discuss it. Strong drink is the implacable foe of golf and all other athletics and don't ever believe otherwise.

It takes drinking golfers about five or six holes, perspiring steadily, to work the alcohol out through the straining pores and get around to a point where *they can putt or hit a tee shot with any* degree of the usual clear-eyed accuracy. I am certain of this, as many of my golfing comrades are bibulous fellows who gather in the club café before the game, to warm up with a few cocktails and then lose all their wagers in those first *six blurry holes, for there is always a* sprinkling of dry golfers to step smilingly in and catch the easy pennies from heaven.

One thing I seem to do that I never did formerly—I tell the same story twice during dinner, and that habit annoys people, especially my wife. If there is any one thing she loathes and detests, it is for me to relate a humorous incident or some side-splitting anecdote to the dinner guests about seven forty-five, go along merrily with the meal, have a glass of red wine, or two, and then tell the same story again at eight twenty. Guests are invariably polite about such slips and only smile meaningly at one another. Further, it is difficult for me to believe I do such ridiculous things, for in the old days I hated people who forgot, or fogged themselves up with *grape and repeated a tale.*

Turning the corner, we come now to the important matter of sleep, or of resting peacefully in the bed at night, so as to be refreshed and eager for the coming day. There is no earthly question or doubt about that—I do not sleep well *these days and, upon making* investigation among my friends, I learn it is a common condition. The nondrinker sleeps soundly, unless ill, and we jovial fellows toss and turn; that is a solemn thought, when you consider the importance of sleep.

Back in those times when I was a lean figure, with no stomach to speak of, I slept like a top—a good eight hours, calm as a baby in a crib. And now what? Users of alcohol in any form—at least a great many of them, including this witness—discover that each night's slumber program is about the same in

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The Revealing Word

By Ben Ames Williams

The end of a brilliant marriage, and the reasons. The story which explains why Will Seaborn abandoned his career at its height—and why he never regretted it

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH CLEMENT

AT a hundred breakfast tables in Boston, at as many in New York, and at more than that in Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia and points south, whoever first looked through the morning paper on that December day exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, Will Seaborn has resigned!"

But Mary Allen when she read the brief dispatch said nothing, for there was no one to hear what she might have said. She lived alone in the big house with only the old Negro servants for company. The plantation, forty miles from Washington, lay along the river, with a broad sweep of matchless lawns rising from the waterside, and famous gardens; and once upon a time there had been four Allen sisters renowned for beauty and for charm. But Janice married an English baronet, and then there were three; and Celia married an Under-Secretary of State, and then there were two; and Enid married Will Seaborn—Will was a career man in the diplomatic service—and then there was one; and Olive became the youthful wife of the youngest Supreme Court Justice, and then there were none.

Yet, as a matter of fact, there was still Mary. Most people forgot Mary because she was seven years younger than the youngest of the others; but those who remembered her always spoke of Mary, sympathetically, as "the homely one."

MARY read the brief notice of Will's resignation—he was at the time attached to the London Embassy—and the color drained out of her cheeks. Then she read the few lines again; and then she glanced abstractedly through the rest of the paper till, on another page, another name that was familiar caught her eye. Daniel Lackner of Boston, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's until his resignation two months ago, was reported as an arrival at a hotel.

Ten minutes later Mary was in her car. At eleven o'clock she sent up her name to Mr. Lackner and was received. She said, without preamble:

"I'm Mary Allen, Mr. Lackner. I'm Will Seaborn's sister-in-law. Why did he resign?"

Dan Lackner pumped her hand. "Good morning, Miss Allen. I know your sisters, but I have never before had the pleasure of meeting you—"

"Please," she interrupted. "Tell me about Will."

He hesitated only for an instant. "Well, I haven't seen him for months."

"But you know why he resigned."

"There might be—so many reasons."

She said, her cheeks suddenly bright: "There could not be any reason that was in any way discreditable to him!"

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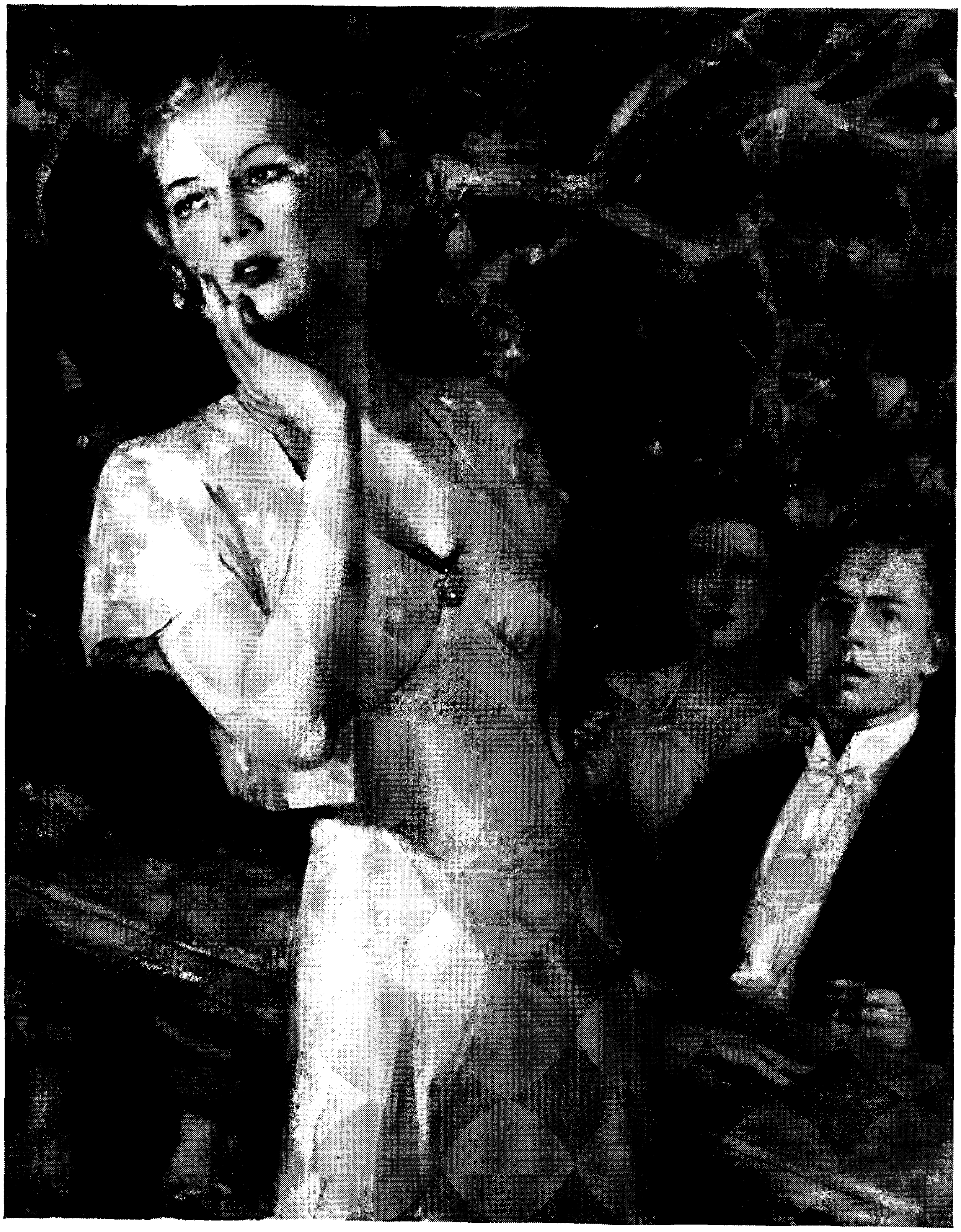

Her words were pitilessly clear: "Oh! So there you are, Will. You and Mary? That's quite enough, thanks." She turned and went back into the house

Appointment with Death

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

IN JERUSALEM, Hercule Poirot, a detective, overhears young Raymond Boynton, an American, say something about a woman who "must be killed"; he does not take the matter seriously.

A few days later, old Mrs. Boynton, Raymond's savagely tyrannical stepmother, dies under suspicious circumstances in the ancient city of Petra. Has she been murdered? Poirot is summoned to look into the case. He interviews every member of the family: Raymond, Carol and Lennox, Mrs. Boynton's stepchildren; feeble-minded little Ginevra (Jinny), the old woman's daughter; and Lennox's wife, Nadine. He learn that every member of the family, notably Nadine, had loathed Mrs. Boynton because of her cruel tyranny—any of the Boyntons might have killed her!

Five other tourists testify: Dr. Theodore Gerard, a brilliant French alienist; his friend, Sarah King, a young English medical student who is in love with Raymond Boynton; Miss Amabel Pierce, an innocuous little English spinster; Lady Westholme, a personage with impressive will power; and Jefferson Cope, a middle-aged American who is more interested than he should be in Lennox Boynton's wife.

He gathers these salient facts: (1) Mrs. Boynton has been murdered by someone making use of a hypodermic syringe (stolen from Dr. Gerard and later returned) and a heart poison: digitoxin; (2) Raymond Boynton claims to have talked with his stepmother at least an hour *after* she had died; (3) Shortly before the murder, Raymond, taking a walk with Sarah King, had left her abruptly, saying he wanted to do something now, while he "had the courage"; (4) Once a wardress in a prison, Mrs. Boynton had been her rich husband's sole heir.

Dr. Gerard's description of a dream—a dream in which the doctor, at about the time of the murder, had fancied he saw Ginevra beside his bed—interests the detective. And he listens intently to Sarah King's account of an *encounter she had had with Mrs. Boynton in* Jerusalem. Snubbed by the old martinet, Sarah had countered with a few pointed remarks on the subject of civility. Whereupon, Mrs. Boynton, gazing over Sarah's shoulder, had startled the girl by growling: "I never forget. Remember that. I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face!"

Poirot jots down that remark in his notebook. Then, summoning the members of the family, he addresses them. He tells them that Mrs. Boynton was killed during a twenty-minute period as yet unaccounted for. He asserts that, in his opinion, Dr. Gerard did not dream that he saw Ginevra beside him—he actually *saw* her! "Is it not possible," he continues, "that she had come to put back the hypodermic syringe after using it?"

Conclusion

GINEVRA BOYNTON raised her head with its crown of red-gold hair. Her wide beautiful eyes stared at Poirot. They were singularly expressionless. She looked like a vague saint.

"*Ah ça, non!*" cried Dr. Gerard.

"Is it, then, so psychologically impossible?" inquired Poirot.

The Frenchman's eyes dropped.

Nadine Boynton said, sharply, "It's quite impossible!"

Poirot's eyes came quickly round to her. "Impossible, Madame?"

"Yes." She paused, bit her lip, then went on: "I will not hear of such a disgraceful accusation against my young sister-in-law. We—all of us—know it to be impossible."

Ginevra moved a little on her chair. The lines of her mouth relaxed into a smile—the touching innocent half-unconscious smile of a very young girl.

"Impossible!" Nadine said again.

Her gentle face had hardened into lines of determination. The eyes that met Poirot's were hard and unflinching.

Poirot leaned forward in what was half a bow.

"Madame is very intelligent," he said.

"What do you mean by that, M. Poirot?" Nadine said, quietly.

"I mean, Madame, that all along I have realized that you have what I believe is called an 'excellent headpiece.' "

"You flatter me."

"I think not. All along you have envisaged the situation calmly and collectedly. You have remained on outwardly good terms with your husband's mother, deeming that the best thing to be done, but inwardly you have judged and condemned her. I think that sometime ago you realized that the only chance for your husband's happiness was for him to make an effort to leave home—strike out on his own no matter how difficult and penurious such a life might be. You were willing to take all risks and you endeavored to influence him to exactly that course of action. But, you failed, Madame. Lennox Boynton had no longer *the will to freedom*. He was content to sink into a condition of apathy and melancholy.

"NOW I have no doubt at all, Madame, but that you love your husband. Your decision to leave him was not actuated by a greater love for another man. It was, I think, a desperate venture undertaken as a last hope. A woman in your position could try only three things. She could try appeal. That, as I have said, failed. She could threaten to leave herself. But it is possible that even that threat would not have moved Lennox Boynton. It would plunge him deeper in misery but it would not cause him to rebel. There was one last desperate throw. *You could go away with another man.*

"Jealousy and the instinct of possession are among the most deeply rooted fundamental instincts in man. You showed your wisdom in trying to reach that deep underground savage instinct. If Lennox Boynton would let you go to another man without an effort—then he must indeed be beyond human aid, and you might as well then try to make a new life for yourself elsewhere.

"But let us suppose that even that last desperate remedy failed. Your husband was terribly upset at your decision, but in spite of that he did not, as you had hoped, react as a primitive man might have done with an uprush of the possessive instinct. Was there anything at all that could save your husband from his own rapidly failing mental condition? Only one thing. *If his stepmother were to die,* it might not be too late. He might be able to start life anew as a free man, building up in himself

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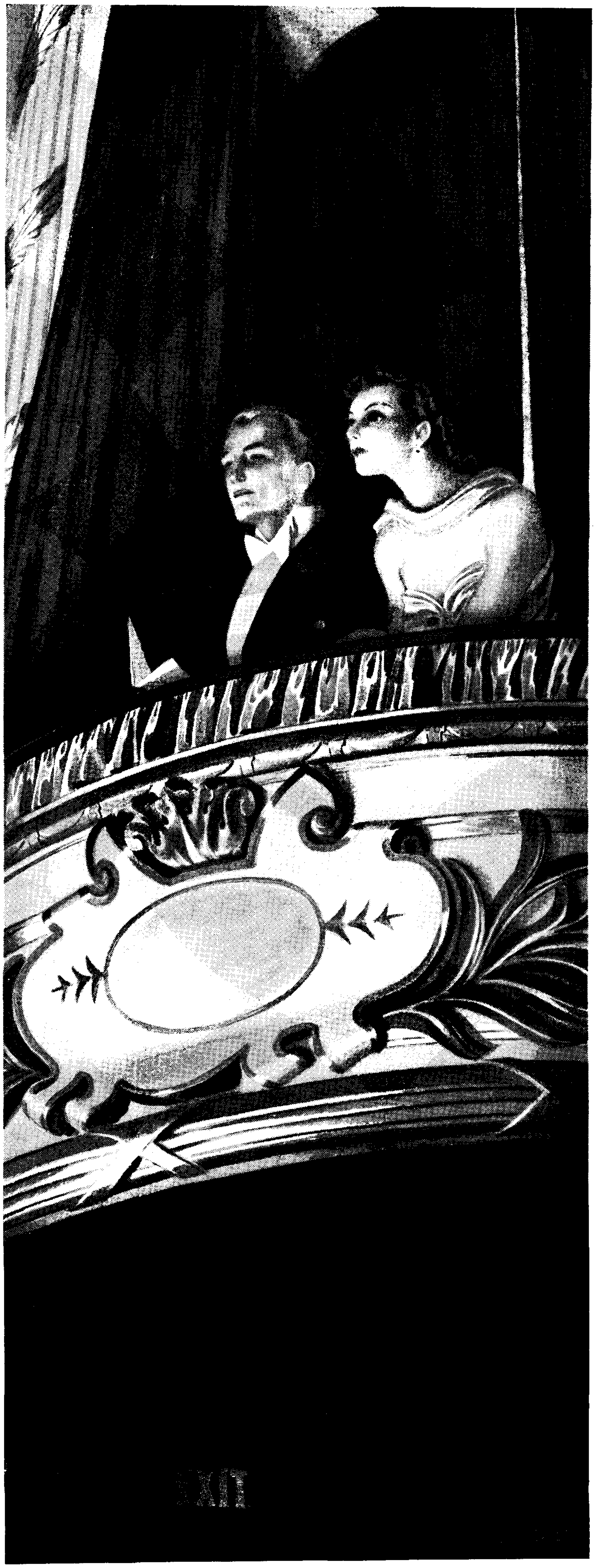

A lump rose in Sarah's throat. She said to herself: "She's lovely—lovely"

They Give the Spark

By John S. Kelly

ACME

Dutch Clark about to be tackled by Ernie Caddel and Jim Steen in a practice session of the Detroit Lions

You can't make a football spark plug. He has to be born. Born with the certainty that he's going to win. So sure of it that the team believes it too. Some spark plugs are great players; some aren't. But you can't overestimate them. They're what makes a team perform miracles

THE traffic is tough. You're starting and stopping and weaving in and out. Here's an opening and a chance to shoot out into the clear. Your motor may have all the power in the world but if the pickup isn't quick, crisp, sure you won't make it, even if you're a combination of Nuvolari, Ralph DePalma and Wilbur Shaw behind the wheel.

That's why you need a spark plug.

No, I'm not selling automobile accessories. I'm talking football. Maybe you're a coach and you've got a Minnesota line and a 200-pound backfield that has speed and power and everything else that's human. When that big chance comes to shoot out into the open, your football machine has got to have a spark plug.

Take a look at the great football teams of history and show me one that didn't have a spark plug. Maybe he was scrawny and light. Maybe he wasn't a great, or even good, football player in a mechanical sense. He might have been a guard, a center, a tackle, an end or a back. But wherever he played, he had that ability to shock eleven men, including himself, into supreme action at the precise instant when all their power and speed and momentum had to click just like your motor in traffic.

He was, in a word, like Stacy Gooch of West Point.

Chances are you never heard of Cadet Gooch during his varsity football career. A lot of people never did, including many who watched him play for Army back in 1932 and 1933. Gooch, you see, was a guard, and guards don't get much chance to make touchdowns. But ask Captain Gar Davidson, his coach, about him sometime. I did. I used to be a back when I played football and I know how much a good guard means—one who takes unholy joy in pulling out of the line to smack down that end or defensive halfback so that we lucky guys with the ball can go driving away to touchdowns and headlines. I watched Gooch in two or three of Army's big games. I asked Captain Davidson about him.

"Gooch was a spark plug if Army ever had one," said Davidson, who has seen Cagle, one of the greatest backs that ever played, who has seen the Bucklers, the Stechers, the Meyers and the other brilliant Army backfield stars pass in rapid review down the years.

"As the season of 1933 opened, it looked as if Army would have one of its poorest teams on record," said Davidson. "We were sure of that after the plebes had given the varsity a tremendous walloping in an early-season practice battle. Ours was a team of little men—little for major varsity football—and one of the little men was Stacy Gooch, five feet nine inches and about 170 pounds. He was a Southern boy, from Red Cagle's alma mater—Southern Louisiana Institute.

"I have never been exactly a pessimist as a coach. I don't think it is good psychology. But I'll admit there were times in the early weeks of that season that I didn't feel too cheerful—until I began to notice what this little lineman named Gooch was doing up front there. Well, if you'll recall, that Army team went undefeated until the final game, against Notre Dame, when the Ramblers blocked a kick to come from behind and beat us, 13 to 12, Nick Lukats doing some spark-plug specialties of his own for the Irish.

Dutch is a Player's Player

"The success of that Army team in every other game, including our victory over the Navy, however, was due primarily to the remarkable defensive play of the forward line, and there is no question in my mind that the tremendous mental, as well as physical, drive of that line came largely from little Stacy Gooch. Up at West Point we coaches like to think we are making Army officers even more than football players—men who will be leaders in a great emergency, if and when it arrives, with the lives of men depending on leadership. Stacy Gooch played his football just as I would like to have a young junior officer in my company act under fire."

Of course, I don't imply that the spark plug necessarily is a lineman, an unsung hero noticed only by the experts and his coach. More often, he's a back, a boy who, his teammates know, will take the ball yards farther than he has any right to take it and who, as a result, gets blocking that is crisper, more confident, more efficient. In turn, he blocks the same way for a teammate. He is a Dutch Clark, for instance—

You've heard of Dutch Clark. But I wonder if you know just how great a football player is this leader of the Detroit Lions. He came East six or seven years ago from Colorado College to play professional football practically unknown.

I'll tell you just how great Dutch Clark is—if you were to walk into a group of ten veteran professional football players and ask them who is the greatest gridiron performer who ever played the game, nine of them would say Dutch Clark and the other one would be wrong. I know. I played professional football and am still in it, even though I happen now to be counting the house as well as the score when the game is on, as one of the owners of the Brooklyn Football Dodgers in the National League.

Dutch is a player's player if you know what I mean. The public has recognized his remarkable ability and has cheered it but the players knew of it long before. "I'd rather block for him than for any other man I ever played with," one veteran of the hard-bitten pro game told me, "and I'd rather have him blocking for me when I'm carrying than anyone else in

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GEORGE PLATT LYNES

Muriel King, dress designer

Look at Yourself

By Selma Robinson

And choose clothes to enhance your life and figure, if you want true chic and a wardrobe that will outlast a season. So says Muriel King, who dresses stars of screen and society, and who has some smart ideas for you

I WANT," said the debutante to Muriel King, "a gown that will be simple, gay, sleek, charming, durable, and sexy. You can make it for me. You've done things like that before."

She has, too. For Muriel King is a young designer with definite theories about fashions, and one of her firm beliefs is that clothes should do more than just clothe you. For instance, for a bride she made a trousseau costume that could be worn with equal correctness on Fifth Avenue, a train in China or a plane across Germany. For another woman she created a gown of memorable beauty that her friends would not recognize as the same dress when they saw it again. A New York Social Registerite, with more position than money, wanted an evening gown that would live forever and be forever new. In 1933 Miss King made her an evening gown of rich black crepe with such interchangeable accessories as a boa, long chiffon scarves, and numerous gay belts in color. Some of the accessories are worn out, but the dress is still good; so good, in fact, that when Miss King was called to Hollywood to design clothes for Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers and Gail Patrick, to wear in Stage Door, she borrowed the 1933 model, copied it for herself in plum-colored crepe, and wore it in California with such telling effect that it was bought right off her back by a woman who coveted it.

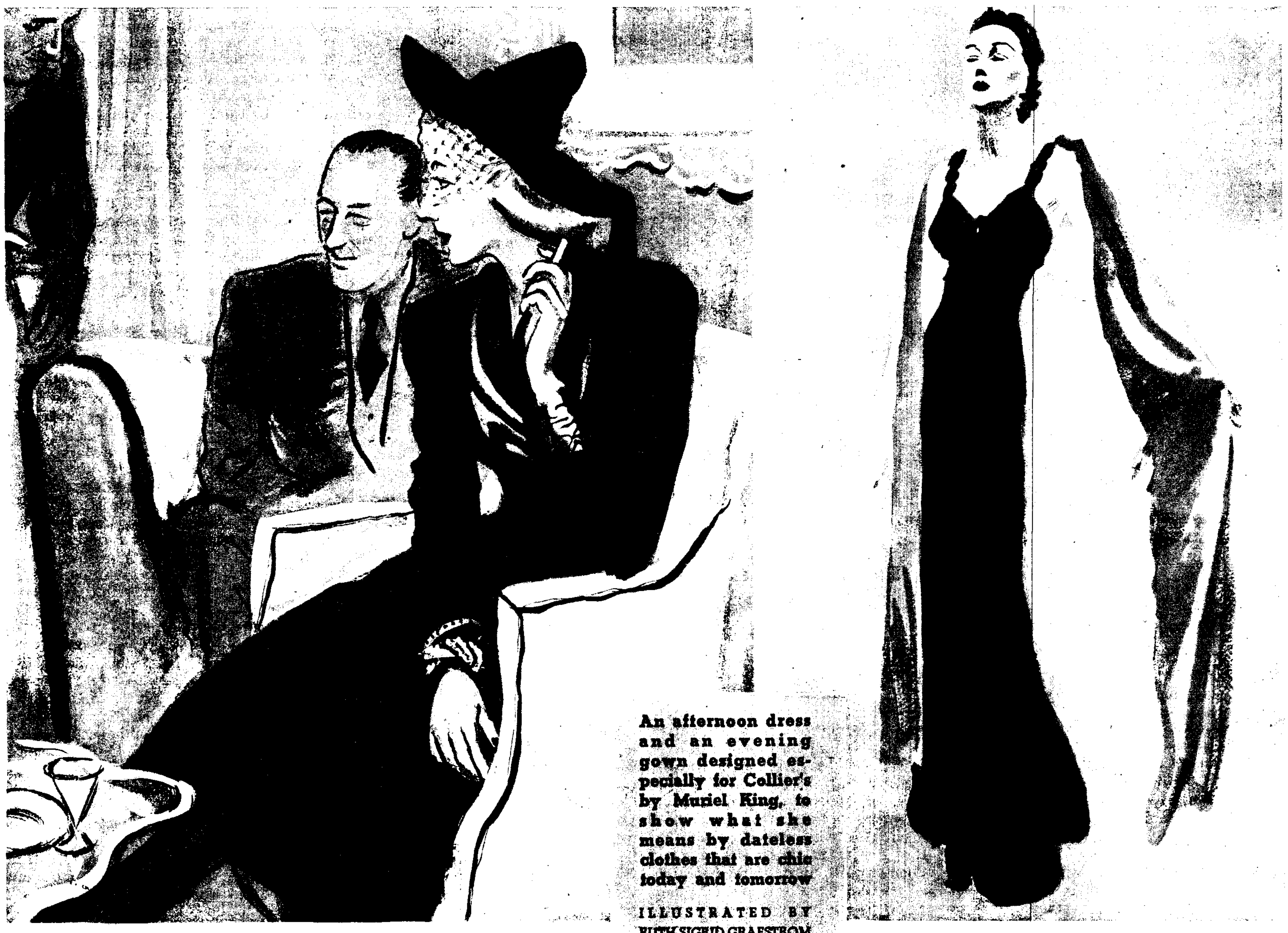
The real secret of dressing successfully today is to make your clothes work for you, Muriel King says. All of us have seen and most of us have been unable to resist a "prima donna" dress, a dress of rare beauty and style, but one so demanding that *it* was the star, and the wearer was only a poor woman privileged to appear in it. Such gowns, no matter how handsome, give nothing and take much. They require that you be of a certain figure, a certain mood, don them only on certain occasions—very temperamental gowns. Result — you hang them away in the closet, take them out once a year, perhaps, and then, after three or four years, you give them away because your conscience can't bear to be confronted with the thought of all that money wasted.

The dress designer of today is like the architect of today—a highly practical person and a stern believer in functionalism. Like a well-built house, everything about a good dress should have a purpose. Lines and trimmings without good reason are as senseless as cupolas on a house. They have no place in modern design. Every line should tend to bring your figure closer to perfection; every touch of decoration used should serve to enhance your charm; every color and fabric should be expected to bring out new subtlety in your personality. In other words, Muriel King concludes, your clothes should work for you, work good and hard, too; otherwise, you might just as well wrap yourself in burlap.

When Hollywood sent for Miss King recently, to design the costumes for Stage Door, it gave her an opportunity to put her fashion theories to the test by giving her three perfect figures to dress. Though each was young, beautiful, slender and chic, she found Hepburn, Ginger Rogers and Gail Patrick as different from one another as the seasons are different. Added to the quality of their own personalities were the characters they were to play in the film: Miss Rogers was cast as a cute chorus girl, Miss Patrick as a seductive and successful gold-digger, Miss Hepburn a wealthy, well-bred society girl.

(Continued on page 36)

HAT BY JOHN-FREDERICS



An afternoon dress and an evening gown designed especially for Collier's by Muriel King, to show what she means by dateless clothes that are chic today and tomorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RUTH SIGRID GRAFSTROM

"Listen, honey," Jean interrupted coldly, "there's nothing wrong with working in Hollywood"

Lady in Lights

By David Manuel

John Atwood's future, which caused two women a great deal of trouble. The story of a man who didn't want to be successful

[illegible] the [illegible] Car[illegible] [illegible] hu[illegible] [illegible] up [illegible] the [illegible] had been in [illegible] and still I hadn't [illegible]. For some reason [illegible] want Catherine to see it. Of course I could have [illegible] was from Aunt Elizabeth or some[illegible] only I am not a good liar and Catherine wouldn't have believed me.

Catherine climbed over half a dozen people to reach the seat beside me. Our seats weren't very good. They were up too high. You couldn't see the tops of the California mountains because of the grandstand roof. Catherine waved the pari-mutuel tickets she held in her hand. She gave me a flashing smile that was supposed to be insolent. It wasn't exactly insolent, but it was charming.

"I have crossed you," she said, holding the tickets in front of my face.

"I'm not surprised," I said. "Never trust a woman; especially a sensible one."

She produced two hot dogs and gave me one.

"This is to appease you," she said. "I decided you should not bet on Red Rain."

"All right," I said sternly. "But if Red Rain should win—it's dinner at Victor Hugo's. And you'll pay for it."

"If necessary." Catherine munched cheerfully. "And if my horse wins, I shall keep the profits."

Catherine stuck the tickets in my hatband. "Reddy Teddy—on the nose," she said.

I shook my head in disgust. "You're going to be sorry."

Catherine started to reply but her voice was lost in the general roar of everyone shouting, "There they go!" Like everyone else, we stood up. I tried to find Red Rain. I couldn't. Catherine patted my hand. I pretended to be aloof.

Red Rain was a horse everybody at Santa Anita liked. It is a very pretty name, Red Rain. I don't know why people like him so much, because he never won; maybe it was on account of the name. But Catherine is very hardheaded when it comes to betting on horses, and she is not influenced easily by a name. She bets, I was thinking, unromantically on a horse unromantically entitled Reddy Teddy. I was also thinking about the letter from Jean Carrol. Red Rain had been one of Jean's favorites the previous season.

The horses were coming into the home stretch. I tried to hear the announcer; I tried to see how the horses were running. I could not distinguish one horse from another. They flashed by the finish.

"Reddy Teddy by a length," Catherine shouted in my ear.

I groaned. "I should have worked today," I said.

"Red Rain next to last." She watched the board. "My horse pays $20.60. Almost enough to pay for dinner—if you had won it."

"You mean almost enough to pay for dinner for a month."

WE SAT down and wrapped a blanket about our legs. A chill wind was coming off the hazy, snow-streaked mountains in the distance.

"They tell me they had a really clear day here once," I said.

"That was before my time, pardner."

"They had a little snow down San Diego way last week," I said. "They called it soft sleet. Top that."

"Why should I? Some native son'll do it for me."

"Unusual is the word for climate," I said. "But do not think I am complaining about the weather."

"Nor I about the horses," Catherine said.

I grinned. Then I thought of the letter in my pocket—and how ironic it was that I was carrying it around unread at the races. Once Jean and I had gone to the races a lot too.

"Red Rain!" Catherine said, with a nice sneer. "You are supposed to be a writer. You should have more sense."

"Tomorrow, I shall work," I said.

"Fine. Then I'll be able to rest. You'll learn after a while, John, that I am an idealist and a highbrow at heart, and that I do not go in much for this high life."

She was only kidding a little when she said that.

"I know," I said. "And I shall go Hollywood at the drop of a Klieg light."

"Well, see that you don't."

"Not tomorrow," I said. "I have to work. If you can bear it, I have to get the life story of Tommy Tucker, the child prodigy, the super star, Shirley Temple's only rival, age five."

"I can bear it. I hope you can."

THERE is one nice thing to be said about traffic jams: you have lots of time to talk. We talked a lot on the way back to Hollywood. Ever since our California meeting we had talked a great deal—mostly nonsense. When I had known Catherine before we had been much younger. That was in New York City. At that time our acquaintance was more or less casual. We hadn't known then that there was a certain spark between us, a certain ability to see things in the same light and to laugh at them. But first I had better tell you more about Catherine.

Catherine Ross is a very nice-looking girl. She has very nice ash-blond hair. She has nice white teeth and she smiles a lot. She has a soft, low voice, and her eyes wrinkle up a little at the corners when she laughs. Catherine isn't especially talented, I suppose, but that was one reason I liked her—people are entirely too talented these days. But she was sincere; she was lots of fun; we had a good time together; we liked each other; we read similar things and so on. There was a nice feeling of harmony there.

Catherine was visiting her aunt in Pasadena for the winter. When I first came out it had been by pure accident that I saw her again. We were both at an arty party in Altadena. We met, we exchanged greetings, we made fun of things, and I took her home. After that we saw a lot of each other.

I had been sent to Hollywood for a period of two months to get interviews with various screen people for the magazine on which I worked. So when I wasn't interviewing I was generally with Catherine.

We got through the traffic jam safely and back to Los Angeles—it took us something over an hour. During that time we covered many subjects, winding up, as we usually did, by bickering as to whether I would "go Hollywood" if I got the chance. Catherine said she hoped I wouldn't and I said I knew I wouldn't. I claimed that no money on earth could tempt me to live permanently in Hollywood and work there. Catherine said that was because I had never had an offer. I said I was going back to New York and work until I saved some money, and then I was going to take a six months' leave of absence and lock myself up some place and write a play. I knew what it was going to be about, and just how I was going to handle it; all I had to do was to write it. Catherine just laughed. She said she had heard that some place before.

WE DROVE out Beverly Boulevard quite a way, stopping at a little place where barbecued spareribs are the specialty. We had a couple of cocktails and then stuffed ourselves with baked Idaho potatoes and spareribs. Afterward I drove my rented car over to Sunset and we eased down past the eighties. It was fairly clear and I pulled up by the curb so that we might watch the lights of sprawling Los Angeles below us. It is quite a sight. Thousands upon thousands of twinkling lights, with here and there a sprinkling of green ones and red ones. It made you think you had discovered some magical city.

We sat there silently for a while. For some reason the lights always got us. It made us feel good just to sit there.

"I'm going home in two weeks," I said a little later. "That will answer your predictions, my girl."

"Plenty of time yet."

"Why do you think that of me? Can't you understand that I've seen it ruin too many people?"

"Better men than you have given in."

"But there's nothing to give in to. Nobody wants me."

"If they don't want you, that will be different. I'm speaking about what would happen if they did."

"Oh, what's the use of discussing it? We just go in circles."

"You don't have to get huffy."

"Who's huffy?"

Catherine took off her hat and gave her head a shake. Her blond hair fell smoothly into place. I decided that now was the time to finish my letter. I excused myself.

Jean Carrol's letter had been a bolt from the blue. And as I read on I realized that it was even more than that. Until the previous fall Jean and I had been in love. At least that was what we called it. And then a silly quarrel had busted everything up. Since that time we had not seen each other, although we were both in New York. Jean was playing the second lead in a show called In Your Hat. I tried to forget her, and after a month in California I thought I had.

And now this letter—forwarded from my office. Jean wanted to let bygones be bygones. And she was coming out to Hollywood; would be there, in fact, the next day.

I had told Catherine all about Jean and me, and she had been properly sympathetic. I had even described Jean to her.

THEY were about as opposite as two girls could be, those two. Jean was the shorter, with large, smoldering dark eyes, and black shiny hair. She was much more temperamental, too. Partly genuine and partly because she thought, being an actress, she should be that way.

As I finished the letter I felt all the old feeling for Jean flooding back. She did something to me, that girl; call it fascination, or love, or what you will, but still there it was.

Catherine was watching the lights moodily. I wondered for a moment if this was going to spoil our friendship.

I looked up from the letter. "It's from Jean," I said.

"I know," Catherine said.

"How did you know?"

"I could tell by your face."

I folded up the letter and stuffed it into my coat pocket.

"You'll like each other," I said.

"I'll bet."

"Oh, come on, Catherine, don't be silly. You act almost as if you were jealous."

"Don't be silly yourself."

"It's this way, Catherine," I said. "Jean has signed a contract with R. C. O. She's coming out here to make one picture. If she clicks I suppose she'll stay. It's the chance she's been waiting for. If she wants to be friends again, is it my fault? I'm not snobbish. I don't see why I have to snub her just because she's a movie star. As for all the rest, that's all washed up."

"You don't have to apologize, John."

We didn't say anything for a while. I glared at my reflection in the mirror.

"I'm going to meet her plane in the morning. Will you have dinner with us tomorrow?"

"Why should I?"

"No reason. See how the other half lives maybe."

After a moment Catherine turned to me with a slow smile. She said: "Maybe you'll have your chance to resist going Hollywood after all."

"Possibly I will, if it would make you feel any better. So come on and have dinner with us."

"Sure, and why not?"

I DROVE Catherine back to Pasadena and then went to my hotel. I couldn't sleep for tossing about and thinking of Jean and Catherine and the next day. Finally I sat up, switched on a light and read almost until daylight.

Early the next morning I was out at the Burbank field. The plane was on time.

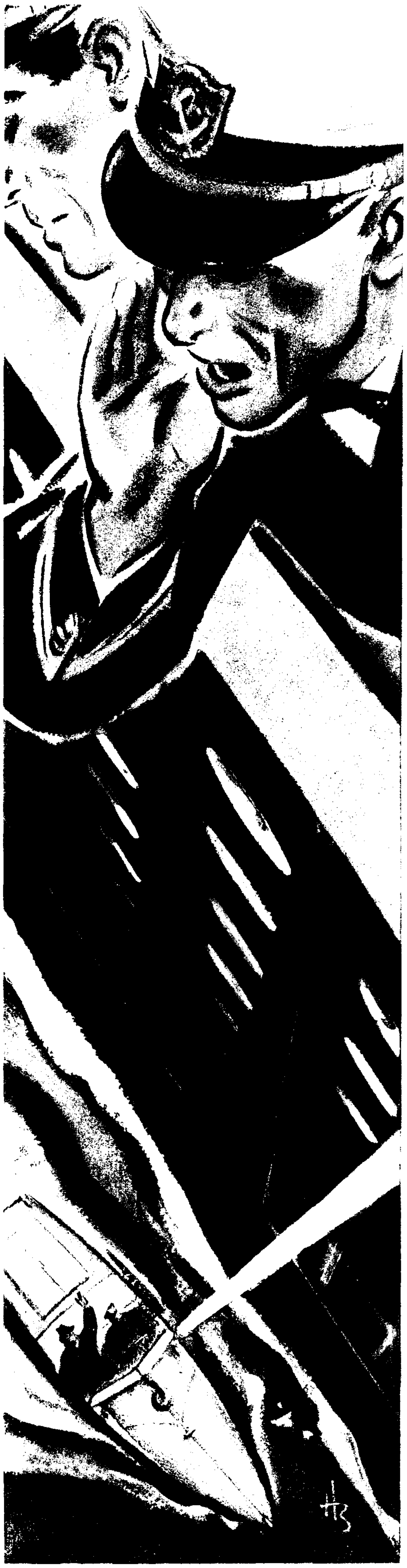
Jean came running and threw her arms around me and kissed me.

"It's swell to see you, John. You're looking good."

She looked pretty swell herself. Before the plane arrived I hadn't attracted any attention, but now I felt people staring at me and at Jean. She seemed to like it.

"You've got to show me the sights," she said. "But first let's get rid of my baggage and get something to eat."

We drove to the Beverly Wilshire. I waited for her in the lobby.



Then we had breakfast. We spent most of the day driving around and talking about old times. By that time I was sure again that I was in love with her.

She didn't have to go to the studio until the next day, so she didn't even bother calling.

I told Jean that Catherine was going to have dinner with us but she didn't seem to mind. She was so full of talking about her break and what she was going to do with it that nothing else seemed to matter. I was relieved after I had told her about Catherine.

"Why don't you stay out here, John?"

"I'm due back in two weeks, that's why."

"Oh, why don't you chuck that magazine? You'll never get anywhere if you stay there."

"Maybe not. And I won't get anywhere if I stay here."

"Maybe I can fix it up for you," she said. "I'll talk to a friend of mine."

"Don't bother."

I PICKED up Catherine at six o'clock and drove back to the hotel for Jean. I was a little nervous myself, but neither of the girls seemed to be.

Catherine said: "I've heard lots about you, Jean."

Jean smiled sweetly. "John's nice, isn't he?"

We came to the conclusion that we should have dinner down in Olvera Street. That is the little bit of Old Mexico right in the heart of Los Angeles. It is quaint and interesting there and you can get real Mexican food. We sat in a small, candle-lit patio and a swarthy individual with a gardenia behind his ear sat near us and played La Paloma.

At first our talk was all Hollywood; Jean was quite excited about being there. We had a bottle of Spanish wine and things commenced to be very pleasant.

Jean couldn't seem to talk anything but shop, and pretty soon Catherine began to look bored.

"I'm sure *you* will like it here," she said to Jean.

There was faint irony in that remark, but Jean didn't get it. I felt trouble impending. "Catherine belongs to the intelligentsia," I said. "I'm afraid she looks down on Hollywood."

That, of course, was the worst thing I could have said. From then on Jean was suspicious, and Catherine was moody.

But we managed to get along all right until dessert.

"When can you come over and talk to the person I mentioned, John?" Jean asked.

I must have looked puzzled.

"About staying out here, you know," she explained. "You've done a lot of writing. It shouldn't be any trouble to get you in."

"I'm pretty busy," I said, ignoring Catherine.

"That's all right. I'll speak to him tomorrow and have him call you about dinnertime."

"Don't be bashful, John," Catherine said. "Speak right up and tell the lady that's just what you've been waiting for."

"Listen, honey," Jean interrupted coldly, "there's nothing wrong with working in Hollywood. Some of us have to work for our living, you know."

"Of course," Catherine said, looking at me. "And some of us are

(Continued on page 57)

"Licking THE WORST TRUCKING CONDITIONS in the World"

Here in vivid description is what an old-timer in the oil fields thinks about INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS. He writes as follows:

"For years I have read your ads about 'Internationals' and they don't begin to tell the story. You fellows should make a trip down here to see what it is all about. Most of the oil wells here are located in the swampy lowlands, in black, sticky gumbo mud. Big, heavy machinery must be brought to the well locations. Boys, unless you see this it is hard to believe. Sometimes it takes three to four hours to make two to three miles. You should see your big Internationals take on the job. Make a few feet, back up, and hit it again. Tear into it. To stop means your truck and load will sink. Boys, this is a fight you should see. You have a truck that asks no odds, only the gas.

"Now all I ask of you fellows is to get a bit louder and tell the world you have the champion of trucks—a truck that doesn't know the meaning of the word 'quit.' Now my friends, all this is coming from a bystander with years of experience with trucks—including eighteen months with the transport in France, where I thought we had tough going. But this place has shell holes licked a mile, and your Internationals are licking the worst trucking conditions in the world.

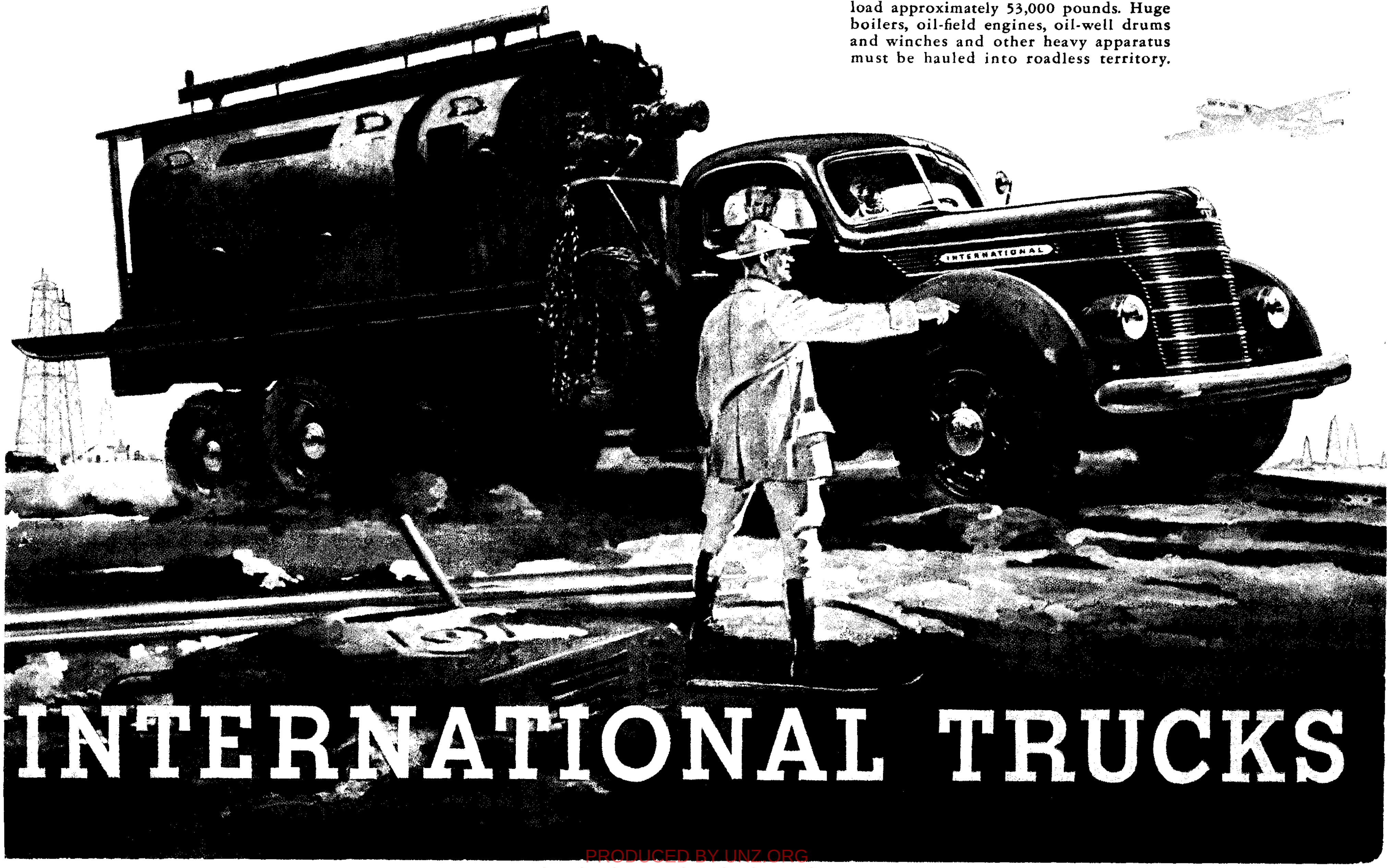
"No offense is meant by this little panning; I had to get it off my chest. I am simply a friend and rooter for what I think is *the finest piece of machinery with wheels on it.*"

* * *

Mr. TRUCK OWNER—there is a splendid new complete line of International Trucks on the market now—*new* in external beauty, *new* in engineering throughout. A line of ALL-TRUCK trucks—26 models in 79 wheelbases—from Half-Ton to powerful Six-Wheelers. See the new Internationals at any International dealer or branch showroom.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
Harvester Building (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

International Dual-Drive Six-Wheeler heading into the oil field with draw-works, a giant winch used in handling drill pipe. Total gross load approximately 53,000 pounds. Huge boilers, oil-field engines, oil-well drums and winches and other heavy apparatus must be hauled into roadless territory.



LYNN BOGUE HUNT

Time to change—

For winter STOP and GO you need this FAST-FLOWING, TOUGH motor oil

IT'S stepping on the starter that wears your engine out—not stepping on the gas. In fact, approximately ¾ of your engine's wear is caused by starting, state automotive engineers.

So, when you change to winter oil, change to the one made especially for stop and go . . . the *new* Golden Shell.

FAST-FLOWING, it bathes every engine part the instant you step on your starter—puts a wear-reducing oil cushion between every metal surface.

TOUGH-BODIED, it stands the high temperature of steady running . . . resists breaking down into sludge and carbon.

It takes only 15 minutes to have your crankcase flushed and refilled with the correct winter grade of Golden Shell Motor Oil. There is a Shell dealer in your neighborhood.

WINTER

Golden Shell

SHELL

MOTOR OIL

The Revealing Word

Continued from page 17

Dan Lackner looked at her very gently. He spoke, after a moment, with care, choosing his words. He said: "Miss Allen, I am a fairly old man, and I have known a great many men, and loved some of them. I love Will Seaborn. And —he is the only man I ever knew who never did anything, or said anything, to make me love him less."

Her eyes were for a moment without expression. Then: "I've known him for twelve years," she agreed, as though in assent to this opinion, and she rose. "Thank you," she said. When she was gone, Mr. Lackner went to tell Mrs. Lackner about his visitor, and to explain, uncomfortably:

"She came to ask me why Will resigned."

Mrs. Lackner nodded. "So many people will ask us that," she assented. Then she added: "I expect Will and Enid will reopen the old Seaborn house in Dedham and live there."

"I suppose so. We must have them to dinner at once when they come."

"Yes, of course, as soon as they are settled."

And he reminded her: "Will is going to need us now, need all his friends."

This Will Seaborn was a Boston man, a Harvard graduate, with private means; and when he chose diplomacy as a career, everyone who knew him had agreed that he would be a credit not only to himself but to his country. Men twice and thrice his age liked to talk to him, and liked to listen to him. Women old enough to be his mother or his grandmother found him gentle and friendly and interesting. He served a year in Washington, this as a sort of training period, and he married beautiful Enid Allen before that year was done.

She was fair, but Will Seaborn was tall and dark and slender; and a single lock of hair at his cowlick had a stubborn way of standing straight up despite brushing and every artful aid. Enid, the first time she saw him, wanted to smooth down that rebellious lock. The second time they met, she did so. Seven weeks later their engagement was announced. Three months later they were married, and Will received his first foreign appointment, and since then they had moved to and fro about Europe, had never once come home.

And that was twelve years ago, and now he had resigned, no one knew why. Mary Allen drove home from Washington, and since even this winter day was mild and almost warm, at home she strolled down the brown lawns toward the waterside, and remembered the first time she ever saw Will Seaborn.

SPRING was in flood that day long ago, the ugly heat of summer not yet come. Mary herself was thirteen years old. Enid and Will were already engaged, and Enid brought him home for a week-end visit; and Mary watched breathlessly her beautiful sister, and she watched Will, and when these two lovers drifted arm in arm across the lawns, Mary followed furtively. She peeped at them around the corner of the summerhouse till Will saw her and called:

"Come sit with us, Mary."

She came. She was tormented with shy embarrassment—and yet longing to be near him. She came and sat demurely beside him, a long-legged little girl still in pigtails; and she inched closer and closer to him till her arm touched his rough sleeve; and he and Enid talked together as though Mary were not there; and Mary worshiped Enid's beauty, and she watched the way Will's lips moved when he talked. After a while he stretched at length on the ground, lying on his back, and said:

"Give me your lap for a pillow, Enid."

Enid laughed, declining. "This frock rumples terribly, my dear."

Mary said eagerly: "My frock doesn't matter, Will. If you want to . . ." He looked at Enid, and Mary saw them both smile, and then he put his head in Mary's lap. That unruly cowlick fascinated her. After a while, very lightly, she tried to put it in place; and he looked up at the child, and smiled, and she blushed and said apologetically:

"It won't lie down!"

He chuckled and told her: "Keep trying. I'm like a pup. I like having my head rubbed."

It was bliss to touch him. After a while, not listening to what they said to one another, Mary lost herself in long thoughts; and presently, not knowing she did it, she leaned down and kissed him.

Enid said in quick, disapproving surprise: "Well!" And Mary trembled with dismay, but Will touched her hand and said:

"You're a sweet kid, Mary. It's all right. You and I like each other, don't we?"

And she loved him then so much she seemed to be bursting with it.

MARY, during the weeks that followed, had listened to the plans for the wedding with a rapt intentness, waiting to hear what her part would be. Will and Enid came often to the plantation; but since Enid was apt to be closeted with dressmakers, and busy with lists and plans, Will was foot-loose. So he and Mary rode together, or took a boat upon the river, or walked in the gardens, or talked and talked. Mary adored him, yet with no least envy or jealousy of Enid. She was content to be with him worshipfully; and he seemed to understand.

When Will came at last for the rehearsal, and Mary realized with a sickening shock that she was to have no part at all in the pageant of the wedding, she tried to hide her disappointment; but Will must have noticed, must have asked Enid some question, because Mary heard her sister say:

"Oh, she jars, darling! She spoils the picture. I want everything to be so beautiful! She's such an awkward, big-nosed little thing."

"She'll outgrow that!" he urged.

Enid laughed. "Not in time, I'm afraid. After all, Will, it's only two more days."

"She's going to be darned disappointed!"

"I'm sorry. But, darling, wouldn't you rather have her disappointed than me?"

Will was particularly nice to Mary for those two days before the wedding, as though to make up to her for the unhappiness he knew she felt so keenly. And she loved him tremendously, and afterward, when he kissed her goodby, she clung to him till her mother said gently:

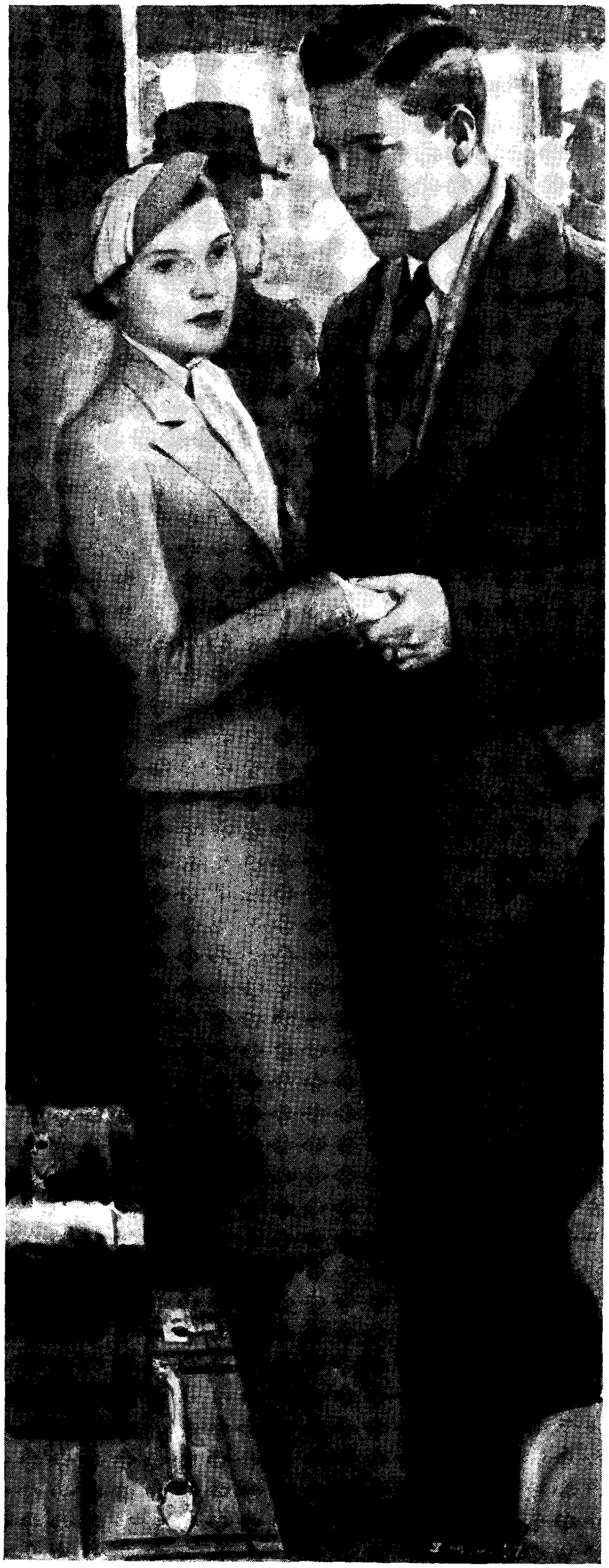
"There, Mary! That's quite enough, child!"

And Will said: "Write to me, will you, youngster? Tell me all the news?"

"Will you write to me?"

"I surely will," he promised; and then he and Enid drove away.

Mary, since that day, had followed proudly his growing reputation. And she had his letters. Tonight, alone at home after her talk with Dan Lackner, Mary read these letters through in order, from the first to the last. There was a great



They stood for a moment, silent. She spoke, as if to herself: "I wonder when we will be together again"

To one person out of ten:

OUT OF, say, every ten people, there is one that stands a little apart. That man or woman seems a touch more interesting, a shade more ambitious—surer than most to find the future good.

To that person, this message is written—and it may be you.

Not for such people the empty head, the closed mind, the provincial point of view. To them Main Street is Pennsylvania Avenue and the Quai d'Orsay and Red Square and Victoria Embankment. To them, the personalities of the world's statesmen, the triumphs of famous scientists and actors, the swift moving story of labor, business, art—all these are familiar, to be talked about, criticized or praised.

For they are the Well-Informed.

● To be such a person...

How? What to do? Read twenty newspapers, follow art digests, scientific journals, travel magazines? How spare the time, how cut through the welter, how understand or remember?

For answer, a roomful of young shirt-sleeved editors fourteen years ago invented TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine. *Invented*—for young TIME was an entirely new way of gathering, organizing and writing the essential news of the week.

TIME today is authored by the world's great news sources—the Associated Press, the United Press, the Press itself—by TIME's own correspondents, researchers, fact checkers—and by that unique journalistic group into which those shirt-sleeved young men have grown: The Editors of TIME.

No group could feel a keener responsibility to write the story of our times so that it be not only engrossing and memorable but accurate, reliable. As you read of every newsfront of the world, you know you can trust TIME.

● Joining the Well-Informed

Tests show that TIME's 700,000 families, intelligent, successful, are 48% better informed than any other group of people in the country.

You, like them, can follow the stirring stories of politics and labor in your country and abroad, the art, music, science, the business and books. You can follow it in one magazine written so dramatically, so memorably that making and keeping yourself well-informed is no chore, but a fascinating hobby.

Begin TIME today, tonight, with the copy now on your newsstand. Or be TIME's guest for three weeks—send the coupon for the next three issues.

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Please send me the next three issues of TIME, free.

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deal about Enid in them; all tender fondness, and high pride.

But also, there was a great deal about Will's career; and now he had abandoned that career. Mary lay awake most of that night asking herself over and over: Why? Why? Why?

She had, ten days later, a letter from Enid, but there were no explanations in it. Enid wrote: "It's good to be coming home again, to see you all. Mary, do you realize I haven't seen you since you were a child? We saw Janice last week. She sent you loads of love. Will and I will live in Boston, now. You must come and have a nice long visit with us as soon as we are settled. I almost suggested that someone could tell the conductor to take care of you on the train! I still don't quite realize you've grown up. Heavens, Mary, you're twenty-five! I remember we thought Olive was an old maid because she was still unmarried at twenty-one. We must find you a nice Boston young man. Do plan to come."

Two months later, with Enid's definite invitation, came a line from Will, a postscript to Enid's letter.

"Dear Mary," he wrote, "this is a great idea, your coming on. You and I have a lot of catching up to do. Enid says the first week in May, but plan to stay a while. Boston isn't at its best till the first of June. Love. Will."

She tore the postscript off the letter, to put it with the others of his which she had treasured all these years.

WILL and Enid delayed their homecoming to allow time for the old Seaborn house in Dedham to be put in order to receive them. It was a sprawling white mansion, Colonial in feeling, set on a dozen acres of pineland above the river. Enid upon their arrival found it charming.

At once there were callers, and many invitations; and Will was greeted as affectionately as though he had never been away, and Enid's warm and ripened beauty enchanted everyone. Yet there was a question insistent in the very air. People were apt to say:

"Of course everyone was astonished when you resigned, Will." Then there would be a momentary pause as though he were expected to reply; but if he did not speak, the pause ended with: "Yet we're certainly glad you did. England's loss is Boston's gain." Or: "I suppose there were probably a lot of reasons." Or, challengingly: "But after all, it's nobody's business, is it?"

Dan Lackner, reassuring Will one day, said: "Remember the old rule, Will. Never explain. Your friends don't need it, and the others won't believe it."

Will said ruefully: "I hoped—if we took our time coming home—the tumult and the shouting would have begun to die."

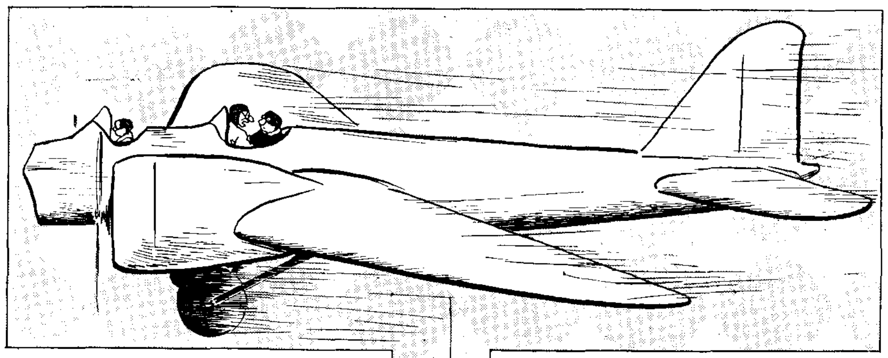
"Give it time," Mr. Lackner advised.

So Will gave it time, and pretended not to understand covert inquiries, and evaded more direct ones. But he began to realize that everything he or Enid did was being watched, dissected; that they were the subject of constant discussion among their acquaintances and even their friends. Ned Facy spoke to Will one day, uneasily, about a tale involving Will and Madame Delegal, wife of one of the French attachés in London. Will laughed at it; and he told Enid that night: "Poor Ned was embarrassed; but he said this story was going the rounds. I wonder how it started."

She touched his arm apologetically. "I'm afraid I set it going, Will," she confessed. "Do you mind awfully?"

"You did?" he exclaimed; but then he said quietly: "No, I don't—mind awfully; but—what's the idea, dear?"

"I've simply had to say something, Will! Nell Causton just simply pinned me down, a week or ten days ago." She touched his arm appealingly: "And, Will,



I thought if I dragged a little red herring—just one little red herring—across the trail, it might put her off the track. Darling, do you mind my little red herring?"

He reassured her quickly: "Lord love you, no. Drag a bale of them if you like." But then he asked: "Just what did you tell her, Enid? I ought to know, so I can look guilty at the right time."

She laughed. "Oh, a perfectly ridiculous yarn, Will, about your roving eye, and your unconquerable instinct to be nice to pretty women, and how they all fell in love with you, and how you were always getting into trouble and having to be rescued." She confessed: "I even hinted at a duel between you and Monsieur Delegal."

Will grinned uncomfortably. "Laid it on a bit thick, didn't you?" he suggested.

"Nell swallowed it whole," she declared, and she said: "You'll have to back me up, though, Will."

"Give her a few gory details, shall I? I might show her my scar!"

"Don't be ridiculous. But, Will, I told Nell you'd probably make love to her; told her you did to every pretty woman. Do you mind trying, Will? You, know, in a nice way?"

He laughed, throwing back his head. "Watch me," he promised. "I'll scandalize the town. You'll be 'poor Enid' to everyone, before I'm through."

"You're so darned good to me!"

His arms were tight around her. "That's my real career, Enid. Being good to you."

"Will—are you unhappy, giving up the other one?"

"You're all the happiness I want in the world."

"Sweet!" And she said after a moment: "You know, Will, I've been thinking. People have called, and they've entertained us and—we can't be hermits. We must have a little dinner pretty soon. A sort of housewarming. When do you think would be a good time?"

"When does Mary get here?"

"Mary?" She looked at him, suddenly intent. "I don't think we need wait for her. Mary will hardly be a shining success socially, Will. You remember how homely she was. But while she's here, I wish you would beau her around a lot, take her dancing, and to the theater, and Symphony and things."

"Of course. We'll give her a good time."

She corrected quickly: "No—not we, Will! You! Then, don't you see, Nell Causton and the others will remember what I said about your flirting—and be sorry for me. And at the same time I won't have to worry about your flirtatious ways, because it will be all in the family."

He chuckled. "Old Mrs. Machiavelli, eh? I'm afraid I'm not much of a Lothario."

She laughed. "You will be before I'm through with you, Will. You won't have a shred of reputation left. You and Mary put on the dumb show and I'll explain it to the audience, like one of these explorers showing moving pictures. I think it will be rather fun." And when she saw his shadowed eyes, she urged: "Please, Will."

Faintly uneasy, nevertheless he crossed to her side to touch her shoulder, to press her hand.

WHEN Mary's train was to arrive, Enid was engaged; so Will met her alone. Waiting in the station, he wondered whether he would recognize Mary.

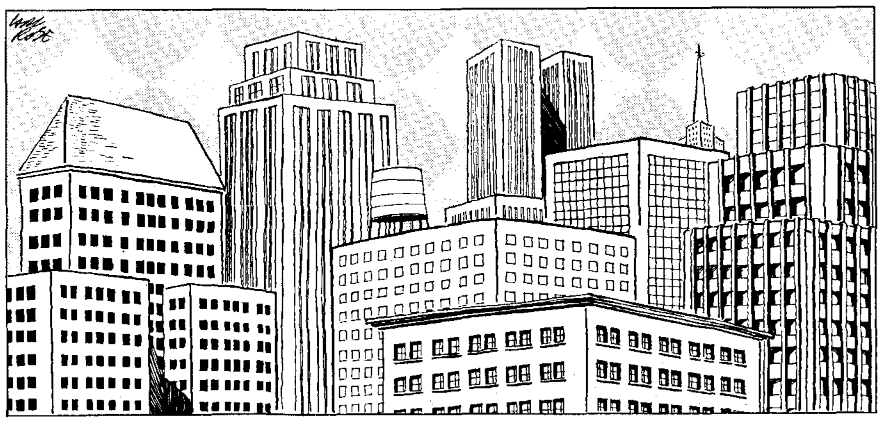
But he thought: Of course, she will remember me, even if I don't recognize her. I haven't changed.

So when the train pulled in, he remained standing by the gate, more careful to be visible to the passengers who came streaming along the platform than to scrutinize them. Yet he knew Mary at once. She was the same, but she also was different. She had grown up to that nose of hers as a puppy grows up to its feet. It was a fine nose now. Her mouth was wide and—curiously liquid, mobile, warm. Her eyes were splendid. He saw her before she discovered him, and hesitated for a moment, thinking with a pleased surprise that no one would ever consider her ugly now!

Then she saw him, and smiled, turning quickly toward him, her hand extended. He kissed her, and she said:

"Will! Heavens, man, will you never grow up? Your hair still goes its own way, doesn't it?"

He nodded to her porter, and the man followed them toward where he had left



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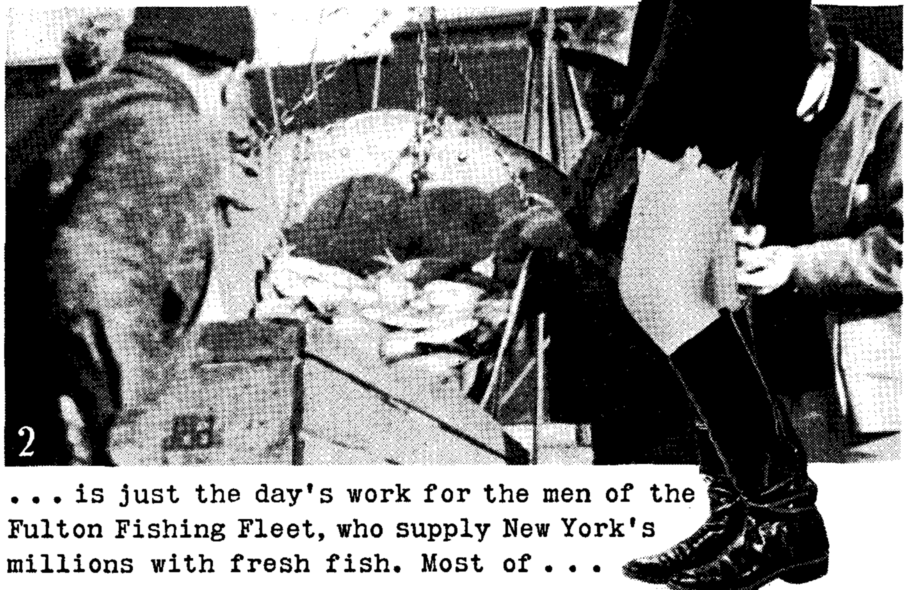

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his car. "You've changed a bit," he told her.

"I'm glad you haven't. I always thought you were wonderful, you know. Just the way you were."

He chuckled, liking her. "We did get along," he agreed. The bags went into the rumble, and they took their seats. "Enid sent her apologies for not meeting you," he explained. "Bridge or something."

"Is she as beautiful as ever?"

"More so, it seems to me." There were, while he negotiated the first few blocks of traffic, moments of silence, with only an occasional word. They were well on their way before Mary asked:

"Will, why did you give up your career?"

SHE saw his lips twist with surprise; but he chuckled disarmingly. "Why, there wasn't any one reason. I just decided to quit, to come home."

She shook her head positively. "Not you. I know you loved it."

"Perhaps I've changed since you knew me."

"I've always known you. There isn't any 'since.' I've had your letters, you know. I think I know them all by heart."

He smiled. "Well, I've thought of you as a—thirteen-year-old. Probably I've told you some fairy tales. I didn't realize you were—grown up, till I saw you today." And he said hastily: "Enid's looked forward to seeing you again. She's been counting the days."

"You're not going to tell me, Will?"

He said, after a reluctant moment: "I think we began to feel that our lives had too much glitter, too much gold braid, too many brilliant strangers, too much surface and not enough deep places."

"You want children?"

He did not answer that inquiry. "I had to be nice to people," he declared laughingly. "I want to be able to tell them to go to blazes, if I feel like it. I got tired of having to smile and smile. . . ."

" 'And be a villain still?' " She laughed with him; then suggested: "Enid loved it, of course; hated giving it up?"

"I think it tired her. I know it did."

"I see." She watched the traffic, looking straight ahead. A red light stopped them, and he glanced at her, and thought again how greatly she was changed. There was a strong, calm beauty in her profile that for an instant held his eyes.

When they came home, Enid was not visible; but Jerray, her maid, came to show Mary to her room. "Mrs. Seaborn is lying down for a few minutes before dinner," she explained.

Will asked quickly, with a degree of concern that Mary thought was eloquent of his devotion:

"She's all right, Jerray?"

The maid—she was a middle-aged woman, strong and steady—smiled reassuringly. "Perfectly, Mr. Seaborn."

He persisted: "You will be with her if she—needs anything?" And Mary, dressing, wondered why his concern had been so definite. When she descended, he was there before her; and while they waited for Enid to appear, she thought he was uneasy still, till she led him into laughing talk with her.

When Enid came to the door behind them, they had not heard her on the stairs. They stood by the hearth where a small blaze flickered, talking gaily, side by side. Enid watched them for a moment; then she called:

"Mary, darling."

Mary turned, moved eagerly toward her. But in the moment before the embrace, Enid checked herself, stared at her sister for a long instant. Then, in a curiously brittle way, she laughed.

"Well!" she said. Then: "I still thought of you as an awkward, big-nosed gawk! You're not, are you?"

And she turned her cheek to Mary's kiss, avoided Mary's hug. "Don't! I hate being mussed," she said. Mary drew back, hurt and bewildered by her sister's attitude.

Will asked, after an awkward moment: "What was it this afternoon, Enid?"

"Bridge at Nell Causton's." She moved past Mary. There was sherry on the tray. She fingered one of the used glasses.

"Pleasant?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "There was a girl named Ruth Dane, a perfect question box." She lifted the glass to catch the fragrance of the sherry. Dinner, said Huckins from the door, was served. Will, as though relieved, offered Enid his arm and they went in.

Enid was, Mary saw by the candlelight, at dinner, lovely as she used to be; but she was tonight too gay, smiling at Mary, smiling at Will, demanding in sardonic tones:

"Isn't she a lovely kid sister, Will? You must plan a lot of good times for her!"

Mary protested uncomfortably: "Oh, don't plan things for me! We Southerners like just to visit, you know."

And Enid said lightly: "Nonsense! Will's been planning for weeks all the things you and he would do."

Will, through dinner, was quiet. After dinner Enid sent him away. "Go smoke or something," she told him. "Mary and I have a lot of catching up to do."

He obeyed. Half an hour later she called him and he rejoined them, and Enid said: "I think I'll go to bed, Will. You needn't, of course!"

But he did. When they were alone, he said: "Mary's really beautiful, in a strong, quiet way, isn't she?"

She sat down at her dressing table, was busy with her hair. Across the room he smoked a cigarette.

"I suppose so," she agreed. She did not look at him. "I wonder why she never married."

He laughed. "Well, of course she used to suffer by contrast with the rest of you."

"But we're old married women now; so she hasn't any competition!"

He suggested: "Probably she scares boys her own age."

She hesitated, seemed to shiver. She said suddenly: "Will, I'm—scared, myself." And she explained: "Ruth Dane, today. . . . Well, it was pretty bad. I'm feeling sort of—desperate tonight, Will. I can feel people whispering all around us, guessing, and being suspicious."

He came swiftly to hold her close. He said in a low tone: "Enid—I've fought dragons before now. Let me help. Don't shut me out."

She looked at him. "Will, do you love me?" she asked.

He pleaded: "Darling, don't be silly! Don't be scared!"

ENID did not appear in the morning. She sent Jerray to him—at breakfast with Mary—with a gay little note.

> "Darling, I'm sniffling terribly, so stay quite far away from me. My eyes are red, my nose is blue, but in spite of that I still love you."

Will asked the maid, in surprisingly sober tones: "She has a cold?"

"She's quite all right, Mr. Seaborn," Jerray assured him. "And I will be with her."

When she was gone he explained to Mary: "She always sulks in her tent when a cold hits her. Thinks it makes her ugly. So you'll have to entertain me! What would you like to do today?"

Mary hesitated. "I'm wondering," she confessed. "Enid and I—always rubbed each other the wrong way. Perhaps my being here . . ."

But he laughed at her so surely that she was convinced of her mistake; and when after breakfast she went to see Enid, Enid did have a cold. Also, Enid was all smiling affection this morning. So Mary forgot her disquiet; and during the next few days she and Will spent many hours together. He took her to Lexington and showed her monuments, and to Concord to see a bullet hole under glass, and a bridge; and they climbed Bunker Hill Monument together. The New England spring was in full flood: and he drove her here and there about the lovely countryside.

During these days, Nell Causton came to be with Enid now and then; and she departed to tell her intimates, commiseratingly:

"Poor Enid! She's bored to death alone there all day. Will sends her flowers, but he never comes near her! He and that lovely sister of hers . . . Of course Enid pretends not to mind, but anyone can see . . ."

NED and Alice Facy had invited them all to dinner, Tuesday night; and Saturday Enid telephoned Alice: "I may not be able to come; but Will and Mary will come anyway, of course."

Alice said: "I saw them at Symphony yesterday. She's such a lovely girl."

"Yes, isn't she?" Enid's tone was edged. "If she weren't my own sister, I'd be biting my nails!" She said abruptly: "I'll come, even if it's on a stretcher, Alice."

And she did. Ruth Dane was among the other guests, and when Will was introduced to her, Ruth exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Seaborn, I've been longing to meet you! Everyone is simply bursting to know why you resigned. Why did you?"

Will chuckled. "Well, it's a secret, Miss Dane; but if you won't tell anyone . . ."

"Not a soul!"

He whispered elaborately: "I came home to start my campaign! You see, I'm going to run for President next fall."

"Honestly?" Her eyes widened, and then she said in a pretty rage: "You're perfectly horrid! You're making fun of me! I shall tell Mrs. Seaborn!" She crossed to join Enid just as cocktails were passed; and when Enid—as she always did—declined them, Ruth exclaimed:

"Don't you ever take a cocktail, Mrs. Seaborn?"

Enid shook her head, watching the tray pass by. "Well—hardly ever."

"I suppose they might spoil your complexion," Ruth guessed. "That's really the reason, isn't it?" She laughed. "You act almost as if you didn't dare take one! I'll bet that's it! I know lots of girls who—if they even take a sip—become perfectly cockeyed!"

The maid passing the tray had finished her circuit of the room, returned now toward the table beside which they stood. Enid said crisply: "Nonsense! I never take a dare." She lifted a glass, sipped it.

"Not so bad, is it?" Ruth challenged.

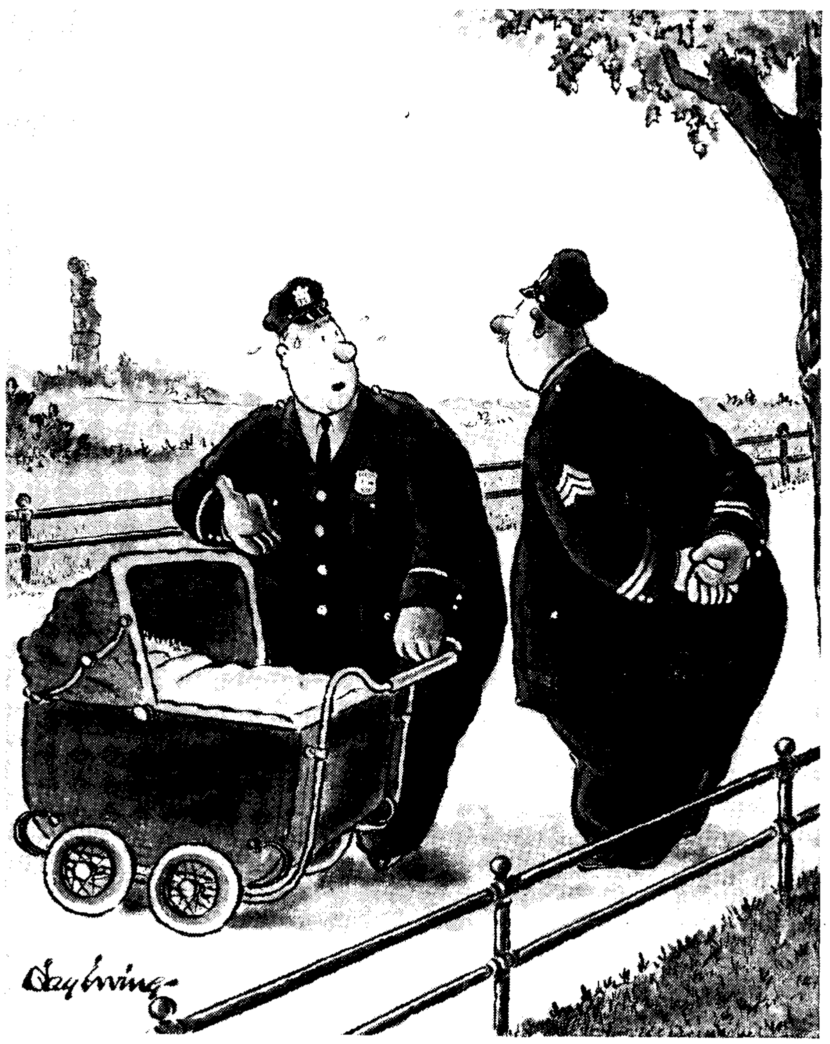
"Rather nice," Enid agreed; and Will from across the room moved toward them, stopped beside her. He asked casually:

"Want me to finish it for you?"

Ruth protested: "After all the trouble I had persuading her to take it!"

And Enid shook her head. She said in a dry tone: "Don't be greedy, darling. You can't have everything, you know."

Will moved quietly away. Mr. and Mrs. Lackner arrived; and presently dinner. There was wine at dinner, coffee and liqueurs in the living room after-



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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ward, brandy and cigars in the library. In the living room Enid asked Alice Facy:

"Alice, may I try some brandy instead? These sickeningly sweet cordials just—revolt me!"

"Of course, darling!" But a moment later Alice was laughing. "Heavens, Enid, you're not supposed to fill those glasses, you know! Just a little brandy in the bottom, and you warm it and sniff it and pretend to think it's wonderful!"

Enid said derisively: "Really?"

"I'll get you a fresh glass!"

Enid sipped. "Never mind. This'll do! I think I like it."

Mary came beside them. She asked: "May I have brandy, too, Alice?" She took an empty glass from the tray. "Enid, pour some of yours into my glass."

"Heavens!" Enid exclaimed, her tones suddenly harsh with anger. "I believe you think I need a guardian, Mary!"

Alice laughed uneasily. "Well, Enid, for a person who never takes anything to drink, you certainly know how to handle it. I counted four glasses of champagne. . . ."

" 'A chiel's amang us, takin' notes,' " Enid drawled.

Alice hesitated, then moved away. When presently the men came in, Will heard Enid's voice pitched higher than usual; he felt tension in the air. And Alice said, at once, as though relieved:

"Some of us might like to go out on the terrace. It's lovely there!"

There was a scattering movement, like flight, toward the French windows. Mrs. Lackner, outside, slipped her arm through Will's; and they moved across the shadowed lawn. She said, reassuringly:

"Don't be unhappy, Will! She's—ill, just as definitely as if . . ."

He nodded, wiped his brow. "The thing that hurts me is that I—can't seem to help her."

Mrs. Lackner seemed about to speak; then, perhaps in mercy, held her tongue. But after a moment she did say, almost sternly: "She should help herself! She's a grown woman! And—she should not tell silly lies about you!" Then in a lower tone: "Here comes Mary. I think she's looking for you."

MARY discovered them, on the lawn below the terrace. She came near, stood with them for a moment without speech; then she said, a little desperately:

"Will, I'm—not feeling well. Can you possibly take me and Enid home?"

Will shook his head. "It doesn't work, Mary," he confessed. "It's too late!" And when she looked at him and then at Mrs. Lackner in dismay, he explained: "Mrs. Lackner was in London, Mary."

"Oh," she whispered. "Then this isn't the first. . . . Oh, Will, this was why. . . ." And a moment later she said, in a sort of terror: "After you came out here, she went into the library. The decanters were on the table."

He said: "If I interfere, she resents it. Openly."

Mary whispered: "There she is!"

Enid came out on the terrace above them; she seemed to look for them. Mrs. Lackner was small, and she stood a little below Mary, hidden behind her, not easily to be seen from the terrace. Enid saw only Will and Mary there close together in the shadows, a little apart from the others, alone.

When she spoke, her tones cut through all the other voices, silenced them. Her words were pitilessly clear:

"Oh! So there you are, Will. You and Mary? I see. That's quite enough, thanks!"

She turned back into the house.

Then Will said in a quiet haste, to these two who stood with him: "Excuse me. I must go to her."

He passed through silent groups on the terrace, ignored intent eyes. In the hall, he met Alice Facy, returning from the front door.

She said breathlessly: "She's gone, Will! I tried to stop her. In your car. . . ."

"May I call a cab, Alice?"

"Take Ned's car."

"Oh—thanks!"

Mary at his elbow said: "I'm coming, Will."

Alice fetched Ned and his keys. Mary took the seat beside Will. He turned out of the drive. "I suppose she'll go home," he said, and said no more. He drove slowly, like a man very tired.

They were halfway to Dedham when they saw a jam of people and of cars ahead; and an ambulance overtook them and went racing on. Will, at the borders of the gathering crowd, pulled up by the curb and leaped out; and Mary at his heels heard scattered words and phrases from the groups through which she followed him.

"Head on into the telephone pole. Going seventy, the cop said. . . ."

THEN on Will's heels Mary came beside the car; a car now astonishingly misshapen, jammed back into itself, no longer even looking like a car. Policemen and the ambulance orderlies were busy there, tugging and straining. Someone in uniform thrust Will back, said pantingly:

"Back, brother. Give us room to work. Get back there."

Will said: "I'm her husband."

"Oh! Well, you don't want to . . ."

Then Enid from the wrecked car said in steady, faint tones: "Will!"

Somebody gasped: "She's alive!"

Enid's voice was like soft laughter. "Very much so. Let me—speak to my husband, please."

"I'm here, darling." He came close to her.

"Will," she whispered brokenly, "I didn't—mean it. I was just—putting on an act, the way we—planned."

"I know."

"Tell Mary I—didn't mean it."

"Yes."

She sighed like a sob. "They can take—me now," she whispered. "I just—wanted you to know."

HER vitality, they said, was astonishing. Doctor Cruse, who had been the family physician since before Will himself was born, told Will so, hours later.

"But I hope for the best," he said. "Three or four days will tell the story. Her left foot and ankle are terribly crushed. We may have to amputate. And, of course, her—face is lacerated."

Will nodded like a mechanical toy. At breakfast he told Mary what there was to tell.

"So she will be scarred—and possibly lame?"

"Yes." She poured fresh coffee. He spoke to himself. "But there's a lot more to Enid than beauty. It isn't because she's beautiful that I love her."

"Don't ever tell her that!" she warned him, smiling gently. "Just tell her and tell her she is lovely, Will!"

When he saw Enid again, she clung to his hand with fingers tight as wire; and she whispered hoarsely: "Will, am I going to die?"

"Of course not!"

"Is Mary here?"

"She's coming as soon as you're stronger."

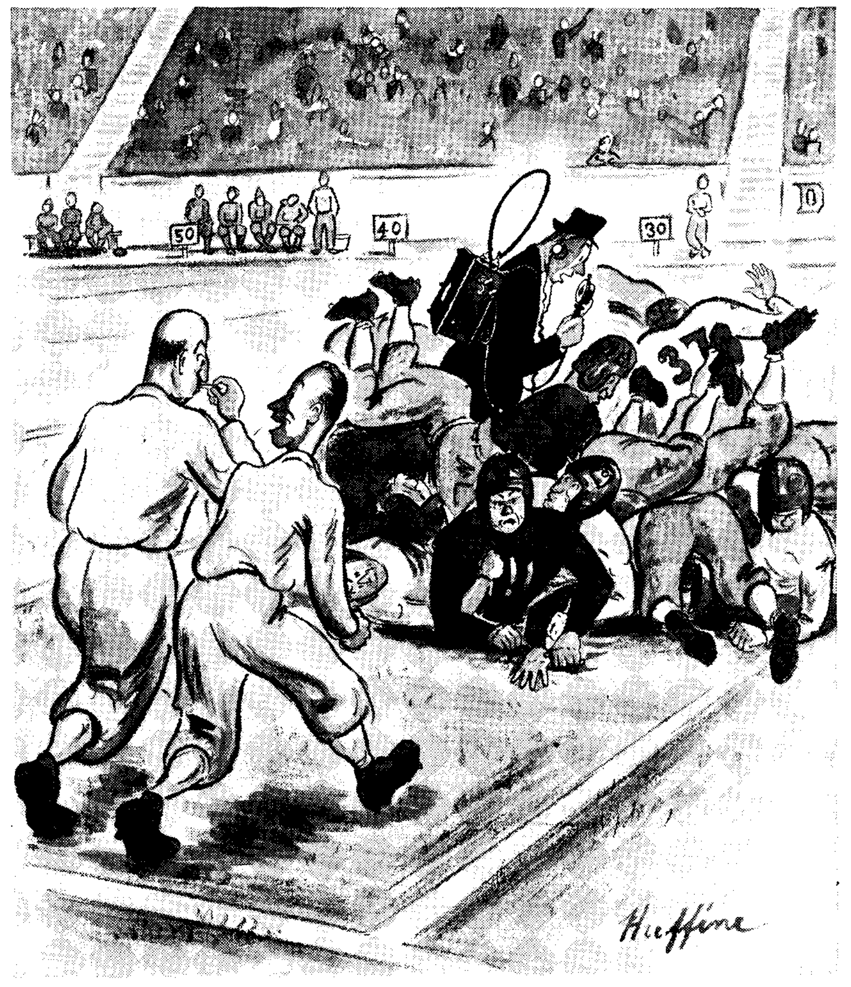
She asked in a low tone: "Do you know she has always loved you, Will? Ever since she was thirteen years old."

He spoke casually, lightly: "Of course. We've always liked each other a lot. She's a fine girl."

"I'm laughing," Enid drawled. "If I could, under all these bandages. I mean—really loved you, Will. That's why she has never married." She added hurriedly, holding his hand hard: "But I'm not thinking the wrong things, Will."

"You know you—fill my world to the brim."

"I know!" She added: "But she does! Try to cure her, Will. You couldn't man-



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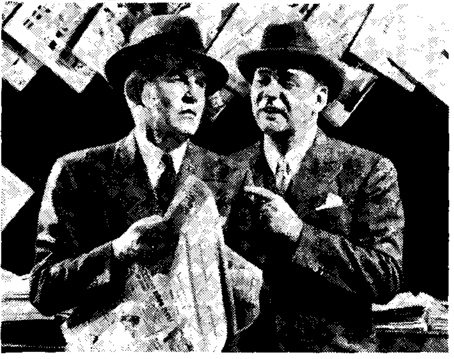

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age to be a little bit horrid to her, could you, darling? Like David Garrick?"

He said positively: "You're—absurdly wrong, Enid. About Mary. I don't want to argue with you, but I know. For instance—when I met her train, the day she came, I kissed her; and that night—after all, she's always been my kid sister—I kissed her good night. But I could see that she didn't—well, care for it, and I haven't kissed her since. So you see!"

Enid's fingers tightened on his, a dry mirth in her tones. "I see, yes, Will. Then—since she doesn't like you to kiss her—of course I must be wrong!" And she said in slow derision: "Men are so wise!"

He thought she was asleep for a while after that, till presently, eyes still closed, she whispered:

"Will, some day, if I—if I'm not here, promise me something?"

"You'll always be here!" he cried huskily.

"Of course I will!" she assented. "So there's no harm in promising! If I—if I'm—ever not here, Will—let Mary love you."

He started to protest again; but she said, suddenly gentle: "Sh-h-h! I'm sleepy now. You promised, remember. And—I didn't mean all those other things. But I mean this, Will!" And she pressed his hand hard and long.

When he left her, the nurse said Doctor Cruse wished to speak with him. The amputation would be necessary. Tonight was better than in the morning. So Will stayed to be with her as long as possible.

And before morning, somehow, she died.

Will, days later, drove Mary to the train. He said, after they had not spoken for a while:

"You've helped a lot, Mary."

"Will you—take up your career again?"

"I may, later."

He felt her eyes upon him while he drove; felt in her suddenly the swelling of words she wished to speak and could not. He said hurriedly: "You know—you're a sweet youngster! You deserve so much. You're—so darned fine and brave and beautiful."

He felt the warmth of her swift smile. She said contentedly: "No one ever told me I was beautiful before. Remember, I warned you—women will believe anything!"

"Well, if no one ever told you, it was because they knew you so well. I told you once, men don't stop to think whether a woman is beautiful or not, after they love her."

"You didn't say 'men;' you said 'husbands,' " she reminded him quietly; and he was silent. They were in the city, jolting over cobbles. Trucks surrounded them, the elevated structure was above their heads.

"HERE we are," he said, and stopped the car. "Magazines?" he suggested. "Books? Candy? Flowers?"

"I've everything I want." She added: "For now."

"I took a drawing room for you. Thought you might prefer it."

"Thank you."

They followed the porters carrying her bags. She turned to him then. "I don't like lingering goodbys, Will," she said. "Do you?"

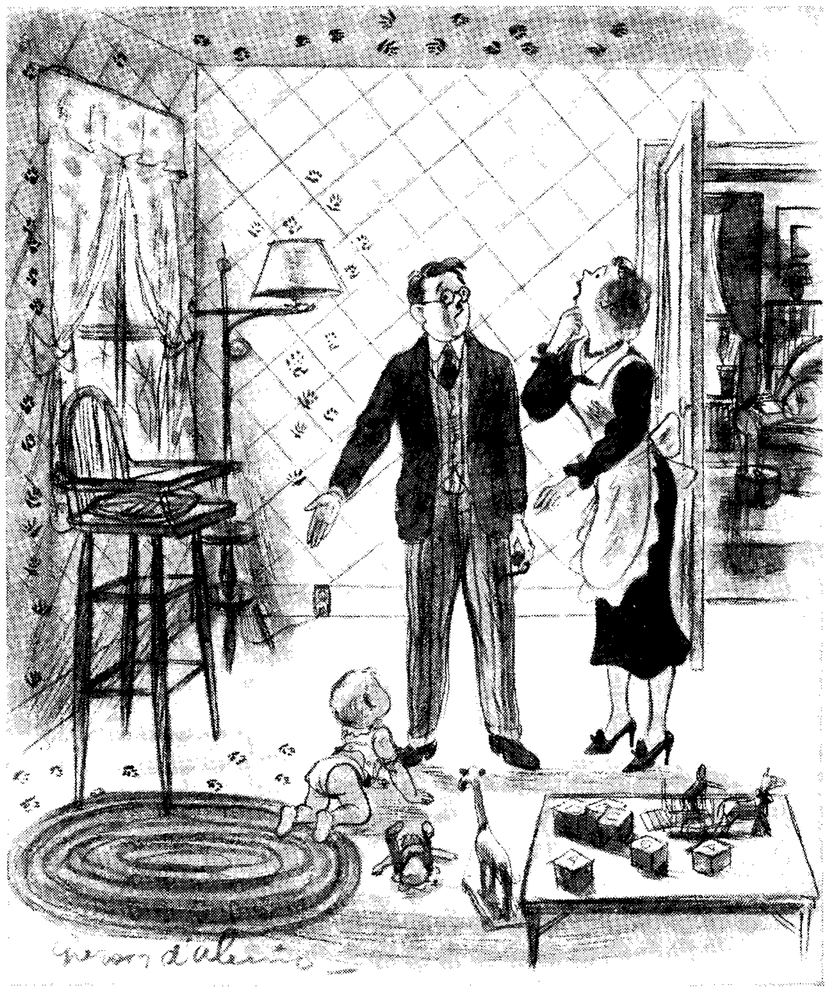
"I suppose not."

They stood for a moment silent. She spoke, as if to herself: "I wonder when we will—be together again."

"Soon, I hope. And we'll always write to each other, of course. You've been like my own sister for a good many years." His eyes shadowed. "Everything else in the world is changed, now; but—that isn't changed!"

And at that suddenly she smiled, faintly challenging. "Everything is changed, I think," she said. "Even that. Goodby, Will, till—a year from now."

Their hands clasped; then he turned away.



"We must make it a point to ask him about it when he grows old enough to speak" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Found in a Bottle

Continued from page 16

details. First, you go to sleep, after having a final or windup beer and a few pretzels, and you fall into a dreamless sleep almost at once. There is no period of restless pitching or counting sheep, for the last thing a bon vivant wants to do is to count sheep. Slumber steals o'er him in a trice, but there is no permanence to it and that's where the trouble comes. That easy, early sleep is a whited sepulcher, a delusion and a snare.

Instead of sleeping a normal eight hours, the drinker wakes up in two hours and four minutes, apparently ready for another day, looks grimly at the watch and sees it is fifteen minutes of one in the morning. Then it begins. After a couple of cigarettes and a terrific struggle with Morpheus, he browbeats himself back to sleep along about three A. M. and does nicely until fourteen minutes after four. He sits up wide-eyed and about the time his alarm clock rings, he falls into uneasy slumber.

Approaching the Poor Farm

I regret to say that in dry times I suffered from indigestion. Now I have no indigestion—not a sign of it. Whether it is the beer and wine, I wouldn't be able to say, but it looks that way. It was my unhappy custom once to carry little pills and powders to ward off dyspepsia and kindred ills, and when I traveled, one of my smaller bags resembled the rear counter in a drugstore. In the past five years, I haven't taken four pills—knock, knock.

There is another curious circumstance which I have observed during these five damp years—a drinking man can never really tell when he is sick, which may or may not be a good thing. In my dry regime, like everyone else on the footstool, I had my poor days and often felt really ill—say a pain in the chest, a bilious attack, chills or weakness in the knees. Naturally, I took medicine for the disorder, and if one pill wouldn't work, I took others, until in due time the megrims vanished and I returned to normal health.

Now everything is changed and different and I never know when I'm sick. It is almost impossible to determine. You step out with some friends of an evening, have a jolly dinner party, washing down the viands with some of France's best, and on the following morning you feel as if something were wrong. You feel as if somebody had fed you a couple of mattresses and three hundred crickets, so you stare at yourself in a near-by mirror and see nothing worthy of the effort.

You conclude it must have been the party. At that very instant, you might be coming down with a genuine bilious attack or anything else from dropsy to housemaid's knee, but you have no way of telling, as the party overshadows, overwhelms and obliterates everything.

A slight advantage on the wet side is that when a wet feels certain he will die before sundown, he can always cure himself by abstaining from further wetness. He can stop. . . . He can drink tea and hot soup. When a dry gentleman wakes up sick, he hasn't anything to stop. He cannot become well and whole by quitting, for there is nothing to quit, so the poor chap must needs go and see the doctor, who will probably scare him pink.

Now we come to the daily job. How have we been doing? Has our capacity for sustained effort and continuous labor been in any way affected or impaired? Are we as good as we were in the days of the drought? Honesty and frankness compel a straight answer and the answer is "No."

We have nowhere near the capacity for work that we formerly enjoyed and that may be one of the reasons why we haven't as much money. As my wife points out, strong drink is slowly edging us toward the poor farm, and she may be right. I can see where I have fallen off frightfully and am now capable of only one third of the old output. I know many convivial men who work like beavers, but I am not talking about them.

Turning to another phase, we come suddenly upon public driving or handling the family automobile in a city notorious for its perilous traffic conditions. How am I doing with my motorcar?

Well, that's debatable. My wife says, in her direct way: "One of these days, they're going to bring you home on a shingle." She doesn't mean shingle; she means shutter. That I consider an extreme view, for I am and always have been a first-class driver of motorcars. For over sixteen years, I have been driving a series of automobiles and have had no accidents, except trifles. Eleven of those years were bone dry and I may have nicked a fender here and there, but nothing to speak of. In the wet years, I have bumped into two minor affairs and I will never be certain whether the demon rum had any actual bearing on either case.

Once I happened to be driving home, after a hard day at the golf course, followed by a brief session with the athletes in the club café and a moron-type driver deliberately stopped in front of me. It was the hour of dusk and there was no reason for him to stop where he did, so I bumped him from the rear and disarranged a few knickknacks on his back end.

The man was pleasant about it and I readily forgave him for moon-gazing in the middle of a busy thoroughfare, but just the same, I thought it better not to mention the incident at home, for my wife would be almost certain to draw the wrong conclusion. I paid thirty-two dollars to the garage man who repaired the car, not because I was in any way to blame, but because I take a broad view of these things. The only other bit of trouble in the car occurred far out in the country and that was really a lucky night for me and the dog. I am very fond of the dog and he might have been damaged.

On the Rocks

I was driving down to spend a week end at our little shack in the country. My wife had gone on ahead in her own car and I followed about an hour later with the luggage and Easter Bonnet, my pet Pekingese.

Pausing at my golfing club, which is on the way, to see if any of the players wished to speak to me about anything, I fell into desultory conversation and remained there for some time, discussing politics and shaking dice to see who was stuck next.

This innocent pastime moved along quietly until the club manager, a kindly fellow, began to be worried. He said to me: "You really ought to be starting, as it is now growing dark and you have a long pull ahead."

So I stepped into my car for the long drive and almost at once I noticed I was tired, a peculiar phenomenon, as it was nowhere near bedtime. It is, of course, a simple truth that any man who drives a car while under the influence of drink should be sent to jail for forty days,

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I have always made it a strict rule to stay away from the steering wheel if there was the slightest question of my fitness. As I proceeded steadily into the rural regions, my languor increased and I determined simply to pull up beside the road, turn off the engine and sit there quietly until the drowsiness passed.

Selecting what appeared to be a favorable roadside spot, I was about to reduce speed when my faithful car took the situation out of my hands, went down into a ditch, through the ditch, through a wire fence, across a plowed field and halted with the front axle on a rock and the wheels gently twirling.

Well, I shoved into reverse and attempted to back, but the wheels only bit into soft loam and I gave up that effort. While I sat there meditating, a distant light climbed over a hill, there was the machine-gun roar of a motorcycle and soon the law appeared in the person of a young and severe-looking officer.

He looked at me closely and asked, "You been drinking?"

"Yes," I said frankly. "I stopped at my golf club on the way down here and had a few with the boys."

He asked me my name, where I came from, where I was headed and other pertinent items and he listened to my answers without hauling out the fatal book.

I was a little worried. I said to myself: "Here is where you are going to get thirty days in the bilgoes and it's coming to you, so don't whine."

"Come on over here to the road," ordered the young John Law, hauling out an electric torch, and with Easter Bonnet under one arm, I trudged gloomily behind him, already picturing the scene in court, when the judge would *ask me about my few drinks with the* members and impale me with a steely eye. "Maybe sixty days," I muttered, "and well do you deserve it."

When we reached the highway he swung his torch at a passing car. The motorist stopped and the officer said: "Take this man down to Joe's Garage, four miles from here." Then he turned to me and said: "Joe's got a wrecking car. Have him bring it back here."

I started to climb into the strange car, still carrying the Peke, still wondering when the harsh words began.

"Leave the dog here," snapped the cop. "I'll take care of him."

A Spirit of Intolerance

Joe and his wrecking car were both at home, and in no time we were puffing back to the scene of my disgrace. We could see the lights in the open field and when we walked up, there was the cop on my running board, with a sweater around the Peke to ward off the night chill. In five minutes my helpless machine was plucked out of its hole and shoved back on the highway, good as ever. I paid off Joe and he faded.

"Get in and go on home," ordered the officer, handing me my dog, and I did so, with a brief word of thanks for favors done; that is the nearest I have ever come to a felon's cell. . . . Politeness pays.

Another phase of this five years of moist habits concerns the quality of patience, or tolerance or forbearance, and I observe that my patience is not as good as it used to be. To the nonabstainer, every other driver on the road is a selfish, domineering, piratical and careless scoundrel with no respect for life or limb, engaged solely in chasing you off your legitimate course, rubbing you into trucks and gravel carts and trying to knock off your fenders. You don't find yourself saying in a kindly tone to some ruthless motorist: "That's all right, old man, you didn't hit me—*much*." At least, I don't.

You have not the same genial tolerance in motion-picture theaters that you had as a dry person. There was a time when I could sit through anything the movie people could unwind from a spool. But not now. Not since I have become a winebibber. About two reels of what might be called a B, C, D, E or F picture and I am on my way.

This is a serious situation, as it limits and shortens my evening's entertainment, and when anyone says after dinner, "Come on, we're going to the movies," I know almost for a certainty that I'm only going to be away from the house for perhaps twenty minutes, five over to the theater, five back and ten in the house of mirth. I am then simply forced to read a good book, drink a little beer and go to bed. I hate to say it, but those days are gone, and one of my recreations is taken from me.

The same spirit of intolerance applies to social visits, or calls upon friends in their homes, whether they are old friends or new. When I used to go calling with my wife of an evening, dropping in on the Browns or Greens, that was a definite evening tucked away. I used to sip a glass of clear water and beam pleasantly upon the hosts and any stray guests who might be present, joining at intervals in the light conversation and making a cheery best of bores, storytellers, anecdote-recallers, persons who imitated humans or birds, and thrushes who sang while standing at the south end of the piano.

At midnight or one in the morning, or even two, I bade everyone a polite farewell, stating that I had enjoyed meeting them all and hoped to see them again soon and be able again to listen to the gentleman sing "Give a Man a Horse *He Can Ride*."

I don't do that any more, now that strong drink has me in its thrall. I sit around a while, listening to a lady visitor from Chicago while she tells how she happened to marry Eddie, who is sitting morosely in a far corner. After thirty minutes of this, I arise from my chair, think of some reasonable excuse, such as: "I think I have appendicitis," hunt for my hat and go home.

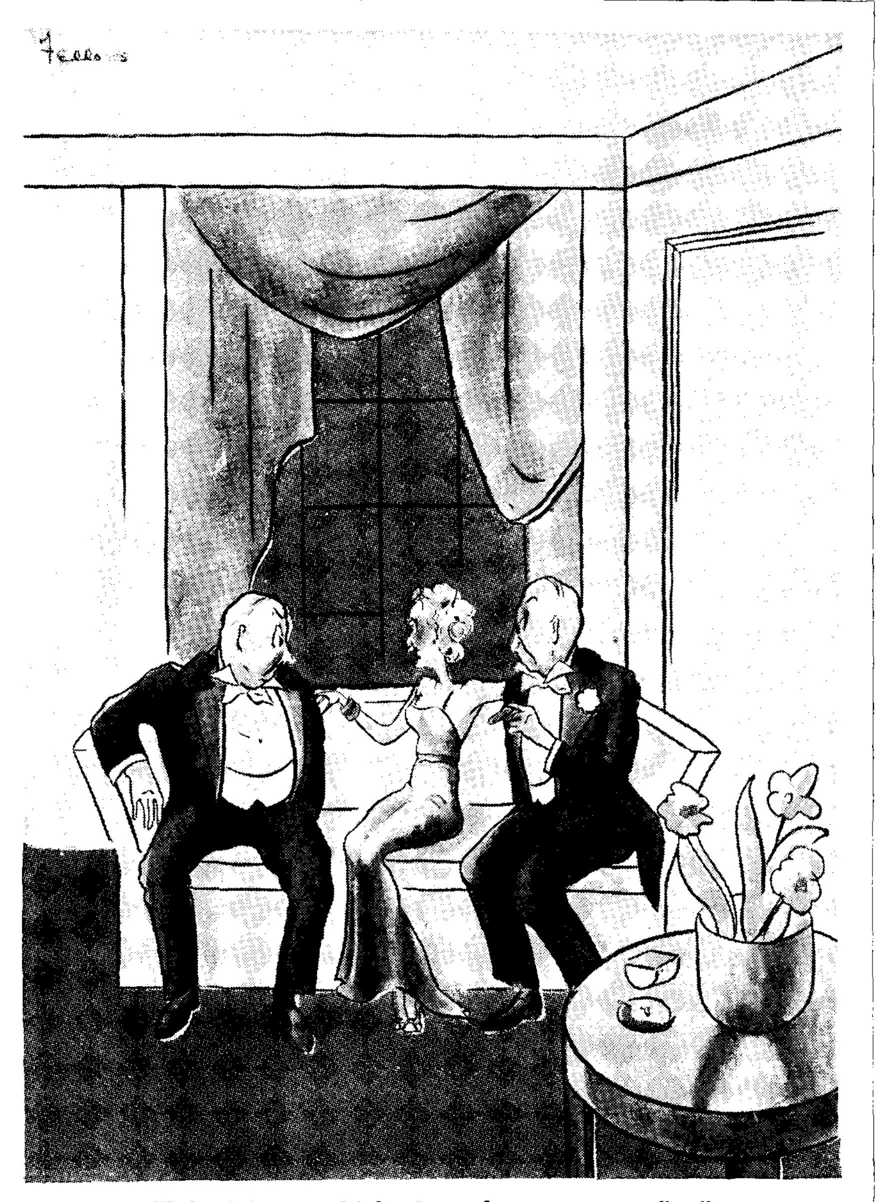
A Drinker's Advantage

When the piano soloist starts on song three, which is generally Mandalay, I do the same thing, not bothering about any excuse, as nobody notices. This seems to me an advantage, as nondrinkers are frequently caught in somebody's living room and rarely have the courage to try for a getaway.

Not long ago, a couple of convivial friends borrowed my car for the day and one of them happened to drop a lighted cigarette in the machine, after which they left it under a tree while they went off on foot. Three hours later, the car burned up and when my wife heard the details she was fit to be tied. She said bitterly: "You see what you get?"

"What'd I have to do with it?" I asked in some indignation. "It certainly wasn't my fault."

"If you didn't drink, you wouldn't even know such people," she stated, and there may be some truth in that. I'm sure I don't know exactly what to do about the future. The whole thing seems to be growing more complex day by day. The other night I bid seven diamonds, and my wife went upstairs without saying good night.



"I don't know which of you boys to marry first" MARION FELLOWS

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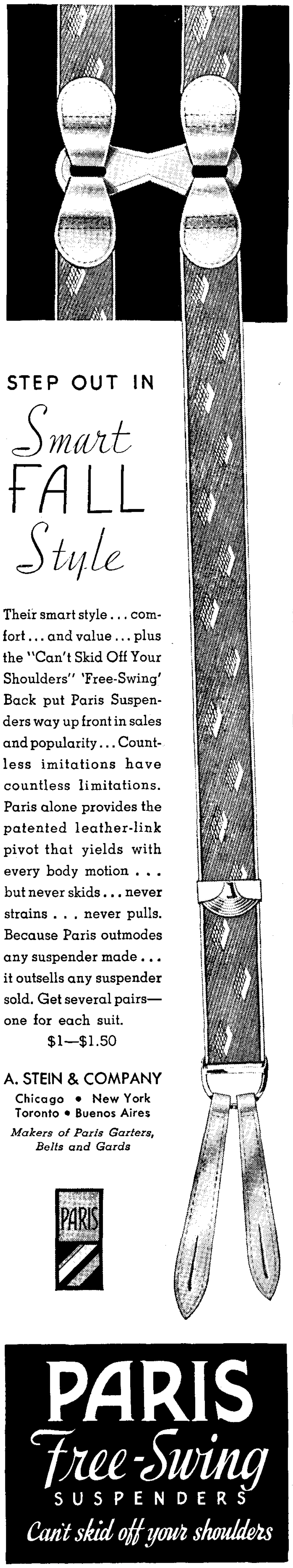
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Look at Yourself

Continued from page 20

There were innumerable fittings that looked like dress rehearsals; these were clothes that not only had to be becoming and appropriate—they had to be exceedingly practical to look as well in motion as in repose. Every woman has known the sickening experience of buying a dress whose beauty was more static than mobile. It looked perfection when you posed in it before the mirror. But when you sat down the skirt came up into your lap. It crawled up under your armpits and your hips when you danced, turning you into a perfect 46. At fittings, Ginger whirled, Hepburn strode like a lithe young goddess, Gail Patrick practiced walking, sitting and standing to be sure that these costumes moved with fluidity and grace.

"What delighted me was the sureness that each of these girls showed in deciding on her clothes," said Miss King. "Anyone can pose and look beautiful. These clothes had to act, and the girls expected their clothes to perform as they themselves did. The reason for their style sagacity is an obvious one: they have had a chance to see themselves upon the screen and to view themselves impersonally. If only every woman could do that!"

Most women think they are being brutally frank if they merely observe themselves in their birthday clothes in front of a long mirror. But not even the most courageous can refrain from posing.

And so, Miss King's idea is this: Ask a friend (or better still, an enemy) to take some snapshots, or candid-camera shots, of you when you are unaware that you are being photographed. You may console yourself that the camera lies—and of course it does, a little, though not *too much*—but view your figure faults honestly, correct them if you can by diet and exercise, and, if you cannot, put your clothes to work on your problem.

To Overcome Faults

One of the commonest faults of the feminine figure is "hippiness"—too much breadth in the beam and not enough at the top. The way to correct the impression of a pear-shaped figure is to direct the eye upward by broadening the shoulder line.

For your shoulders: tucks, darts, draping, capes, padding, square-topped sleeves—anything that will give that broad look without exaggeration.

For your hips: pleated skirts stitched part way down and with the underneath fullness cut out to make your hips look narrower. Or gently flaring skirts cut on the straight, never bias. Or long, vaporous panels floating from your evening gown.

If you have the opposite type of figure—heavy above and slight below—your fashion prescription will be:

Soft drapery over the bosom, so that the fullness seems to be the dress, not you. Straight, narrow skirts to show your good hips.

If you are short, with a short neck, large head and short legs, but well-shaped bosom and hips, you should request:

Vertical details, like a single row of buttons down your front. "V" necks. A bias-cut skirt that clings to your hips.

But avoid like the plague:

Ruffles, bows or capes, double-breasted effects. Large, printed patterns. Suits, unless you select one with a full-length coat, cut like a dress.

There are minor faults that even the best of figures may have, and these, too, can be easily overcome. A certain woman novelist is all legs and bosom, no waist at all, and her prescription calls for bodices with lengthening lines. Whatever the problem, it is corrected not so much by concealing as by focusing the attention on the good points of the figure. The encouraging thing is that even the most difficult figures have something to boast about—good shoulders, fine wrists and ankles, a small waist or a proud bosom. By emphasis of color, line, or very limited decoration, you can get the effect you choose.

Your clothes should not only work for your figure but for your way of living. And today's designers, before they will create your clothes, almost make you fill out a questionnaire about how you spend your time.

For a hypothetical woman of an average height of five feet four, with brown hair and gray eyes—a woman who might be yourself or your neighbor or your best girl friend—Muriel King outlines a working wardrobe that should see her through an active life, not only for this fall and winter, but for several to come.

"She may select a basic color of black, brown or navy," says Miss King, "but since navy is so universally becoming, let's choose that for daytime. Her first choice should be a suit consisting of a full-length woolen coat, broad-shouldered and slenderizing, and a skirt of the same fabric. With the skirt she may use several sweaters in such lovely colors as dull apricot, powder blue and beige; a pale blue silk blouse that is quite soft and flattering, another in tailored wool with buttons or an accent to match the skirt.

"To wear under this full-length coat she should have a soft woolen dress in a dull wine color. And a silk dress suitable for matinees and afternoon teas and church on Sundays. This should be navy-blue silk, the same color as the coat. The coat can be worn with woolen scarves knotted about the throat when she wears her sweaters, her blouses and her wool skirt, but when she puts on silk, she can throw a fur scarf about her shoulders and be chic for quite formal afternoons.

"For evening, few things are better than black, though I find a clear bronze, a dark luscious plum that looks good enough to eat, and a rich, piny green, the color of Vermont forests, infinitely more interesting. However, for an evening costume that is memorable and at the same time not too easily recognizable, black is ideal. Then you can have colorful accessories to delight your heart.

"Color in the evening should be used much as you would use a spotlight. If your waistline is good you may have a brilliant belt. If you have beautiful, delicate hands, saffron or chartreuse or magenta gloves would be fun. But even if your hands and your waistline are the most delightful in the world, don't put them both in color. It may break your heart, but decide on *either* the yellow gloves *or* the yellow belt—*never* both!

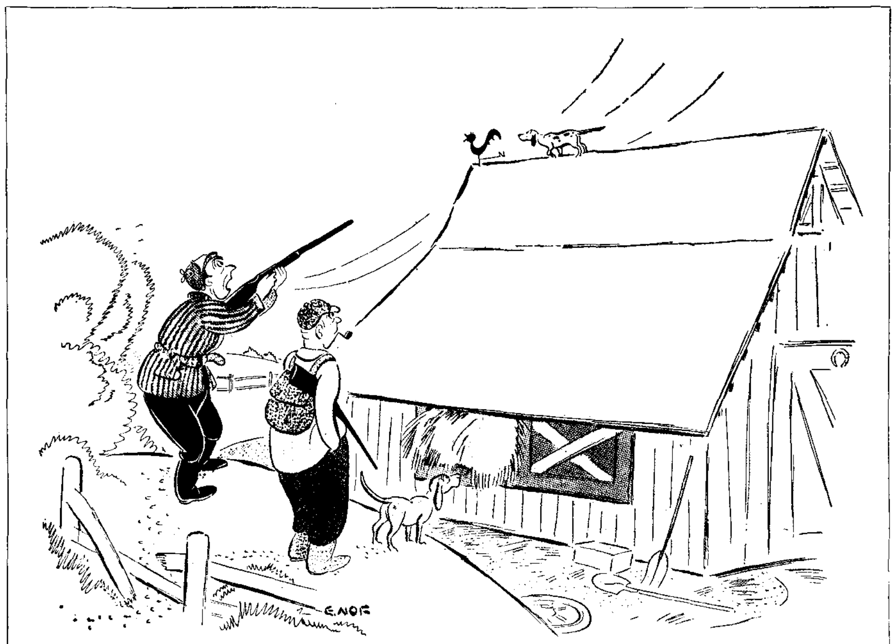
Accessories to the Gown

"Our brown-haired, gray-eyed, imaginary woman, then, has a classic black evening gown, fitted over the hips, with flowing skirt; it is cut straight because a bias-cut garment is difficult to clean and stretches out of shape in the closet. The line over the bust will be soft, and the shoulder straps will be narrow.

"Though it may be worn by itself with a cluster of fresh flowers, such a dress can serve as the basis for innumerable accessories. Here are a few: a cape or a fitted overblouse of the same fabric as the dress, for a perfect dinner costume. Remove the blouse and add a chiffon scarf, in white or dull pink, drape it across the front and over the shoulders, and wind it under the shoulder straps at the back, to give a daring décolleté. There should be some means of holding it at the rear waistline—a clip, a slit, or a belt—from which the chiffon panels may foam clear down to the floor, a lovely effect for dancing.

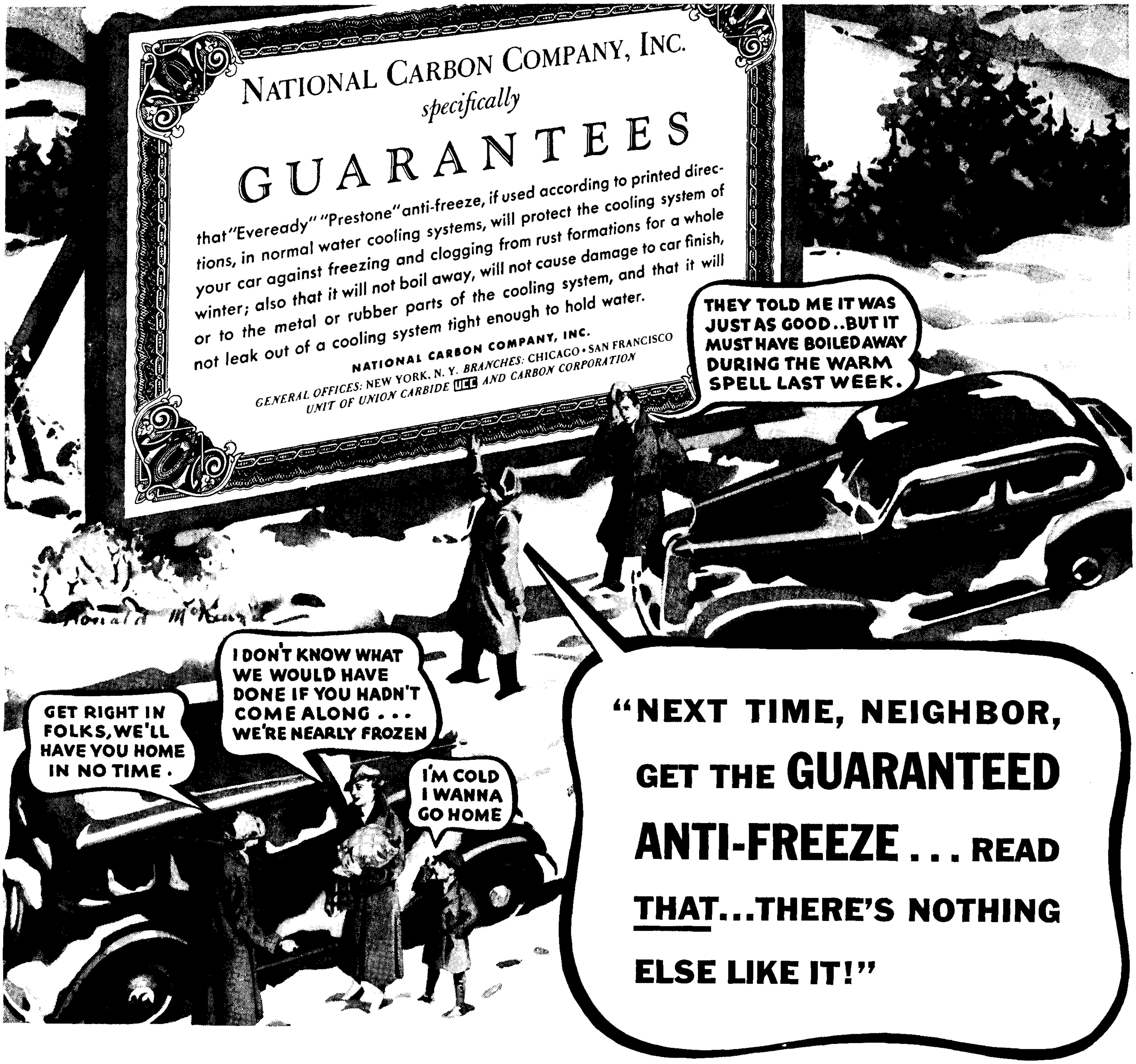
"For dining out at a restaurant and going to the theater afterward, she will want to be gaily but discreetly covered, and nothing is better than a tight little surplice jacket, with ends that twist and make a sash behind. This can be made of soft, striped lamé, or upholstery fabric. If she does not like sashes, her jacket may be more tailored of ribbed material, like bengaline, or ribbed dull velvet, with the stripes worked against one another for decoration, or spreading outward diagonally to give breadth to the shoulders."

Thus equipped for day and evening, the average woman can meet the demands of a pretty busy life.



"Guess I'll have to go through with it—he's very sensitive!"

E. NOFZIGER



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I'M COLD I WANNA GO HOME
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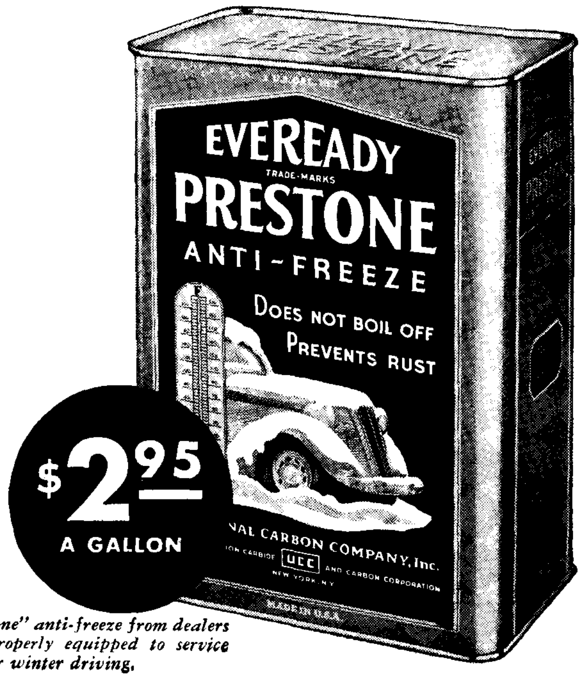

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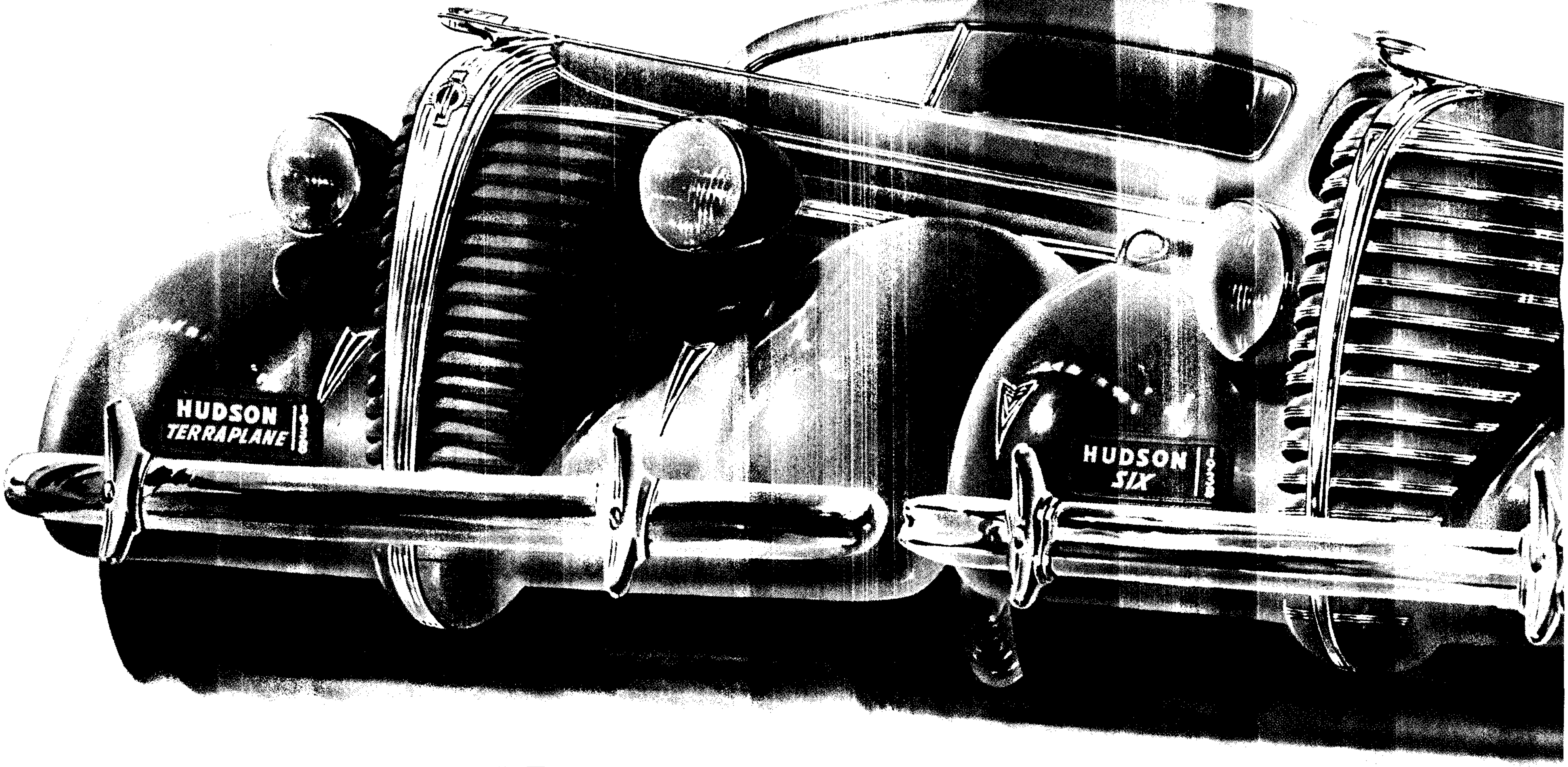

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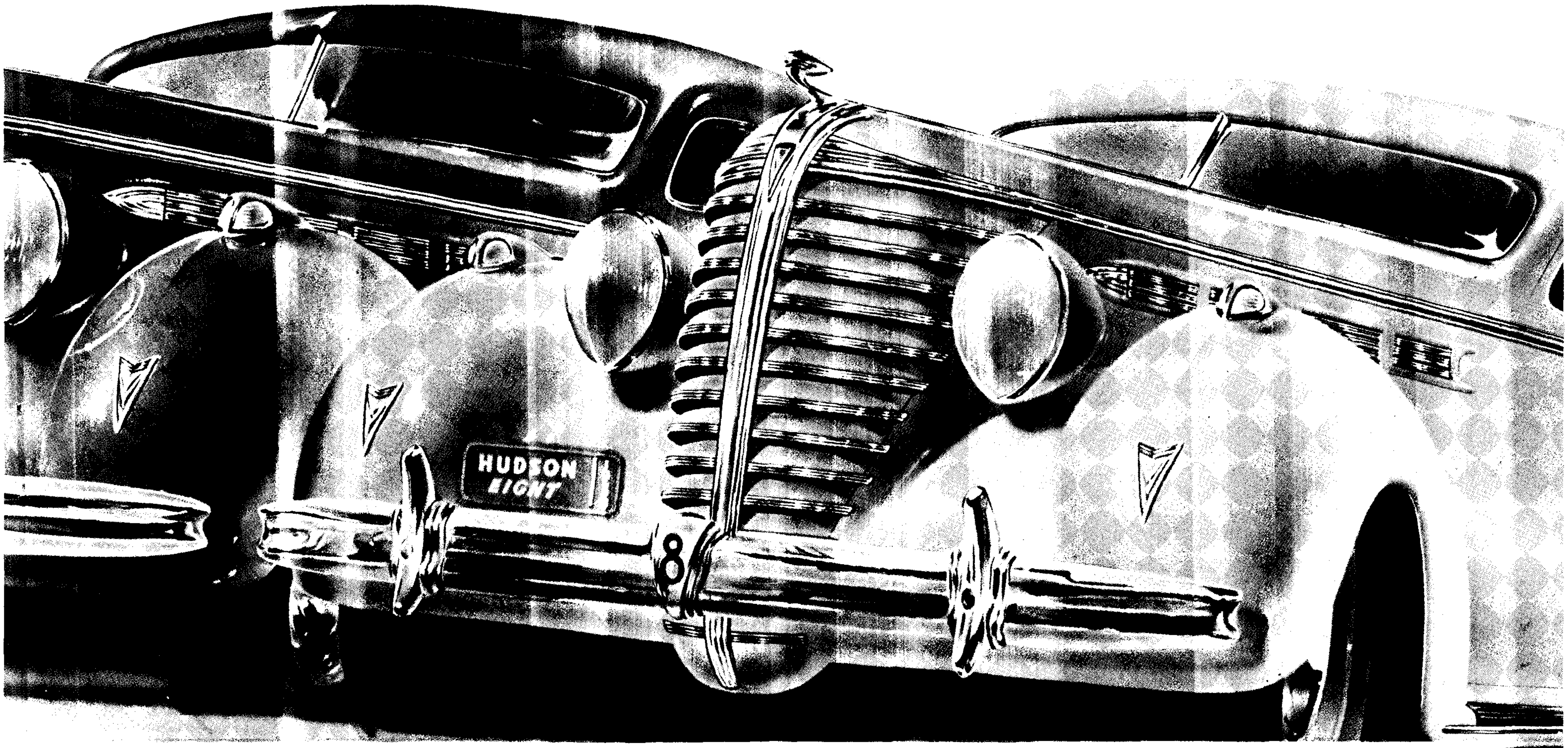

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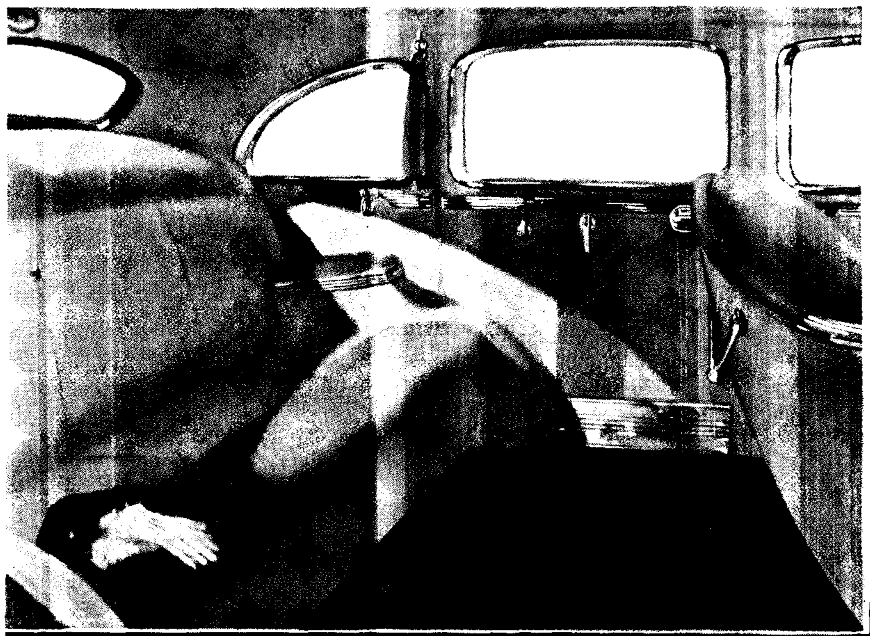

(LEFT) A hint of the ultra modern style . . . with contrasting chromium trim . . . in Hudson Six and Eight models . . . while the Hudson Eight Custom series and the big Country Club Sedan present an even more luxurious style design. Again, in Hudson Terraplane . . . new and different luxury interiors! The art of leading designers has been at work on every detail of every model . . . seat widths, leg and head room, fabrics, finish, fittings . . . combining beauty with thoughtful attention to your comfort and convenience.

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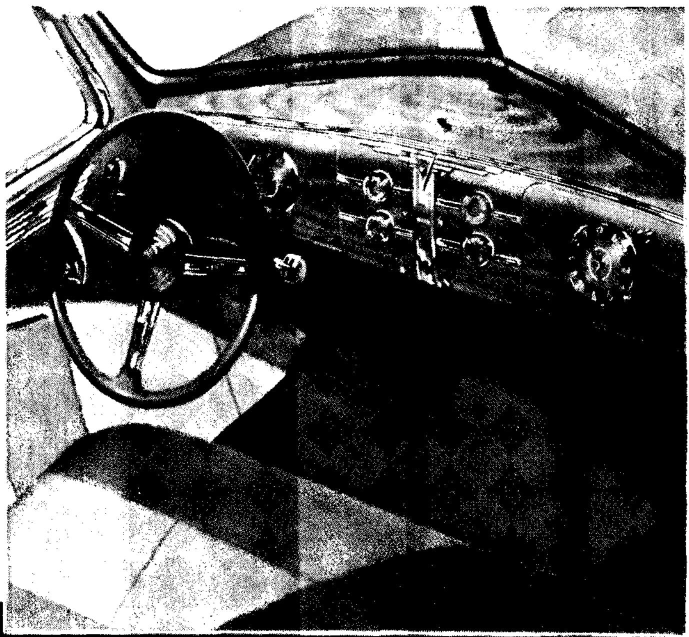
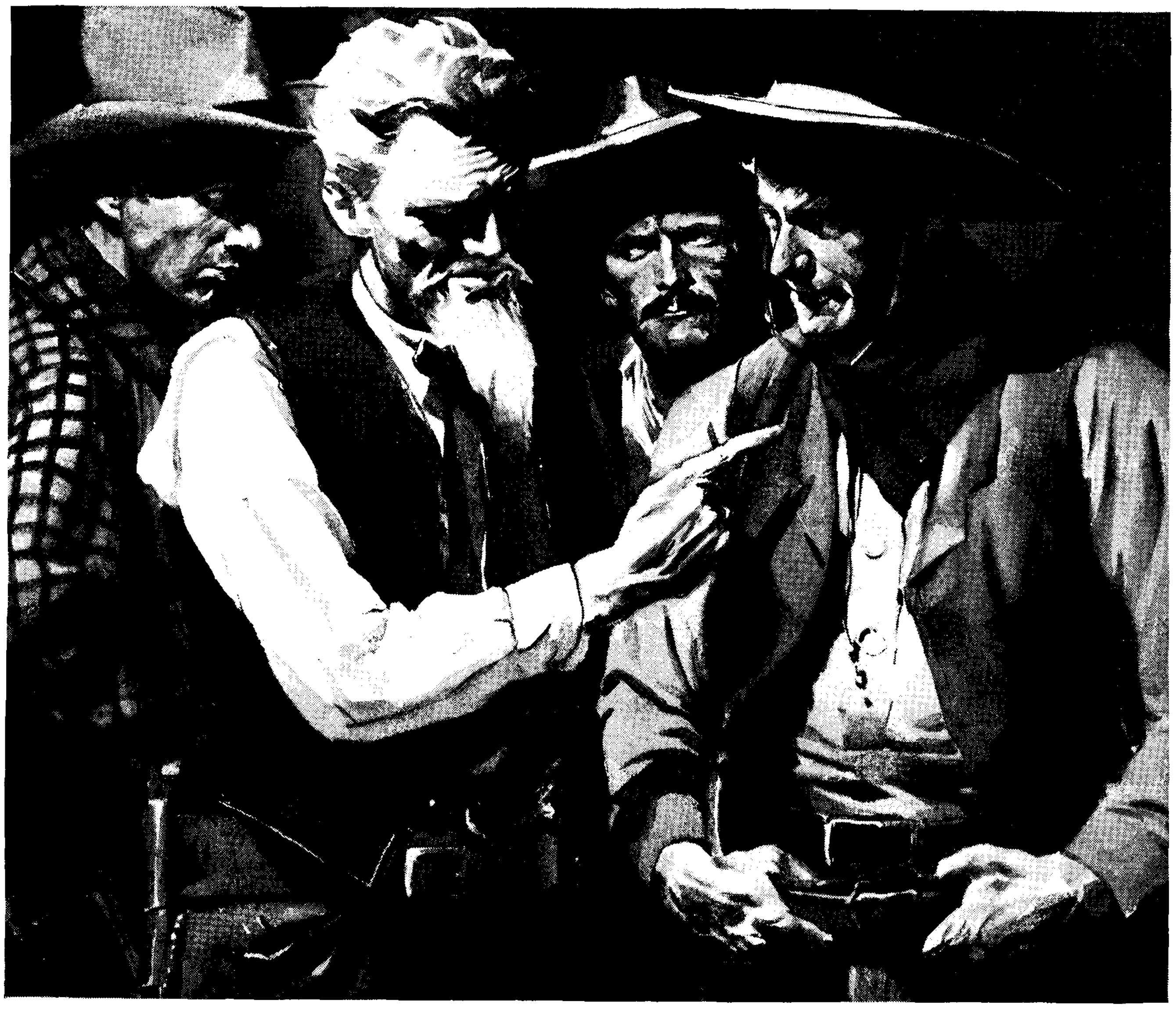




"No," answered the old man with a grinding calm. "You'll stand with me. You'll stand, if we all die for it"

Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

WITH orders to establish law and order in the Silver Lode Range region and, if possible, capture a band of bandits believed to be at large there, Jim Majors, a deputy United States marshal, goes to the little town of Reservation.

He is coldly received. With the exception of three girls—"Tony," a waif whom he befriends; Katherine Barr, and Edith Sultan—everyone he encounters, including the town marshal, Charley Chavis, is uncivil and reluctant to answer questions. He soon learns the reason: The region is divided into two hostile factions—one headed by Katherine Barr's father, old Pedee Barr (who, outnumbered by his enemies, has formed an alliance with the notorious Ben Maffitt, with whom the bandits have taken refuge); the other composed of the Ketchums, the Oldroyds and Buff Sultan, Edith's brother.

Both sides try to intimidate the new arrival. Neither is successful, but Maffitt decides to give him a test.

Ordering his ruffians to hold up a stagecoach, take one sack of mail and announce that it may be reclaimed at "the Pocket," his headquarters, he awaits developments. He has not long to wait. Accepting the challenge, Majors rides to the Pocket, fights a gun battle with the guard there, recaptures the sack and carries it to Reservation.

In a rage, Maffitt plans to ride into Reservation with some of his men and regain his lost prestige—by killing Majors. But, warned by Katherine Barr (who is strongly drawn to the *lone young stranger*), *Majors also makes his* plans. Realizing that trouble is brewing, both factions decide to be on hand when Maffitt and Majors meet. . . .

The stagecoach drives in, grinds to a stop. Sam Rhett, the driver, climbs down, walks into the hotel lobby, where Majors is awaiting him. Aware that Maffitt is outside, Majors says quietly: "Sam, here's that sack *you* lost."

Rhett steps forward, grasps the sack. The town is silent, on the alert for—*what?*

V

RHETT said noncommittally: "So you went and got it? A funny thing. Nothin' of value in it."

Majors murmured: "We don't know what it's worth—yet." He knew Sam waited for whatever message he might carry over the Silver Lode to Jeff White. But there was nothing to tell and nothing, Majors knew, that Sam's old eyes couldn't see. He said: "Weather's uncertain, Sam. Better be on your way."

The stage driver turned and crawled to the high seat. The hostler hadn't finished hooking up the fresh team and Sam took his time to light his pipe and to let his old eyes scan this town as it was. When the hostler handed over the reins Sam laced them slowly between his fingers and remained motionless, lost in some hard thought of his own. Presently he looked down on Majors and spoke quite gently: "So long, kid." He kicked off the brake and cursed the horses into a dead run. The stage swayed around the corner, ripping up high sheets of dust, raced over the bridge with a huge booming of planks and vanished in the darkness beyond.

Majors had been in the doorway. He stepped down now and crossed the walk and stopped at the edge of the square. Maffitt was forty feet away, diagonally across the square and boldly outlined in the saloon's glow. The two men with him had spread gently away from Maffitt's elbows, one of them grinning through his bruised lips. This was Brick Brand again, with the memory of the morning in his grin—and the thought of what was to come, too. Sultan was at the corner of the deserted building. Dobe Hyde had faded. Charley Chavis remained, as before, in front of the jail—far enough away to be out of the shooting. There was a knot of men still by the stable and solitary shapes scattered in the half shadows of the street; and the feel of other men in the heavy darkness beyond.

ALL this while he waited for Ben Maffitt to speak or swing into motion. Yet the big man made no sign and the silence got thin and the moments began to drag out; and then Majors, keyed to a higher and higher pitch of attention, began to think of the man who had gone out the back door of the saloon and ducked into the alley. Maffitt, he guessed, was playing this game indirectly again. There was that slyness in the heavy-shouldered outlaw, a slyness that rose not from fear but from a wish to pile on pressure until his opponent broke.

Majors stepped into the dust, pacing it at even strides. He brushed by Buff Sultan at the corner of the empty building and kept on toward the knot of men at the livery stable, putting Maffitt on his left rear. He didn't know any of the men by the stable, nor did he care much about them. They stirred as he came at them and he touched a man at either elbow as he went by. Behind them, he wheeled suddenly and said:

"Get out of here."

The group stirred; faces whipped around, making a sallow show in this gloom. He thought he would have to speak again but someone murmured, "Sure," and the whole bunch went over the walk and started down the street. All this while he watched the alley across the way and now saw a man run out of it and travel back toward the saloon.

There wasn't anybody left in the stable. Majors trotted to the rear door, on into the blanket-thick shadows lying around the back of the town. He moved fast, running toward the river. When he reached it he dropped down to the gravelly bank, cut under the bridge and came up beside the jail. He continued on to the rear of the jail and saw light shining down a narrow space between buildings. When he threaded that narrow space he found himself on the street, near the print shop. He had made a quick circle of the town and stood now behind Maffitt. Maffitt and all those others were turned away from him; they were still watching the stable.

THERE were no lights in this part of town, so, moving softly, he crossed the street and walked along the edge of the building fronts until he had reached the dark corner of the square, by the feed store. The saloon and the hotel were on opposite corners; and Buff Sultan now was on the diagonal corner by the empty building. Directly ahead of Majors, not more than five yards, two men stood in thorough quiet, unaware of his presence. Ben Maffitt's men.

Maffitt's big shape was swung away, turned toward the stable. All the town's attention went single-mindedly toward the stable and everybody waited and Majors, backed against the wall of the feed store, let the situation ride. Suddenly Maffitt stepped out from his corner and looked up to where Charley Chavis was and afterward he raised his hand, making a signal. The two men near Majors at once crossed the street and took station near the hotel.

It was at this exact moment that Doc Showers drove his buggy out of the night and turned into the square, his lips making impatient sounds at the horse. Somebody called: "Doc, for God's sake, get out of here!"

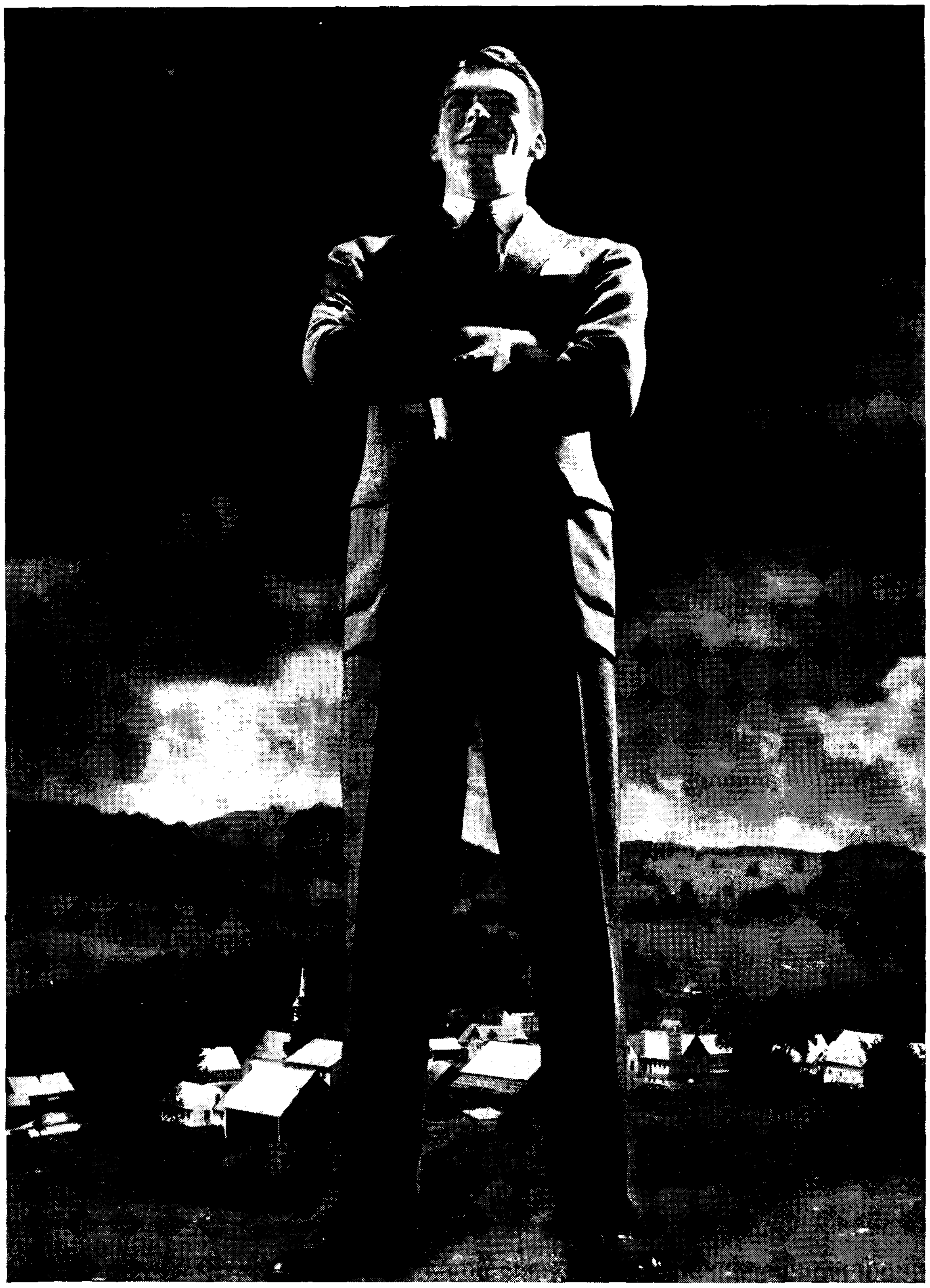
Showers stopped his horse, his stocky torso turning in the seat. "What?"

"No—no. Go on! Go on!"

"Dammit," exploded the doctor, "make up your mind!" He chirped at the horse and rolled into the stable. Ben Maffitt abruptly slapped a hand hard against his thigh, which was a sound loud enough to cause Buff Sultan to whip around. Maffitt was signaling up the street with his hand again. And then Majors said:

"Wrong spot, Ben."

This was the moment when he had to admire Maffitt. In the full silence of this street and in the half darkness he could see men wheeling and he could see their faces swing to search him out. All this was on the edge of his vision, for his attention clung to Maffitt, whose body was a motionless hulk against the saloon lights. It was this coolness, this calmness under a tearing strain, that Majors observed with a growing respect. The redhead, Brick Brand, stepped away from Maffitt and came to the edge of the walk; the other man who had been with Maffitt all this while suddenly cut around the big outlaw and moved into the open square. He was thirty feet away and facing Majors when he stopped, angular and loose of joint and long-armed. He carried his head forward, searching the shadows until he



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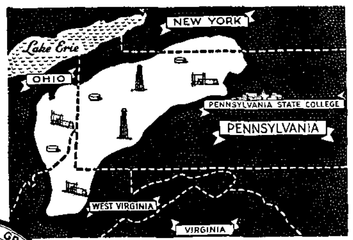

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saw Majors; and when he saw Majors his body straightened and his elbows rose gently—and stopped.

Not until all this shifting had taken place did Maffitt turn and spot Majors. Time ran on and there were little things happening along the street that Majors caught vaguely. Sultan had straightened against the vacant building. Dobe Hyde walked from the hotel and stood directly behind the two men Maffitt had silently ordered over there. This was the way it was when Maffitt spoke:

"Hello, Majors."

IT SEEMED to be a signal, for the angular fellow in the middle of the square stirred in his tracks and began to talk.

"Listen. You lookin' for Ed Dale? I'm Ed Dale."

Majors said: "All right. You're the man I want."

"You can come and get me. I'll be right here."

"No," said Majors. "Drop your belt and walk this way."

"Not any, mister. Not any."

He could remember, Majors could, of past scenes such as this one, when time narrowed down and the moments were like slowing pulsebeats. The talk was about done and they had arranged themselves as they wanted. He could expect a shot from Brick Brand and one from Ed Dale; and the two men over by the hotel were waiting to rake him with a side fire. Maffitt called in a loud voice, "Look, Majors," seeking to draw his attention away from Ed Dale, whose elbow faded backward as he pulled his gun.

There were sights that cut an unforgettable pattern in a man's mind and this was one of them—Ed Dale's body crooking over from the effort of his draw, his feet planted wide apart in the dust; and that was how he was when Majors' bullet hit him. The echo of the shot rocketed through the streets and Ed Dale teetered on his heels and then seemed to grow rigid. Other things were swiftly happening. Dobe Hyde's voice rose shrilly from the hotel porch: "Not this time, fellers!" And Maffitt's arm swung over and hit Brick Brand hard enough to throw the redhead off balance. He said, "Hold it."

Ed Dale's knees buckled and he faded down against the dust, a dead man already forgotten. Majors whipped a glance over to the hotel and saw why those two Maffitt men there had not fired. Dobe Hyde stood behind them, repeating his warning: "Don't do nothin', fellers." And Maffitt had checked Brick Brand. The sense of change rushed over the square. Maffitt had turned and his head was tipped up and Majors, following the big outlaw's glance, saw Matt Oldroyd in the upper window of the vacant building, holding a rifle dead on Maffitt.

This was directly above Buff Sultan. Buff Sultan walked away from the building so that he could look up at Oldroyd. His blond head whirled around and he was at once grinning. "What's holdin' you up, Ben?"

Pedee Barr and his two sons walked from the saloon and stopped directly behind Maffitt.

Majors held his spot, watching men change. There was a violence here that ripped the covering off these people and showed the fire and the hatred inside; that showed unmercifully what they were. He could see some of them grow and he could see some of them shrivel; it was all here. Dobe Hyde's voice drilled the quiet with its passionate, shrill demand: "Matt! You got the gun on him! Drill him!" There was no answer from Matt Oldroyd. Ketchum wheeled out of the empty building to whisper to Buff Sultan, whose grin remained ineffaceably on his florid cheeks. It was a real amusement, dry and full of irony; he was enjoying this grim joke. Maffitt's other men were still. Brick Brand laid his back to the saloon wall and waited coolly for whatever was to come. This Majors saw in a quick glance. But it was to the Barrs he paid his silent respects. They had come deliberately out of the saloon into this situation, to stand here and back up Ben Maffitt, who remained heavy and solid and slyly indifferent. Nothing, it seemed, could reach through that physical courage.

Buff Sultan's grin was greater and greater. "Well, Ben," he called. Dobe Hyde cried out: "By God, you won't get another chance like this! Drop him, Matt! Or I will!"

Majors walked away from the wall of the feed store, into the half light of the square. He said, "Keep still, Dobe," and felt the whole weight of this town's interest swing around. There was a tension here he wanted to break.

Dobe Hyde called: "Hell's fire, don't you know where your bread's buttered? There's the man that—"

Majors said, "Shut up."

He knew now that Matt wouldn't shoot. The kid had a steady hand. It was Dobe Hyde's insistent yelling that fed this hot fire. Sultan's grin faded completely and he showed Majors a puzzled face, as though the game were going wrong. Ketchum moved a step away from Sultan, speaking very briefly: "Be careful, Majors. We're friends of yours. Not Maffitt."

"I want to see you fellows in the hotel. That includes Barr and Maffitt."

"There ain't a room big enough—" began Dobe Hyde violently, and stopped. For Majors walked across the square to him, brushing Maffitt's two men aside. He grabbed Hyde by the shirt front and the crotch and lifted him and threw him, into the lobby. He followed in. Dobe Hyde landed on his feet and rushed forward, full of impulsive rage. He struck out at Majors and missed. Majors swung the flat of his hand against the cowman's chest and knocked him down. It made quite a bit of noise, particularly the high-pitched bawl Dobe Hyde let go. Boots began to rattle along the walk. Turning quickly, Majors watched Ketchum and Sultan come into the lobby, neither of them pleased. Dobe Hyde got up, rubbing a hand along his leg.

Sultan drawled: "That's workin' against the grain, Majors. I think it was a foolish thing to do. We got you out of that trap."

"Stand aside, Buff," said Majors.

Buff Sultan looked behind him and stepped away from the door. Maffitt and Pedee Barr walked in.

MAJORS settled his shoulders against the stairway post and pulled out his pipe, and let the moments go by while he packed and lighted it. Everybody watched him. The girl Tony crouched in the upper hall, looking directly down on his head. Edith Sultan had crowded over to a corner of the lobby. Broderick was near her, wholly without expression. As for the others, he could see how little they trusted one another—and how little they trusted him. This room was actually too small to hold all the condensed hostility flowing out of them. It was, he supposed, the first time the principal actors in the valley quarrel had been brought together. And all that held them here was curiosity.

Charley Chavis came in and Cal Soder stepped up from the walk, meaning to enter. Majors said:

"Nobody asked you, Soder. Get out."

Soder's face, trained to reveal nothing, could not hide his sudden shock; and Maffitt shook his shoulders, as though not pleased. Buff Sultan seemed to smell the possibilities of trouble, for he looked behind him quite carefully. But Soder turned without comment and went away.

From his position Majors had a view of the square. Doc Showers walked to the dead Ed Dale, squatted a moment and strolled away. There were other men—Maffitt's partners — grouped around Dale. Matt Oldroyd appeared at the lobby door and remained there. He grinned at Majors.

Dobe Hyde burst out: "A man helps you squeeze out of a tight hole—and you belt him down. By God, next time you can die!"

"That's right," put in Buff Sultan. "We came in here to back you up. It was a fool play. Say what you figure to say. I don't stay in the same room with a Barr any longer than I got to."

"I'M OBLIGED for the help, but that wasn't why you came in. You boys are grinding your own axes. Now that you've done me a favor you figure I'll turn the grindstone. I'm taking no sides in this."

"So?" said Dobe Hyde in his high voice. "Is that all you got to say?"

"No," said Majors, "it isn't. You see how it goes. There's a dead man out in the street. Tomorrow maybe there's another. Who'll it be? Maybe one of you fellows. Think it over. We could settle this fight right here, for once and all. The country is big enough for everybody."

"You're a funny cuss," said Sultan. "One minute I figure you smart as a fox. Then you do some fool thing or say some fool thing that don't make sense."

"Sure," agreed Majors. "But maybe this makes sense: Who's the next dead man? I know what you're thinking, Buff. It's the same thing Hyde is thinking. When this man Maffitt is chased out you've got a clean crack at the Barrs. That's what you're waiting for. Tonight you figure the time's soon coming. Maffitt looks weaker now than he did half an hour ago. So you're full of courage."

Ben Maffitt looked at him, passive and intent. Majors knew the wildness behind that man's low forehead, yet even then he could admire him. But there was another story to be read in Pedee Barr, who had never opened his mouth since the beginning; somewhere in that arrogant narrow face was the faintest stain of uncertainty.

"You're through?" asked Sultan.

"So you're proud," mused Jim Majors. "But suppose Dobe Hyde makes a deal with Ben Maffitt and turns against you as well as against the Barrs?"

Dobe Hyde opened his mouth wide, and shut it. Sultan's florid cheeks took on extra color and he stared over at Dobe Hyde. "You can answer that one, Dobe," he suggested. Dobe shook his head. Then Ketchum spoke up: "Why, what in hell are you tryin' to start?"

"I have seen it done," commented Majors. He pointed at Dobe Hyde. "Or, suppose Ketchum and Sultan make a deal with Maffitt—and leave you out cold. There ain't a nickel's worth of trust in the whole bunch. Dog eat dog. I've seen it happen before. So who's the next dead man?"

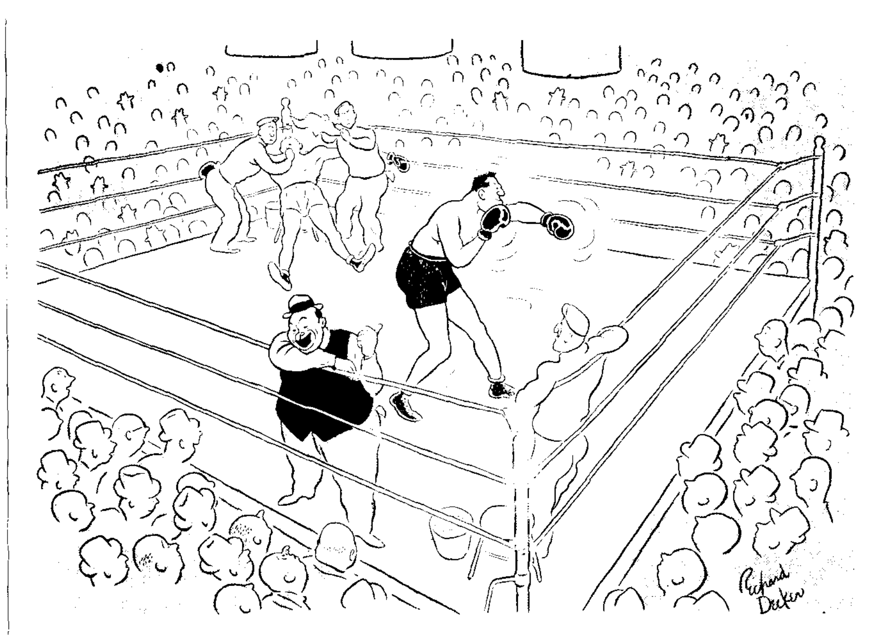
Sultan growled, "You're a hell of a man to be wearin' a star. Come on, Ketchum." He wheeled out of the lobby, Ketchum following. Dobe Hyde reached down and took his hat from the floor. "I'll make peace when the rest of you do, not before and not after." Then he looked at Maffitt, briefly but with a glinting speculation, and went to the street.

"I guess we better go home, Pedee," said Maffitt. Men were riding away from town. Charley Chavis had gone from the lobby. Majors watched Maffitt and Pedee leave, and made no motion. But he knew he had lighted a bonfire in each of those men's brains, and the fire wouldn't go out. He thought of it with a dismal amusement, feeling weariness weight him increasingly. Edith Sultan came from her corner, across to him, and touched his arm, half smiling. And went on to the street.

Broderick stared through the window, his back to Majors. "Sundown," he said, "how long you figure to live?"

"Long enough," Majors grunted and crossed to the doorway, not fully appearing in it. Sultan and Ketchum and Hyde were grouped by the corner of the empty building, their men gathering slowly. Maffitt's partners had lashed the dead Ed Dale across his saddle and they were over there by the half shadows beyond the saloon, the Barrs standing with them. It was a matter of pride that made those two groups reluctant to be the first to pull out of Reservation—not a desire to go on with the fighting.

AND so he stepped from the lobby and walked on as far as the edge of the square, the only moving figure on the street. It was that motion which supplied the answer for them. Ben Maffitt suddenly called, "All right," and swung up to his saddle. In a moment all that crowd moved out of town by the south-fork road; and presently Sultan and his friends followed suit, heading back toward the east fork's valley. The town lay empty and exhausted beneath the black hulk of the Silver Lode. Dust rolled pungently with the small, cold wind and the only sound to be heard was that of Matt Oldroyd's boot heels dragging down the walk. Jim Majors swung to find the yellow-headed youth idly



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halted near him; halted and smiling.

Majors said: "Thanks, Matt."

"You handled 'em like sheep," Matt said in a wondering way. "Like sheep. I sat back and watched. There's a time for silence and a time for talk. Time to drift and time to get tough. Where in God's name did you learn all that? I'd give a leg to know what you know."

"No, Matt. When you know what I know you'll lose somethin' worse than a leg. Don't aim for that kind of learning. Brings you no comfort and no peace."

"Peace?" Matt Oldroyd laughed, the sound of it soft and careless and gay. "What's a man for? Listen. I don't know where you're going or how you figure to get there. Hell or high water. The chances are plumb equal this minute. But if you ever want a thing done which you want another man to do—let me do it."

Majors only nodded. He noticed a change in the young fellow's face, a change from smiling to grave wonder; and turning about he saw Tony in the doorway of the hotel. The light was kind to the girl, showing the full, soft lines of her body; showing the womanliness in breast and shoulder. She was looking at him, at Majors, the expression of her eyes hidden to him. But Majors could see how it was with Matt Oldroyd, who remained humbly there and waited for her attention to come to him.

Weariness made Majors' legs heavy. He swung over the square and walked into the Old Dixie. The barkeep and Cal Soder were standing behind the bar with Charley Chavis in front of them.

Soder said: "You can get your drinks somewhere else, my friend."

Majors moved against the bar, seeing these men without illusion and without patience. He had spent the active years of his life dealing with their kind.

"Soder, be careful," he said.

Soder drew his arm back and reached for a bottle and for a glass. He brought them to Majors. "Captain," he murmured, "you drive men too hard. They are not dogs, though you think they are."

"You have lost your backing, Soder. Ben Maffitt is about through."

"It may be," said Soder. "But the time comes to every man, if he's pushed far enough, when he'll try it alone. Don't forget that, Captain. You cut a wide track and a deep one. Deep enough to make your own grave. I will tell you something, Captain, from experience. Tonight you lost. It may not be clear to you, but tonight you lost. And whatever the politics of this country may be you'll never live to see the other side of the Silver Lode. You have got a weak spot."

MAJORS took up the bottle and glass and moved across to the swinging doors. He turned there, a half smile pulling his lips into a long, tough line. "This will be on the house, Soder."

"A weak spot," repeated Soder, his talk growing hot and half furious. "I saw it. It is what will kill you."

Majors walked across the square, the bottle tucked under his arm. There wasn't a soul in sight and nobody in the lobby when he passed through. The stairs groaned under his weight; fatigue weakened his knees. He went into his room and lighted the lamp; and dragged up the little table beside his bed and put the bottle on it. He poured himself a drink but for a moment he let it stand, laying his big arms across the table while his mind began to flash up one image and another—which was always the aftereffect of a fight. He thought, "Maffitt will leave the Barrs," and then remembered Katherine Barr as she stood before him on the heights above Reservation, a proud girl whose emotions had laid a sharp beauty across her face. He had felt then and could feel now the shock of her personality and that wildness which had swayed both of them for one long, dangerous moment.

Somebody tapped gently on his door. He lifted his head and sat with a heavier thought breaking his weary expression. Then he called: "No, Tony. No."

AS SOON as Majors left the saloon Charley Chavis let out a tremendously heavy breath and stirred from his long-maintained attitude. He said irritably: "I never saw no weak spot. That damn' man ain't human."

Soder's eyes were red and small and showed the strain he had been through. His short words were burdened with outrage. "No man alive ever talked to me like that before, Charley."

"I saw no weakness," repeated Chavis.

"Maffitt was a dead man—and Maffitt knew it. Oldroyd and Sultan and Dobe Hyde and Majors all had him hipped. There was the break—right in Majors' hands. But he dodged it. See that, Charley? He ain't as tough as he makes out. Well, he's fightin' boys that won't make the same mistake when they get the drop on him."

"Maybe," said Chavis, doubtfully, "he's got another idea."

Soder, who seldom drank, lifted a bottle and two glasses from the back bar. "No," he said, "this was his break and he backed down. Ben Maffitt will never give him another." The two of them stood taciturnly up to the bar and drank. Chavis said: "I wish I was out of it."

"You'll live to see him squirmin' in the dust," prophesied Soder, that hope surging wickedly through his talk.

BUFF SULTAN galloped down the road with his sister, Ketchum and Dobe Hyde and Dobe's four hands. Nothing was said until they reached Ketchum's turnoff. Here they stopped.

"Boys," said Dobe Hyde in his piping voice, "Ben Maffitt's walkin' on his socks. This Majors took the play from him. I reckon the time's right for us."

Ketchum grumbled: "Majors took the play from us."

"We can handle him." There was a thoughtful silence, the horses blowing into the night's sharp air. Then Dobe's scheming words came out again: "Might be somethin' in what he said. Maybe we could line up Ben Maffitt. Never does no harm to try."

Ketchum said flatly: "I don't work with outlaws. Not ever. How about it, Buff?"

Buff's answer dragged a little. "No," he murmured. "No, I guess not."

"Buff," challenged Ketchum, "you better stiffen up on that. Whatever we do, we'll do by ourselves."

"Sure," said Buff Sultan. "I'll see you in the morning."

The party went on, leaving Ketchum shaped blackly under the night. Later, at the entrance to the Sultan place, they halted again. Buff went ahead with Dobe Hyde and parleyed with him a long while. Edith Sultan trotted into the yard but she didn't get down from the saddle. She waited there a good ten minutes until her brother came up.

"Wait a minute, Buff. You're not going to have anything to do with Dobe?"

"What's the matter with Dobe?"

"That's no answer. He never played square with Dad in the old days and he never played square with anybody else in his life."

"I can use him, can't I?"

"He'll use you."

He came closer, leaning out of the saddle to catch a vague view of her face. "What's the matter with you, Sis?"

"Nothing. I guess I'm just tired of fighting."

"I thought so. But you better get over it. There's going to be a fight."

"When?"

He delayed his answer and, when it came, it was evasive: "Pretty soon."

"Are you telling Majors about it?"

"Majors," said Buff impatiently, "can look out for himself."

"So you're getting shifty, like Dobe Hyde."

"Look here, kid. You used to be different. Who've you been meeting up in the hills lately?"

At once she lost her temper. "None of your damn' business, Buff! I'm not the only one that's changed. You're getting sly. I can see you sit and scheme. You'd throw in with Maffitt if you thought it would help get rid of the Barrs."

He said directly: "Why not? That's what we all want, isn't it? Who started this thing in the first place? Who's put the fear of God in everybody since you and me was old enough to talk? Who broke up the country and made it impossible for a man to ride the hills without eyes in the back of his head?"

She said wearily, "I know. But it never gets any better. We keep going deeper."

"Sure. You want to soften up. Maybe I don't blame you. But I'll keep on till I see the Barrs dead. That's the only way." His voice dropped to a gentler pitch. "It is a dirty business. It has wrecked the country. But someday maybe I'll be married and you'll be married. When that time comes I want our kids to be safe. Where you going?"

She had turned away. She called back, "For a ride," and drummed back along the road toward Reservation, leaving her brother thoughtfully behind. He had his suspicions then, but he let her go, knowing no other way.

Three quarters of an hour later she reached the deserted house in the pines, left her horse and walked inside, not certain Dan Barr would come this way tonight but deeply hoping he would. She needed the comfort of his arms; she needed to hear him say again, "There's a way out of this for us, somehow."

MEANWHILE the Barr party reached home. Maffitt sent the rest of his crowd on to the Pocket, himself walking heavily over the porch and following the Barrs into the living room. Standing in a corner of the room, Katherine could see that everybody was in bad temper, Ben Maffitt particularly so. She did not know, until they began to talk, what had taken place in Reservation, but clearly the events there had tremendously disturbed her father and brothers and had reached into Maffitt as well. Usually he maintained a rather wooden expression. His temper broke that solidness now.

Her father said: "You permitted Majors to force your hand, Ben. It has weakened you in this country. Why didn't you broach him when he first walked across the square? You let him slip into the stable. After that everything was out of your hands."

"Not satisfied?" challenged Maffitt.

"No," said Pedee Barr. "Majors has brought you to a stand twice. They have lost their fear of us."

Maffitt's huge shoulders were swung forward; a bold, gray insolence controlled his face. "Pedee," he said, "if I pull out you're a gone goose. But say the word and I'll pull out."

"No," answered the old man with a grinding calm. "You'll stand with me. You'll stand, if we all die for it."

Maffitt's eyes widened. "I reckon," he drawled, "you don't know me very well."

"I know you very well, sir. You are a crook and a thief and it is in your mind to betray me. But you will not do it. I stood behind you in Reservation tonight. I shall continue to do that. But the moment you stray off you'll find me in front of you."

There was a quarrel storming up between her father and this burly outlaw who looked on with so sly an amusement. Fay and Ring stood behind their father, exact replicas of him. Katherine

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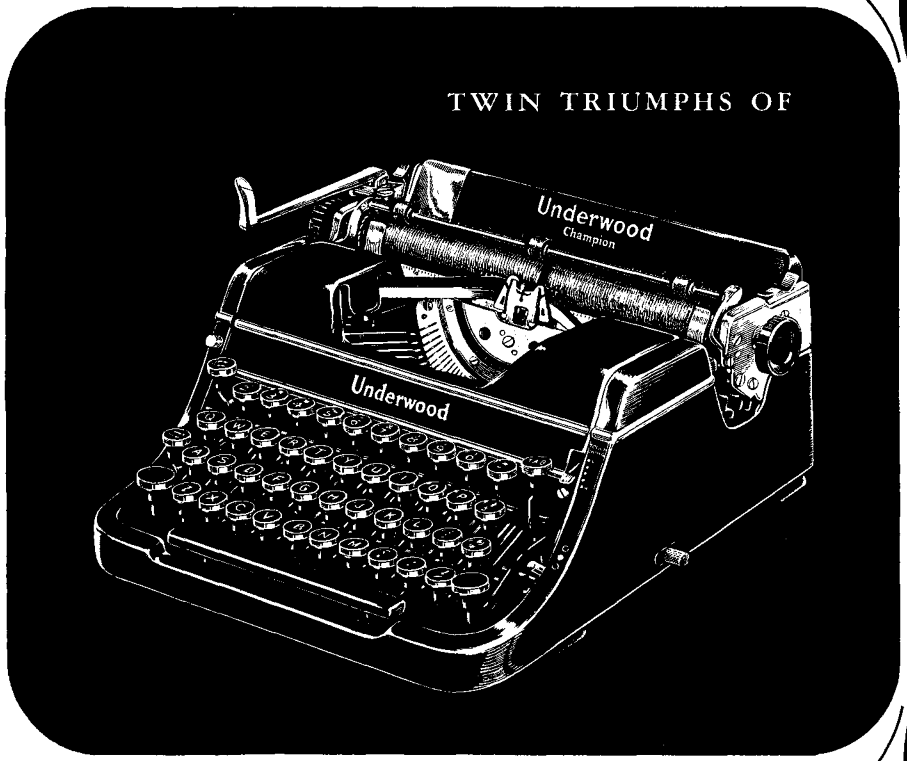

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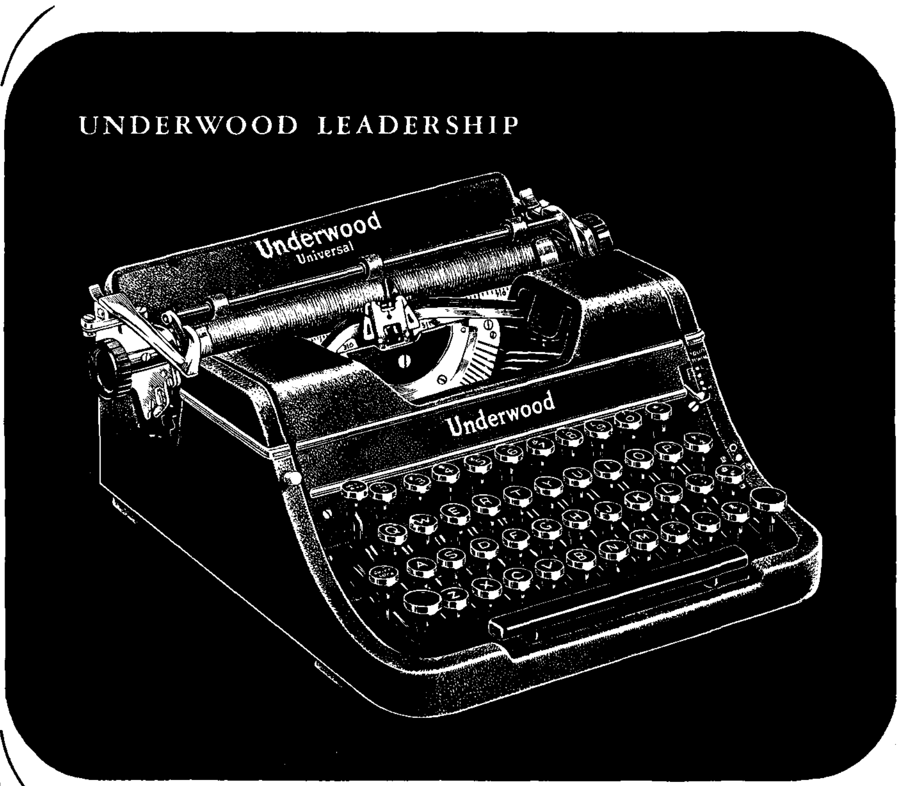

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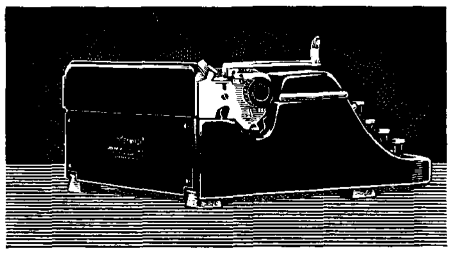

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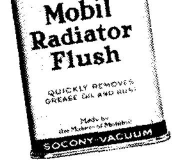

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BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

turned suddenly from the room and went to the porch. There was another brief word passed and after that Maffitt's heavy step came behind her. She turned with some surprise to see him outlined by the window light; he removed his hat and the force of his eyes was very real. Somewhere in her a small fear stirred up again. He said:

"Your dad is a fool, Katherine. But you should be smart enough to see that the Barr family lives or dies accordin' to what I do. I have watched you a long time, as maybe you've noticed, though I never meant impoliteness by it. I know my limits."

She said, "I'll answer that question now, Ben. I've never had anything to do with you—and I never will."

She saw no change in his expression. He remained a huge block against the light, his words easy and almost windless. "Man's life is a funny thing I can look back and see where mine might have been different. I can trace every step of the way. But I don't cry now. Maybe you'd like to know this: Mighty few people in this world I ever have admired. Most of 'em have got a price or a weakness. But I admire you. And I admire one other in this valley, which is Jim Majors, who stands like a man. When this business blows over one of us won't be here, which is a pity—for there's a fellow I could ride with. Him and me—we could lick the world." He clapped on his hat, letting out a great sweep of a breath. He went by, descending the steps. But he halted momentarily to add, "Your father, Katherine, is lost," and went on to his horse.

There had been a ring in Ben Maffitt's words, like a bell tolling out dismal tidings; and in her own heart she felt its truth. The day of the Barrs was over, that ruin brought on by a big and solemn man who had once looked at her with hunger in his eyes. Her brothers came rapidly from the house, swung to their horses and rushed on out the back trail, apparently bound for the lower range.

DOBE HYDE and his four men got home around ten o'clock that night. A light came out of the middle room of a house that ran its low shape against the darkness like a wheelless boxcar. A Negro, who was Dobe's cook, appeared and Dobe dressed him down with a few high-pitched words: "Baker, what you burnin' good coal oil fer? When I want you to use a lamp I'll tell you—and that'll be a damn' dark night. Jett here yet?"

"Nooh," said Baker, softly and grudgingly.

"Slower'n sleepin' Judas," grumbled Dobe and stamped into the middle room, slamming the door.

It was a room belonging to a man who had all the acquisitive instincts of a magpie. Here was a round stove, a chair and a table and a bed; a rifle rack, an extra saddle, and the accumulated plunder of fifteen years. The walls were covered with old newspapers, their edges loosely pulled away from a disintegrated flour paste. A bunch of cured hides took up one corner of the room. There were fragments of broken rope lying in a pile, cases of canned goods—which Dobe personally doled out to the cook—a mound of burlap sacking, a stack of old magazines reaching from floor to window, each issue having been read to the last line and scrupulously added to the stack, and a miscellaneous assortment of junk which somehow satisfied Dobe's need of possession. For here was a man who saved by reason of that same craving which led other men to drink.

He brought a bottle of whisky out of a cupboard, which was a soapbox nailed to the wall, and held it against the lamplight, measuring its contents against a thumbnail scratch on the label. He poured a small drink into a glass on the table, and ran his small red tongue around the bottle's neck to catch the final drip; and sat down in the chair, his legs loosely extended before him.

He bawled through the closed door: "When Jett comes, tell him to hurry here." Nobody in the yard answered him but he knew Baker heard. Baker heard everything; and never answered anything. So sitting there, a small bundle of a man with a dry unwashed face and a single lock of gray hair spiraling up on an otherwise bald head, he took his whisky in small sips, getting the last bit of savor from it.

DOBE HYDE was a Connecticut man who had sold his wooden nutmegs and shoddy goods from door to door as a youth, and still as a boy had gone to the Civil War. But not as a fighter. Behind his uncertainly colored eyes lay thoroughly sharp and altogether unsentimental calculations and, since there was no profit in personal glory, Dobe followed the Union armies as a sutler, retreating and advancing as rapidly as any but to infinitely more personal advantage than most. The end of the war found him on the Texas gulf. In this land of grass and countless herds of almost valueless cattle, Dobe had the methods of quick ownership demonstrated to him by other men with careless branding irons and fast-traveling horses. Here was a man who never needed a lesson repeated in order to learn it and so presently, with a few foot-loose riders, he was making his first drives out of Texas, up through the Nations, to Abilene and Hays and Dodge, with beef that cost him nothing and sold very well.

Thoroughly cold, wholly without the emotions of pity or the scruples of honesty, Dobe kept his pale eyes on the main chance; and when the southern trails grew too hot he rode into the still largely untouched northern range and found his valley.

The war between the Barrs and the cattlemen along the east fork was then in full swing and both sides courted him for his support. He stayed aloof, nursing his herds. What Dobe wanted to see was his own brand running a range that extended from his home ranch up to the Barr's valley and back down the fertile east fork. There were times to drift and there were times to push. The time to push had at last come, after patient and inscrutable waiting.

This was what he considered now, waiting for Jett to come. Jett rode up half an hour later and dragged his spurs into Dobe's room. Jett was little more than a kid, with a face pale and prematurely wicked. He said: "I sat out in the timber a long time. The two Barr boys—Fay and Ring—rode up to the line cabin after dark. That second cousin and another feller, the uncle, is there, too. That makes four."

"You go tell Sultan to come. Tell him to send a man down to Ketchum. Then you go over to the Oldroyds. They'll know."

"I ain't et," said Jett.

"Sultans will give you bait," said Dobe.

Dobe listened to the boy drum off down the road. He got up and reached for the most recent issue of a magazine; and settled himself down in the chair to read that paper's editorial comment on President Hayes. This was Dobe Hyde—a man with a mind as cold and clear as glass. In his native state he would have been a rich man living in a white house on the fashionable hill, driving his own carriage of a morning down to his factory; thin-lipped and frugal and hard-driving, and respectable. The truth about Dobe was that he took the world as he found it, asking no favors, and made his way.

(To be continued next week)

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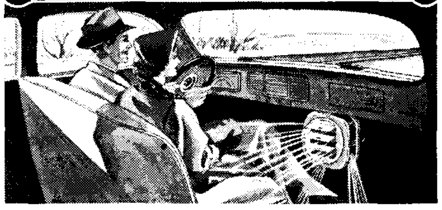

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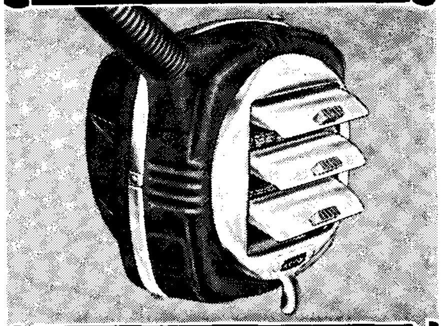

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The Hard Nut

Continued from page 10

partially by canvas, was the butt end of a couch. Tony's eyes gleamed.

"Hey!" he said, stopping short. "Can't you kids catch on there?"

He had hitched rides so long that he couldn't remember when he'd started; this wasn't even difficult. He showed them how to put their palms on the flap and vault up, turning themselves in the air so that they would land comfortably, sitting. Roger, unaccustomed to it, failed twice; in the end Tony had to help him up after the girl. By that time the truck was rolling again, slowly gathering speed.

"Maybe," Alice said, her eyes shining with excitement, "it will take us all the way to Washington. Wouldn't that be fine? Aren't you glad we came on anyway, Roger?"

"I wanted to all the time," Roger said. "I was only thinking of you."

TONY was silent. The truck was going fast now, and under them the road sped endlessly away. Alice's voice grew drowsy; in a little time she too was quiet. Roger whistled softly to himself, and Tony, exalted by the sense of motion, by the thing he had done for her, swung his legs over the edge of the board and watched the dim white streak of the road curl back between hills and serried rows of trees. Alice was here, asleep, and he was watching out for her, he was protecting her. It was wonderful, he thought—this night and Alice and the truck.

Even Roger failed to destroy that feeling, when he spoke presently of Arizona, and the summer he'd spent there, on a ranch. Tony listened to him now without envy, made drowsy by time and the road. And that was the last thing he remembered; when he came foggily awake, some indeterminate time later, it was to find that the truck had stopped moving, and was drawn in off the side of the road. There was a dimly lit lunch cart right in front of him, and through a window of that he saw a girl in cap and apron talking to a man who was eating at the counter before her. The man was obviously their driver; in the parking space around them there were no other cars. Tony jumped down to the ground and shook Roger's arm.

"What?" Roger said, "what?" and peered groggily down at him.

"We're stopped," Tony said. "That guy would 'a' caught us all if he came around back. We ought to hide somewhere until he's ready to start again. It's too bad if he sees us. Get Alice up."

"Hide?" Roger tumbled off, yawning. "What for?" He peered in through the window. "I'm hungry. Aren't you?"

"Sure," Tony nodded. "But all the sandwiches are gone. And we can't go in there."

"Why can't we?" Roger said. "Alice has money. Alice!"

He reached up and shook the canvas around the sofa. Presently Alice crawled out from under it and stood in the road beside them. She had a dollar and twenty cents.

"Well, that's enough for something," Roger said. "Come on."

It was enough for three orders of beef stew at forty cents an order. Tony was nervous while they waited; he watched the waitress every moment to see that she didn't use the phone. Still, the girl seemed to suspect nothing; she served the stew up in shallow dishes filled to the brim with gravy, and then slid a basket of hard rolls across the counter to them. Then she went back to her low-voiced conversation with the driver, and they were halfway through their meal before anything about them seemed to strike her as odd.

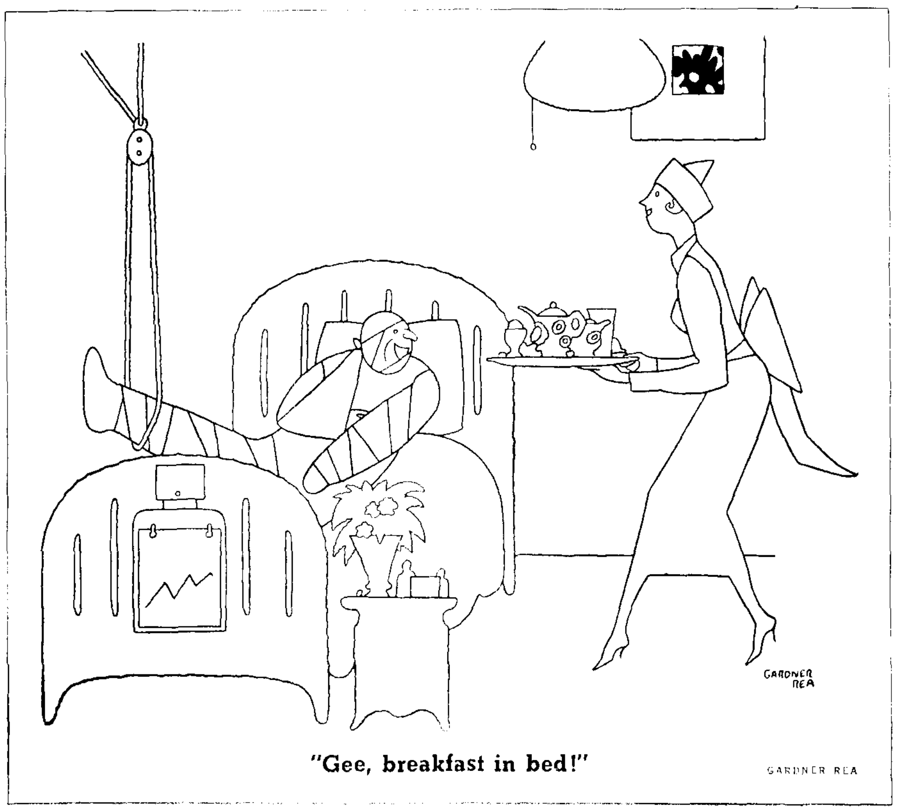
"Who's with you?" she asked, with her hands spread wide on the counter and her head turned down to them. "You kids ain't out alone this time of night? Where's the car you came in?"

This was the moment Tony had been dreading. He could only stare down at his plate and say nothing. But Roger was quite cool; their car, he said, was a little way up the road. It had a flat tire and their father was changing it; he'd noticed this place as they passed and sent them back to get something to eat.

"You don't look like brothers and sister," the waitress said. "Why didn't your father come back with you?"

"I presume he didn't want to," Roger said. As if that settled it he went loftily back to his stew.

The waitress still looked doubtful;



"Gee, breakfast in bed!"

GARDNER REA

Life Begins At 40

This is the Day for the Man Over 40!

45 50 55

700 Important Men Prove This—They Tell Their Age at Time of Their Greatest Achievements

TODAY, in this country, you have barely finished school and started to look for your place in the scheme of things—and you are already around 20 or even older. At 40, you have laid in the foundation for your life.

You have been *learning* all those years. You know life *now*—as no younger man can possibly know it. You are mature, steady and able to think.

The Great Majority of These Men Reached Their Peak Later Than 40. Recently, over 700 men of the highest ranking in the scientific field, including those in administrative or educational occupations, were asked the ages at which they had come to the positions of trust and responsibility they are now holding.

Less than 100 had "arrived" before they were 38—and around 100 more in the next five years.

About 275 came along in the ten years between 43 and 53—but the rest of these 700 men did not reach their peak until after they had come to their 53rd year!

These older men certainly had not only fine minds and a wealth of experience, but also *the physical equipment* to carry them through long years of active life.

What Others Have Done—YOU Can Do

Made First Lecture Tour After 60

George H. Graham, Young for 68

Dear Life Begins:

My textile experience made me the logical man for an educational lecture tour on a new fabric. I was *afraid* to go. I was *run-down*.

I felt "sunk," all-gone by afternoon.

A man twenty years younger told me Fleischmann's Yeast helped him greatly in a run-down spell.

Apparently yeast encouraged my natural energy in some way. My old health and vigor returned.

I went through this tour easily, with splendid health ever since.

GEORGE H. GRAHAM

A Business Help to Her Husband

Mrs. Ewert Simpson Loves Role as Hostess

Dear Life Begins:

I am 40. Recently, I was *very* nervous and run-down. A rash broke out on me.

A doctor said it was intestinal, and "interrupted" digestion caused both rash and poor health.

Just then, my husband's affairs made a great deal of entertaining necessary. I could not help him.

I was told to eat Fleischmann's Yeast for its special digestive action. My rash disappeared. My old pep came back. Now I *can* help my husband—and I am walking on air.

URSULA SIMPSON

Leaves Office Work for Managerial Job

Gus Insel Gets Better Paid Job

Dear Life Begins:

I used to be cashier for a taxicab company.

The work got on my nerves. Constipation and splitting headaches bothered me.

I heard of a job I would like. My health made me hesitate. But my wife had heard Fleischmann's Yeast does wonders for people in these slumps.

I am eating yeast. Constipation has stopped, also headaches. I soon felt strong—and I got a new job.

I am now 42—one of the *managers* of a restaurant!

GUS INSEL

One of the First Signs of Growing Old is Slower Digestion

If you are over 40 and feel yourself beginning to slow down, don't get nervous. You can check this.

The digestive system is one of the first parts of the body to slow down and grow old. The gastric juices flow less freely and have a *weaker* digestive action.

Its effect in stimulating the flow of gastric juices of *high* digestive power is one of the most important actions of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Added to this is the tonic action of 4 vitamins in Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. There is a rich supply of these vitamins—and each has a special and vital part in maintaining health.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—one cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain or in a little water. Most people over 40 will feel better and live more effectively if they keep their digestions in order by the daily eating of Fleischmann's Yeast.

$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us —enclosing your picture. Life Begins, 420 Lexington Ave., New York.

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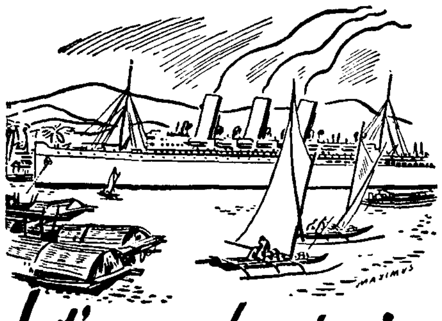


Let's go adventuring in 45 countries with the 'Private Physician to the World!'

Go calling with America's most famous physician—a man who for more than thirty years has been a veritable Ulysses of modern medicine, circling the globe 16 times to wage wholesale, relentless war against preventable disease—

Dr. Victor Heiser

KINGS and tribal chiefs, soldiers and head hunters, physicians and witch-doctors, millionaires and the humblest of aborigines have been his friends. And now you can share his fascinating experiences in the most popular autobiography of the decade—*An American Doctor's Odyssey*. Here's a taste of what's in store for you:—

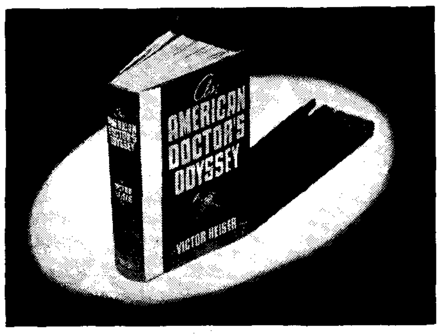
Orphaned by the Johnstown flood, Heiser worked his way through medical school, later joined the Government service. In Naples on an important immigration mission, he was attacked by an assassin, knocked the man cold—and then proceeded to revive him!

He vaccinated 1,687,767 Filipino natives in one year—thereby saving their lives! Broke the Dutch quinine monopoly to bring relief to malaria sufferers all over the world. Fought with Ceylon tea planters to stamp out hookworm. Mentioned a "magic growth powder" in Japan and nearly started a revolution. Persuaded Tagore to cease his attacks on modern medicine. With General Leonard Wood created a fish story to end all fish stories.

Hundreds of incidents such as these are described with gusto and humor in this gloriously rich book. Henry Seidel Canby says: "You could run a newspaper column for a year from it—on its anecdotes alone." See it at your bookseller's tomorrow. Read the first ten pages. Let that be the test. You've enjoyed Dr. Heiser's articles in Collier's. Now you can read the complete story of his life work. This book has not been published serially.

An AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY

OVER 225,000 COPIES ALREADY SOLD



A Nation-wide Best Seller. 544 pages with colored endpapers and decorations. $3.50.

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every now and again she broke off her conversation with the truck driver to glance narrowly down at them. But Tony was too busy with his stew to notice that. He followed them out after Alice paid the waitress, and stood silently by while they decided what to do. Roger, the commandant once more, bade them make a great noise as they set off up the road. That was to deceive the waitress and the driver, who, after all, might begin to suspect they had ridden in on the back of the truck. After they had gone fifty yards they turned and doubled back quietly, waiting in deep shadow across the road until the driver came out.

They waited until the truck began to pull itself out to the road slowly before they left the shelter of the trees and swung themselves on.

Alice sat between them, swinging her legs over the edge. She didn't want to go back to the couch; she insisted she wasn't sleepy. Grunting and panting, the truck gathered speed, the lunch cart drew behind, showing for a moment a small upright rectangle of dim yellow in one corner. It was there only the one moment, so that Tony wasn't sure whether it was a door, and whether the form in it was really the waitress, when they rounded a curve and a hill blotted it out. If she had been watching she must have seen them jump on. But what difference, Tony thought, could that make now? How could she warn the driver?

He remained wakeful long after they became silent. The truck rumbled on through lonely roads. The whole world slept, it seemed to Tony. If only he and Alice were alone—he and Alice!

Somehow he knew that she wasn't asleep either. He peered at her once from the corners of his eyes and saw that she was looking out at the road and the receding houses, her face veiled by shadow. Something hopeless and bitter welled up in him; how could he tell her that there wasn't anything he wouldn't do for her, and that he wouldn't want anything for doing it? He'd just want her to know that he did it, to think of him and like him, but never despise him.

Coming slowly out of his thoughts, he blinked out at the road, at the headlights that for a minute had been drawing up rapidly behind them. Twinkling, expanding, they gained as if the truck were standing still. Under his arm Alice stirred uneasily, while Roger mumbled something and struggled up, instinctively putting an arm across his eyes. The curious thing about this car was that it didn't pull out to pass the truck; it kept right behind them while a demanding siren whisked ahead ferociously to the truck driver. Just as he slowed, pulling over to the side of the road, Tony understood what the men in the car would be.

"Cops," he said. "That waitress called them—I thought she saw us jump on." He was so scared now that he had no thought of pretending to impress Roger. He was scared of cops—even Cornhead had been scared of them. "Let's run."

But they had no chance to do that. The truck had not stopped rolling before big figures were closing in on them from either side. Her face taut, desperately resolved, Alice gripped his arm.

"Don't tell," she cried. "Promise you won't! If you do they'll send us back; if you don't they might let us go on. Promise, Tony! Don't let them make you tell!"

THE first thing they did at the state troopers' barracks was to fix them something to eat from the cold cuts and potato salad laid out for the men on late detail. A big blond trooper sat with them at one end of the long table, filling their plates and asking them questions, and sometimes chuckling at Roger's answers, though to Tony those seemed as assured and competent as ever. They were, Roger said, orphans, and they lived with an aunt who was cruel to them; now they were going to Richmond, to a married sister they had there who would be glad to take care of them.

"And your father?" the trooper asked, spooning out more potato salad. "What happened to him? You told the waitress at the diner he was fixing a flat tire. Remember?"

"Well, I just said that," Roger answered. "I didn't want to tell her the truth about us, of course."

THE other trooper, standing in back of Tony, moved impatiently and put a hand on his shoulder. "I'll talk to this one," he said. "Alone." He was a tall man with a lean, sour face, who had an air of no nonsense about him. Gripping Tony's shoulder, he steered him across the room to a bare little office on the other side of the corridor.

"Wait here," he said, closing the door. "I'll be back."

Tony waited.

Time went by. Nothing happened. The window and the ceiling light and the steel handle of a filing cabinet twinkled on the dark, polished surface of the desk. Tony stared at them, moving his head different ways to see the images lengthen and distort themselves as the angle of light changed. But all the time he did that he was worried—wondering what the trooper would say to him when he came back, what he'd do. In a shamefaced fashion he was wishing they had taken Roger aside instead of him. Roger could talk; but he was scared. He was so scared he had to keep twisting his lips to steady himself.

He wondered what Alice would say if he told. He hadn't really promised—there hadn't been time—and yet he knew she didn't want him to say who they were. Back there on the truck he had thought he'd do anything for her, and it had seemed easy enough; but now the fine feeling was gone. He was all alone. If they made him tell—well, Alice would be sorry for him. But she'd despise him too. The images on the desk top distorted and blurred, though this time he did not move his head. Hurriedly, as the door drew back to admit the trooper, he blinked the mistiness away.

At first the trooper said nothing at all. Seating himself behind the desk, he took a pipe from his pocket, knocked it out, filled it and lit it without saying a word or taking his eyes off Tony. They were disturbing eyes, light gray, cold and severe. With blue smoke puffing out of his wide, straight lips he put a sheet of paper in front of him and unscrewed the top of his fountain pen.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"My name?" Tony repeated. He cleared his throat huskily. Cornhead had told him once he must always lie to a cop; he should never give his real name. "Joey—Joey Johnson."

The trooper took the pipe out of his mouth.

"Is that why the other boy was calling you Tony in there?"

"They call me that sometimes," Tony said. "Only—"

IT WAS hard to speak with those eyes never leaving his face.

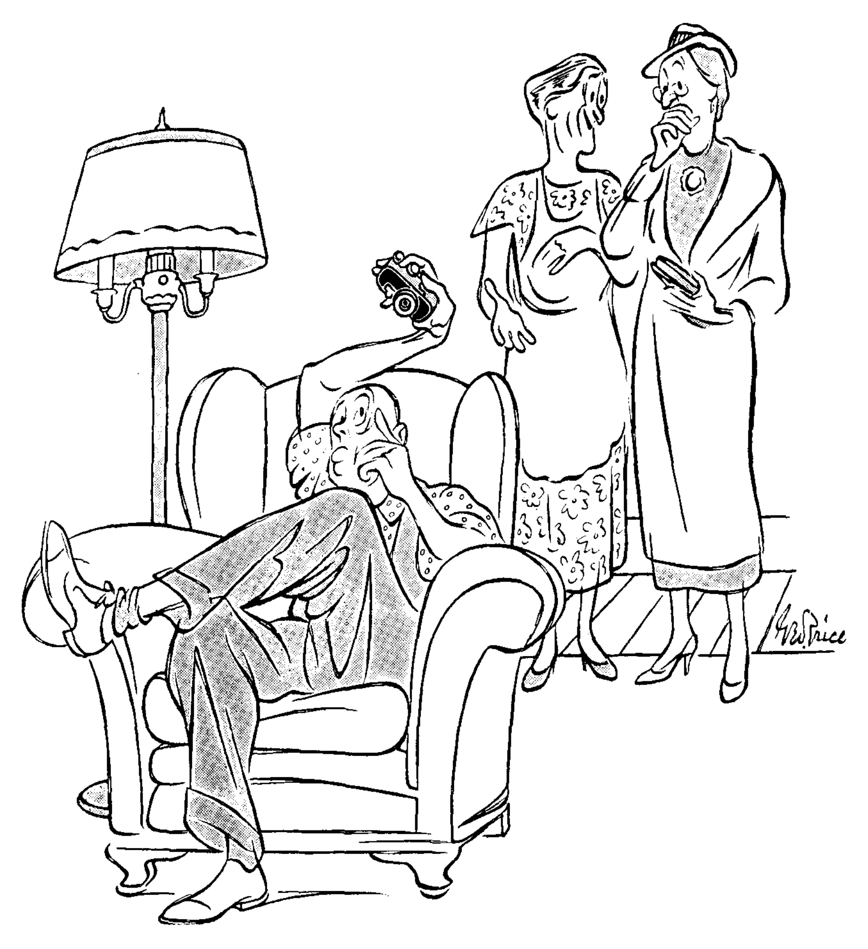
"I'm trying to give you a chance," the trooper said. "Some officers wouldn't do that. I can lock you up here and send you to the state reform school if you lie to me. You know that, don't you?"

Tony whispered: "Yes, sir."

"Then what's your name? Who are those other kids? Where did you come from?"

He picked up the pen as if there was no doubt of his being answered this time. Tony stared dumbly at his hands. The trooper looked up at him through a panicky silence; then he got up and came around the desk to raise Tony's chin with a strong, cold finger.

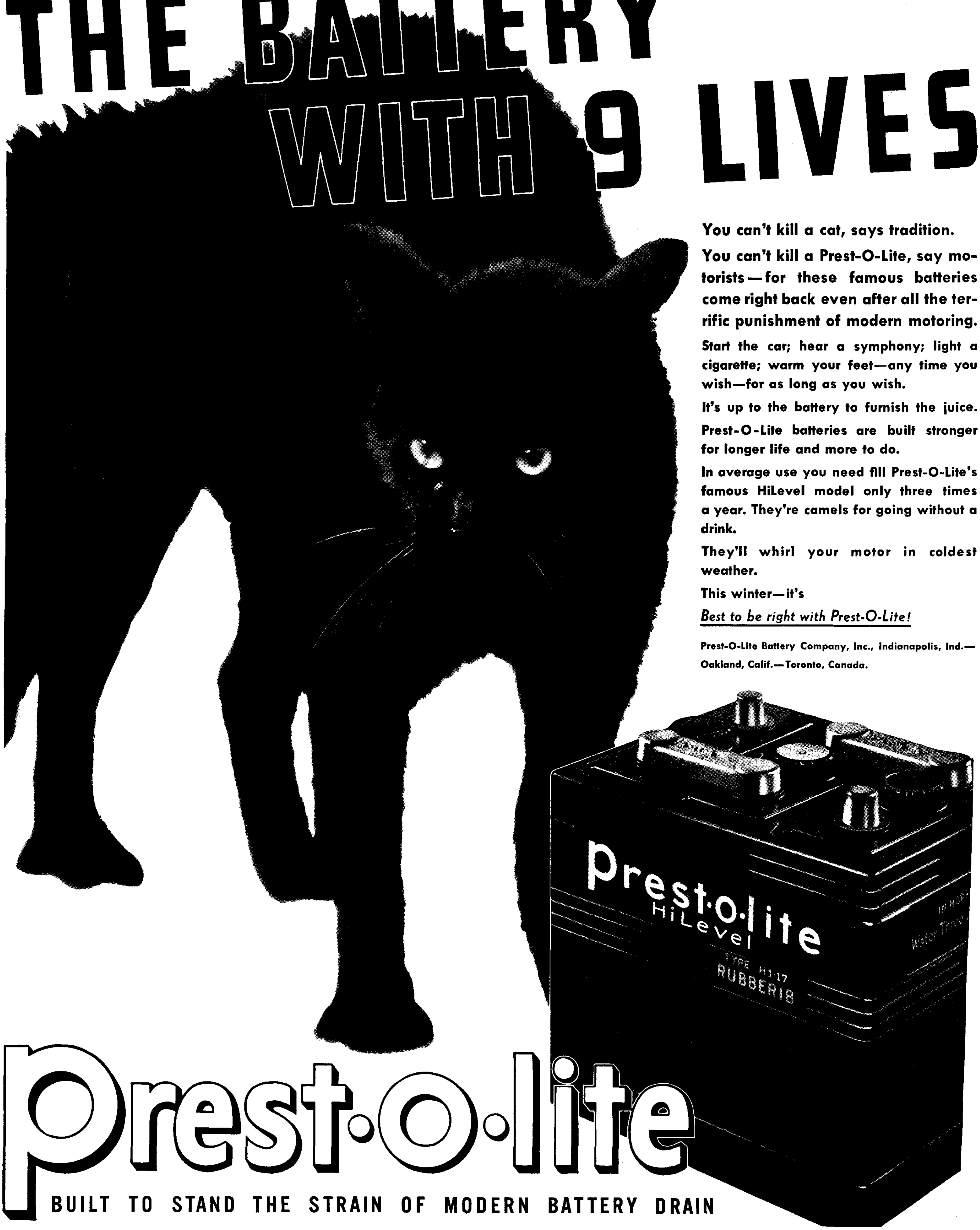
"You're not going to tell me? Is that it?" After Tony shook his head he went on: "All right. We'll lock you up tonight



"He's trying to take some candid shots, but can't seem to catch himself off guard"

GEORGE PRICE

THE BATTERY WITH 9 LIVES



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FATHER, three grown sons and a daughter in a not-too-large house! All the males go to work at the same time. In the single bathroom they must all shave. Imagine the fussing, the confusion and the irritations that spoil a breakfast and ruin the day.

Then came the Schick Shaver—four of them, in fact. And now the boys shave in their bedrooms and a grateful mother writes an enthusiastic letter praising the Schick Shaver and adding: "It's given us an extra bathroom."

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You can sit in a comfortable armchair and shave with a Schick. You do not need a light or a mirror. If you wear glasses, you can leave them on with no fear of splashed lenses, for you use neither soap nor water with the Schick Shaver. Shave twice a day if you wish, for the action of the Schick is so gentle you could shave ten times a day without hurting yourself.

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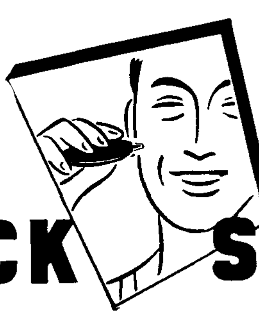


and in the morning you'll go to the city jail. When the judge sends you to reform school no one can help you. You probably won't see your mother until you're grown up. Ten years," the trooper said slowly. "Then maybe she'll be dead. How do you think you'll feel about that?"

Tony couldn't tell him. He tried to say: "I promised someone, see? I told her I wouldn't—"

But there he could feel his voice getting soft and furry, about to break. Mamma! Never to see her, never to let her know that he wanted to tell, that he would have told, only he couldn't, he couldn't—

The trooper's fingers tightened on his wrist. He said in an ugly voice: "Why, you little—" Then the door opened again and the trooper dropped his hand in a flash. Another man, an older man, also in uniform, came in and looked at Tony.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

THE trooper saluted him and called him Major. Before he was halfway through the other man cut him short.

"All right," he said. "Send him up to bed now." He looked at Tony's eyes and then back to the trooper; sharpness came into his voice. "Simmons got all the answers from the other boy. And I don't think he found it necessary to browbeat him. Perhaps you need some lessons in questioning children. We don't make it a practice of treating them as hardened criminals."

The trooper saluted again, frozen-faced, and brought Tony upstairs to a long room that had cots lined down its length. Tony took off his clothes and lay down on one, feeling tired and peaceful, saying over and over again in his mind that he hadn't told them anything. He wasn't aware of going to sleep; the next thing he knew it was morning, bright sunshine, and quiet. Very erect in a smart khaki uniform that had a wide leather belt about its middle, the Major was pulling at his toes.

"Here," he said, smiling. "You aren't going to sleep all day, are you? It's past ten now. Get up."

Roger was in the next cot, his face buried in the pillow, only the tip of one ear showing under his bright yellow hair. After the Major roused him they dressed and washed and went downstairs, where Alice was waiting for them.

The moment the Major left them to see about their breakfast she leaned forward eagerly. "What did they do to you last night?" she asked. "They didn't make you tell, Tony? One of the policemen told me Washington's only eighty miles away. If they let us go on—"

"They won't," Roger said. "You can bet your life on that."

Alice stared at him. "Why? You—you mean you told them?"

"You don't think *I* would?" Roger said, coldly accenting the pronoun. "But they won't let us go on now. Somebody told them."

He looked at Tony and Alice looked at him too. Her eyes darkened and Tony saw tears in them; she pushed blindly away from the table, her mouth quivering. "Oh, Tony!" she whispered desolately. "Oh, Tony!" Before he could realize what had happened she was running for the door.

"What's this?" the Major asked, putting an arm about her shoulders as she ran into him. "What's wrong now?"

Tony shook his head dumbly. There was nothing inside him—no words. She believed Roger, who was the leader and the brave one. He could say he hadn't—that it was Roger—but she'd think it was a lie; he could tell that just by remembering the way she'd said his name. So Tony sat where he was. He'd been crazy, he thought; he'd have done anything for her. And yet when Roger spoke, when Roger looked at him, she hadn't asked if it was true. She'd believed it.

After a long while the Major came back and brought him to the office where the other trooper had questioned him last night. A tall man who seemed rather young to be her father was holding Alice on his knee.

"Well, we've collected the vagabonds," the Major said cheerfully. "How are you going to get them back, Mr. Merritt?"

Tony knew by that name the man was her father. He said something about thanking the Major for calling him in Washington, and the Major said not at all, not at all; Mrs. Merritt had given him the address when he phoned her this morning, and as Washington was so much nearer than New York, he thought that would be the best thing to do. Roger sat in a chair, attentive and self-possessed; and Alice kept her face against her father's shoulder.

"I'll take them back to New York with me," Mr. Merritt said. "My car's just outside. And I'm going to stay with you for a week, Alice. How will you like that?"

Alice said something into his ear. He smiled rather troubledly.

"Well, perhaps," he told her. "Mother and I had a long talk on the phone last night, after she found you missing. I'm afraid we've both been rather foolish. We—well, things might be fixed up. I think all this will help. I've missed you both terribly."

The Major went down with them to the car, and shook all their hands, joking with Mr. Merritt about keeping his eyes on them now.

"This hard little nut," he said, ruffling Tony's hair, "would never have told us a word. One of the men must have questioned him a half hour, and all he'd say was that he'd promised someone not to speak. If young Roger there hadn't decided it was the right thing to do, we'd have had a time finding out about them. Roger, I think, was just a little homesick and glad to be out of it. Weren't you, boy?"

"No, sir," Roger answered. "I told you why I did it. I was worried for fear Alice—" Then he looked at her and stopped, flushing slightly. "I didn't want you getting hurt."

"Thank you very much," Alice said. Her voice was quiet but Tony could feel her hand shaking when she put it on his arm. "Tony," she said, but not the way she had said it before—so softly now that no one could have heard it but him. "Oh, Tony!"

He scuffled his feet and stared at his shoes with dry, hot eyes. "You never asked me," he said huskily. "Just because he—"

SHE didn't say anything; she only clasped his hand tighter. But when Roger went to get in beside her father she said clearly: "Tony's going to ride there with me. You'll have to sit in back."

Roger stared at her a moment and then got down quite calmly. "But that's perfectly all right," he said. "I've always preferred the back seat."

When they were settled and the Major had slammed the doors, she still held Tony's hand. He didn't mind her not saying anything; she didn't have to. Something had happened and it all was different now. He knew Roger didn't count, nor even the money and clothes and manners. He had all those things and yet Tony felt he had something too—something that had to come out of yourself, and that it was no good pretending you had when it wasn't there. What Roger had now, he could get too. What was going to stop him?

Very gently, careful not to hurt her, he squeezed Alice's fingers.

They Give the Spark

Continued from page 19

the game. Either way there's a score looming up if Dutch has only half a chance."

Dutch, quiet but remarkably confident in his own ability, has been a Detroit Lion spark plug for seasons, a flaming factor in their world's professional championship of 1935. He's dangerous at all times and I don't care where the ball is on the field. He's dangerous even when the rival has the ball because there never was a greater pass defender. He's a bloodhound in scenting those forward passes. And a leader! He got his first training at leading football mates in his little high school out in Colorado. Then he went along to Colorado College. I'm thinking now of the day that the unbeatable combination of Dutch Clark's head and Dutch Clark's right foot won a brilliant victory for Colorado College—a game in which the "Dutchman" had the unique experience of scoring every point that was scored, not only for his own team but for the opponent, Denver University.

With Fire in His Mind

The game was bitterly fought. Dutch was not only ninety per cent of his team's attack but the bravest, most untiring factor in its defense. Early in the game, with Denver pressing to what appeared a certain touchdown, Dutch scored a deliberate safety, presenting Denver with two points but thereby cutting off the chance of a touchdown and seven points for the opposition.

Later, in the third quarter, with Denver still leading, 2 to 0, Dutch dropkicked a field goal. Colorado was the winner, 3 to 2, in a contest in which his alertness of mind had been responsible for the scoring of every point, for and against his team.

So put Dutch Clark down for one of your spark plugs. The fame that eluded him as a collegian has come to him in the supreme test of professional football.

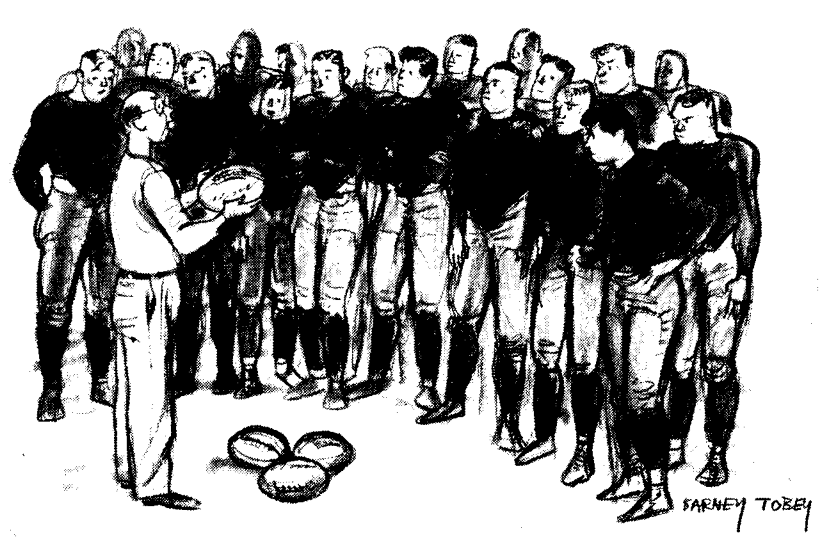
Ever hear of a football player named Gene McEver, down in Tennessee.? I knew you'd remember him. It was my doubtful pleasure to share the same field, although not the same color of uniform, with him on one or two occasions. McEver played at the University of Tennessee. I was at Kentucky. He was a player if ever there was one down in Dixie. If the Civil War had been a football game and he eligible for the Confederate team, I swear we never would have lost. I was talking with Major Bob Neyland, his old coach, about McEver the other day.

"McEver," said Neyland, "was big enough, strong enough, fast enough, to have played any position on the team and to have filled it better than the man playing there. At tackling and blocking, he had no equal. He was the best defensive back I ever coached and the best ball carrier I ever saw. With the strength of a bull, he had the grace, the deftness of an Astaire. He had the uncanny ability to slip a tackler or to shift his weight just enough to cause the would-be tackler to 'arm-tackle' instead of pinning him.

"And he was a leader who could bring a team up to a superperformance because that fire was in his mind, as well as in his arms and legs. Will-to-win—I guess that's the phrase. I'll never forget him as a sophomore on a sophomore team when, against Alabama, he ran back the opening kickoff 98 yards for a touchdown. The opening was not large. The average player never would have tried for it. It looked to me like the orthodox 12- or 15-yard return. But McEver saw the possible glimmer of a chance to get through and put on all the pressure and speed he had. The Alabama tackler, caught off balance, missed by that all-important split second. McEver was through and on the way to his 98-yard touchdown. That one play made the team and the season for Tennessee."

That's what I mean by a gridiron spark plug. We've had a lot of them down South. Sometime, when you get a chance, ask Coach Frank Thomas of Alabama to tell you about Dixie Howell, the boy who completed nine out of eleven forward passes against a great Stanford team in the Rose Bowl on January 1, 1935. You read a good deal about Howell that season but Mr. Thomas, who will stop the traffic in Birmingham's busiest thoroughfare to tell you about him, will speedily convince you that you never read half enough.

I'll bet you don't remember the name of George Furey—unless you happened to read the New York papers last November on the morning after Columbia's



"To begin with—the game is played on a rectangular field three hundred and sixty feet long, and one hundred and sixty feet wide, with a tightly inflated oblate spheroid commonly referred to as a pigskin . . ."

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Duofold is made of an utterly different, scientifically correct fabric. Note the illustration above. Two ultra-thin layers are interlocked with an insulating air space between. The inner layer, worn next the skin, is soft *absorbent* cotton. The outer layer contains virgin wool. *Comfortably*, you get the warmth and needed protection of wool *without any wool itch!*

Whatever style of underwear you prefer it is made in Duofold. Try a few suits. Go through the winter with fewer colds and more comfort. For men, women, children and infants. And, special Duofold garments for sports wear. At leading men's wear and department stores. Send for sample and style folder.

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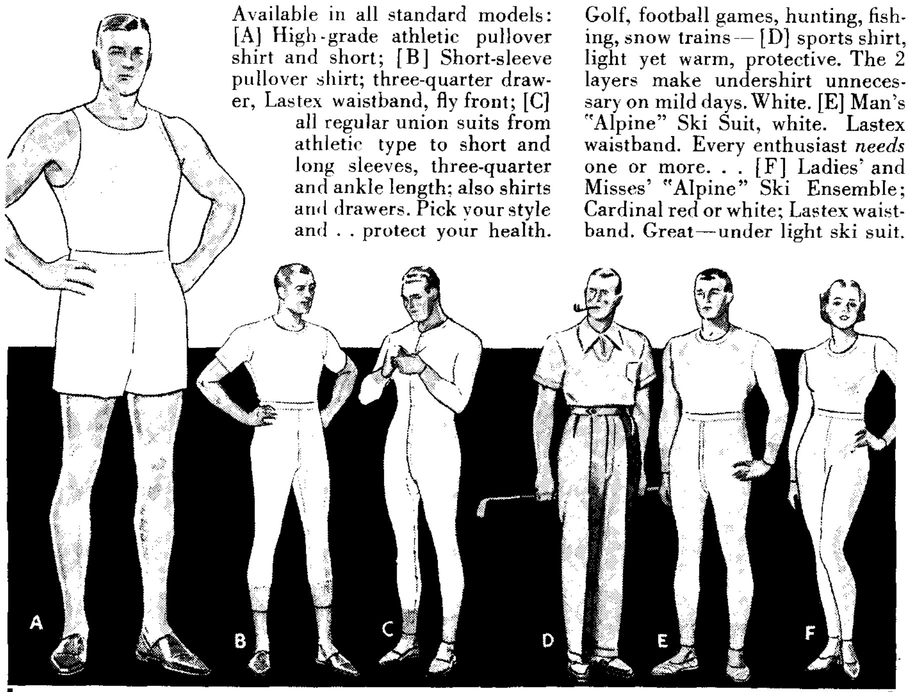

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amazing 7 to 0 victory over a big Stanford team which had come East for the sole purpose of avenging the Columbia Rose Bowl victory over the Westerners in 1934.

Young Furey was not a great football player. Like so many spark plugs, he was small. Yet with his 160 pounds, he had been Columbia's heavy-duty back, blocking and backing up the line on defense because he loved the heavy going and because Lou Little had no one else to put in there to match the flaming zeal that burned so brightly down deep in this kid. I don't think he had scored a touchdown all season. Let the other guys score the touchdowns; he was happy enough just to have the privilege of going around knocking big guys down in a good cause.

Stanford kicked off. The ball went to Furey. He started up the field in a straight line—and fast. Maybe it's smart to be shifty but he ran as if he were Jim Thorpe with the Indian's tonnage. His light teammates were galvanized into action. A block here, a block there, another savage sideswipe—big Stanford Cardinals were dropping like cordwood and Furey shot into the open at mid-field. Maybe Jesse Owens could have caught him then but I question it. Furey went for his touchdown, the goal was kicked and the clock showed that twelve seconds had elapsed of 60 playing minutes while the scoreboard read: Columbia, 7; Stanford, 0.

For the remaining 59 minutes and 48 seconds, the big Stanford team fought vainly to score on a Columbia outfit that had no right to be leading save the right that comes of white-hot defiance of all gridiron odds and logic.

If you talk about gridiron spark plugs with Bob Zuppke—provided you can find him off the football field and away from the artist's canvas on which he paints amazingly fine landscapes—he'll go back a few years to talk about Red Grange, one of the great ball carriers of all time, and Potsy Clark, Illini quarterback in 1914 and 1915. "Clark's personality would have made him a remarkable asset to any football team even if he had not been an outstanding player," Zuppke told me. That interested me because Potsy happens to be coaching the professional football team with which I'm associated right now. Talk to the next Harvard man you'll meet and he'll tell you about Charles Chauncey Buell, crackling little spark plug with a broad Back Bay accent who, the Princeton and Yale football men of the early twenties tell me, was about the most tantalizing personality who ever taunted a rival in perfect English and got away with it.

A Modern Spark Plug

Charlie—product of a New England private school—came along in the last years of the old Haughton football system as it was being taught by Coach Bob Fisher, Haughton's successor. In Haughton football, quarterbacks were supposed to think and handle punts. I say "handle" because they usually were instructed to "fair catch" in the performance of the latter chore. The late Major Frank Cavanaugh used to insist he had seen Harvard quarterbacks slip tiny notebooks from hip pockets and study them in crucial spots. Of course, on the defense, the Harvard quarterback, invariably the safety man, was sometimes obliged to unbend to the extent of making an open-field tackle but not often. Those teams of the Haughton system were strong defensively and they didn't play the schedules the Crimson plays these days under Dick Harlow.

But the Harvard quarterback of those days got by on his personality, his thinking and his ability to drive—drive his own team forward and sometimes, as in the case of Buell, drive the other team to near distraction.

Little Mr. Buell used to stand up as his team went into offensive formation, look across the scrimmage line with guileless gaze and address teammates and opponents in perfect, unhurried English indicative of the scholarly trend which led him to become after graduation an instructor in a leading New England preparatory school.

"That left guard opposite looks like a nice chap and I rather hate to do it," he would explain, "but I suggest that you, Mr. Owen, take the ball through him for three or four yards. In this situation, perhaps three yards will suffice."

He'd drop down behind center, snap his signals and the 190-pound George Owen, a great all-around athlete who used to insist that he didn't like to play football, would oblige with all the gentleness of a runaway truck. Like as not, Mr. Buell would notify the opposing right tackle on the next play that the subsequent drive would be just inside him and again, chances are, the Buell veracity would be upheld. Then, just about the time that wild-eyed linemen were wondering what the hell kind of deception is this when a guy tells you the truth, Buell would promise a sweep off the weak side but drop a flat pass off the strong side and the Crimson would be in position for a touchdown drive or a field goal. The goal posts then still were where they belonged—on the goal line. The Caseys, the Mahans, the Brickleys, the Hardwicks have been great figures in Harvard football, but none, my Harvard friends tell me, was more a spark plug in the approved Bostonian fashion than Charles Chauncey Buell, standing behind a big Crimson line, sleeves rolled up, rubbing his hands thoughtfully and delivering himself of pungent observations.

But come down to the present for the modern, up-to-the-minute "Big Three" model spark plug. If you're fortunate enough to live within hailing distance of the Yale Bowl, perhaps you'll be seeing him in action on some of these crisp Saturday afternoons. His name is Clinton Frank. He's the Yale captain.

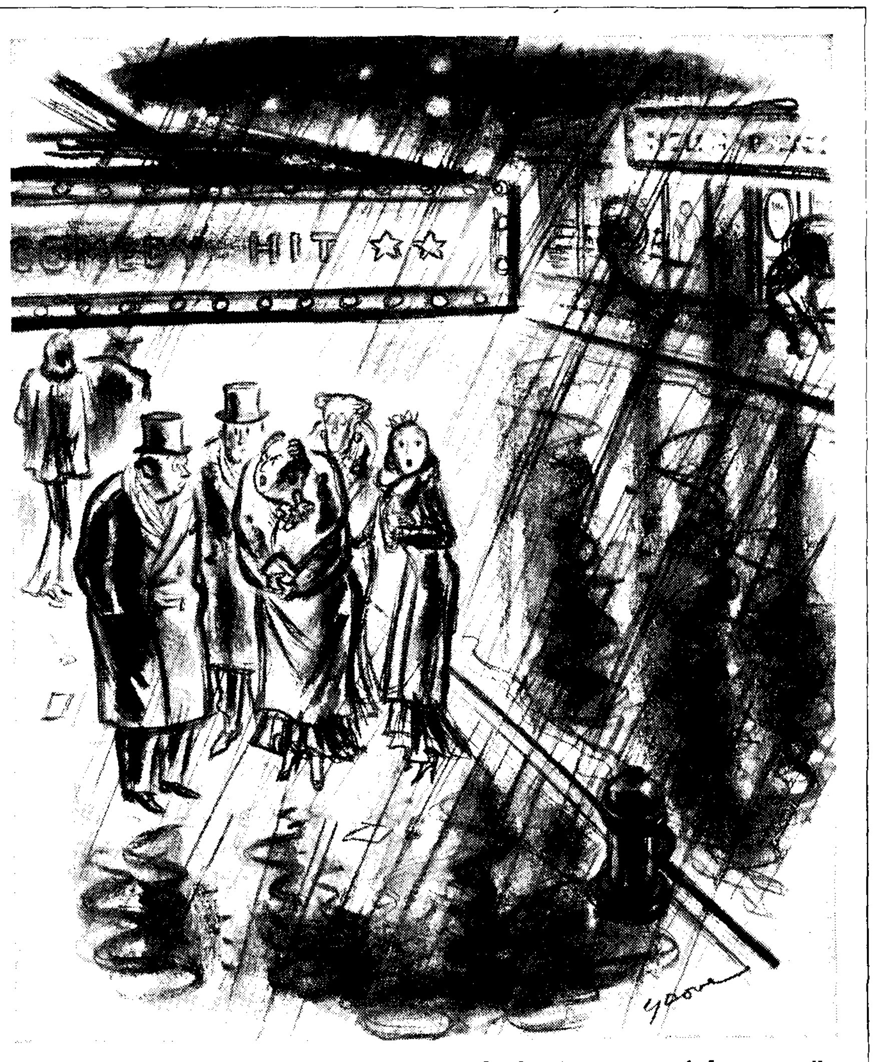
Earle "Greasy" Neale, who learned the art of straight speaking, without equivocation, during a long term of years as a major-league outfielder and who, without question, is one of the most respected of football coaches, told me the other day what he thinks of Frank.

"I've coached a lot of spark plugs," he told me. "Don Whiting, back at Marietta College in 1920, was one. The greatest passer I ever saw and a remarkable driving force to his team. Herb Kopf, now backfield coach at Columbia, was another, on the Washington and Jefferson team that played California's 'Wonder Team' in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses in 1922. Kopf was electric. Stratford Morton at Yale in 1934 was still another.

The Winning Habit

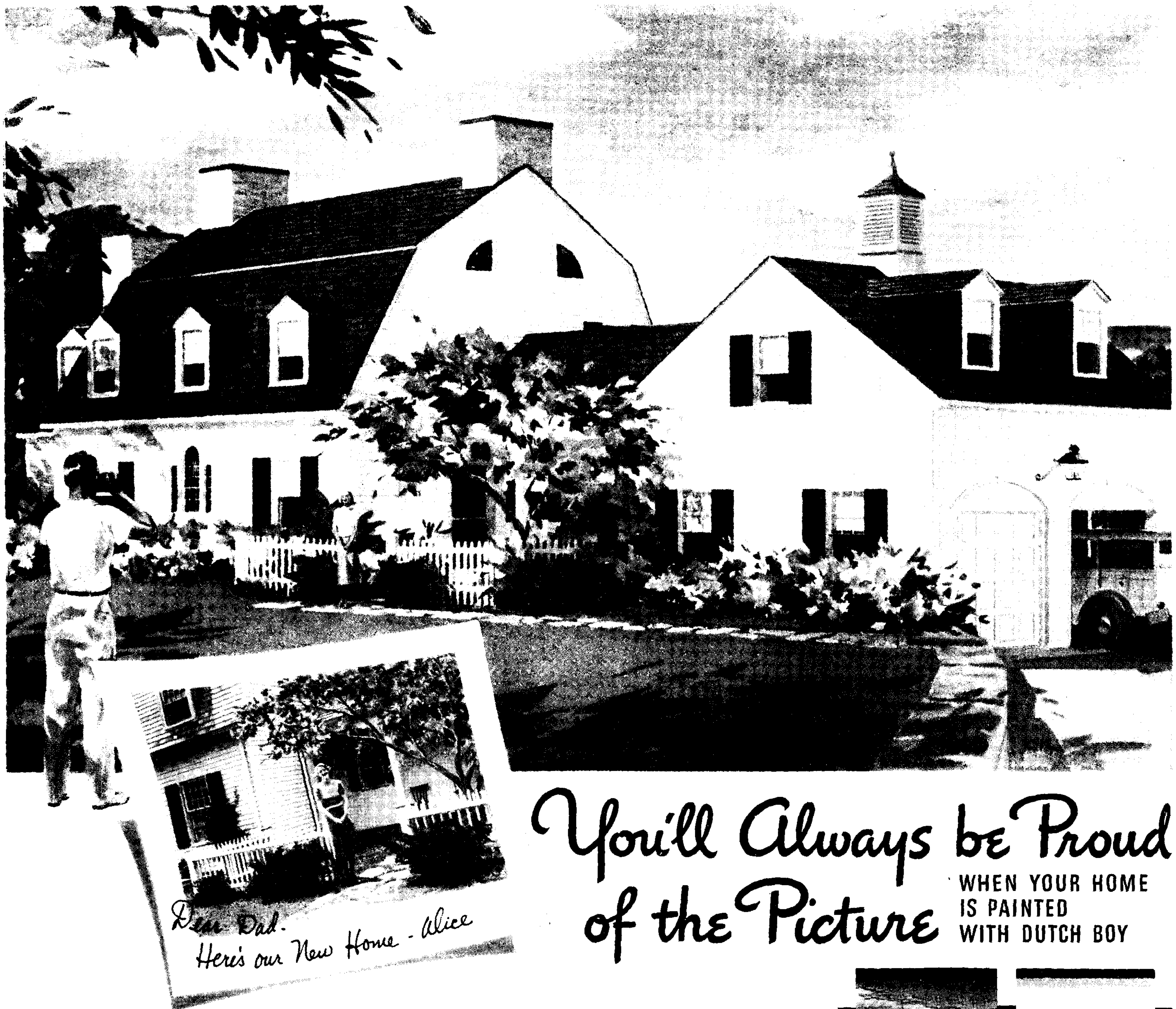
"But this Frank boy—he's the best I have ever coached. A great quarterback, a remarkable passer, a runner with power, elusiveness and change of pace not surpassed by many I've looked at, he's also the greatest defensive halfback I have ever seen. Yes, that's a considerable estimate but that's not all. His is a personality that would earn him a place on any football team if he lacked fifty per cent or even more of the ability with which he had been blessed. Maybe you saw him call and throw three successive passes to Kelley against Harvard last year, the last, thrown from back around the 40-yard line, going for a touchdown. And Yale won *that* game, remember, by only a point."

They're a great and gallant gang, these spark plugs of football. Theirs is the winning habit. Sometimes they fail but always they fight and with a glorious disdain for the odds that say they can't win.



"Adam, you go look for a taxi—you're the businessman of the group"

LEONARD DOVE


Dear Dad.
Here's our New Home - Alice

You'll Always be Proud of the Picture

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OWNING a home of your own is one of life's finest experiences. And what pleasanter duty than keeping that home spic and span a picture of contentment — always a place to be proud of.

But if "cheap" paint has been used, pride is due for a bad fall see "cheap" paint photograph at right. You'd never take a picture of a house which looked like that . . . except to put in the "Rogue's Gallery".

When paint cracks and scales like this, there's only one remedy—repaint! And that repainting job must include two costly "extras". (1) Burning and scraping off the "leftovers" of the worthless paint (2) Putting on an extra coat of paint a new priming coat. "Whew!" groans the unlucky owner, "Who said "cheap" paint was "cheap?"

For real economy, keep your home painted with Dutch Boy White-Lead. This good dependable paint doesn't crack and scale. Instead, it wears down by a slow gradual chalking. This leaves a smooth, unbroken surface — an ideal foundation for new paint.

And so the painter who is interested in giving you generous value for your money uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your particular job and tints it to the exact color you ask for. No one knows paint like a painter.

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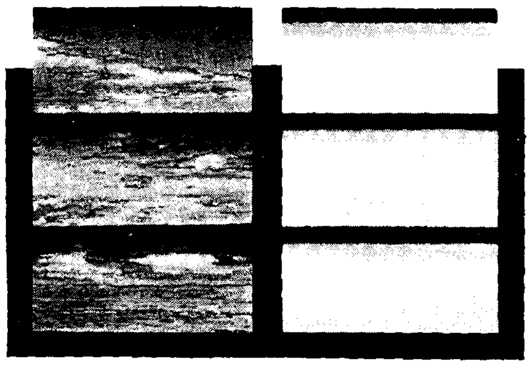
If you prefer to pay for your painting by the month, take advantage of the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan. No down payment. Eighteen months to pay, in surprisingly small monthly installments. Check the coupon below for complete information. And regardless of whether you are interested in the plan, send in the coupon for a copy of the illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In." Tells how to buy a paint job, how to select the right color scheme, the right paint and the right painter. Address Department 266, in care of the nearest branch.



"CHEAP" PAINT – *"Quitting" already – after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.*

DUTCH BOY — *Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as "cheap" paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And at repaint time, there will be no expensive burning off and no new priming coat to pay for.*

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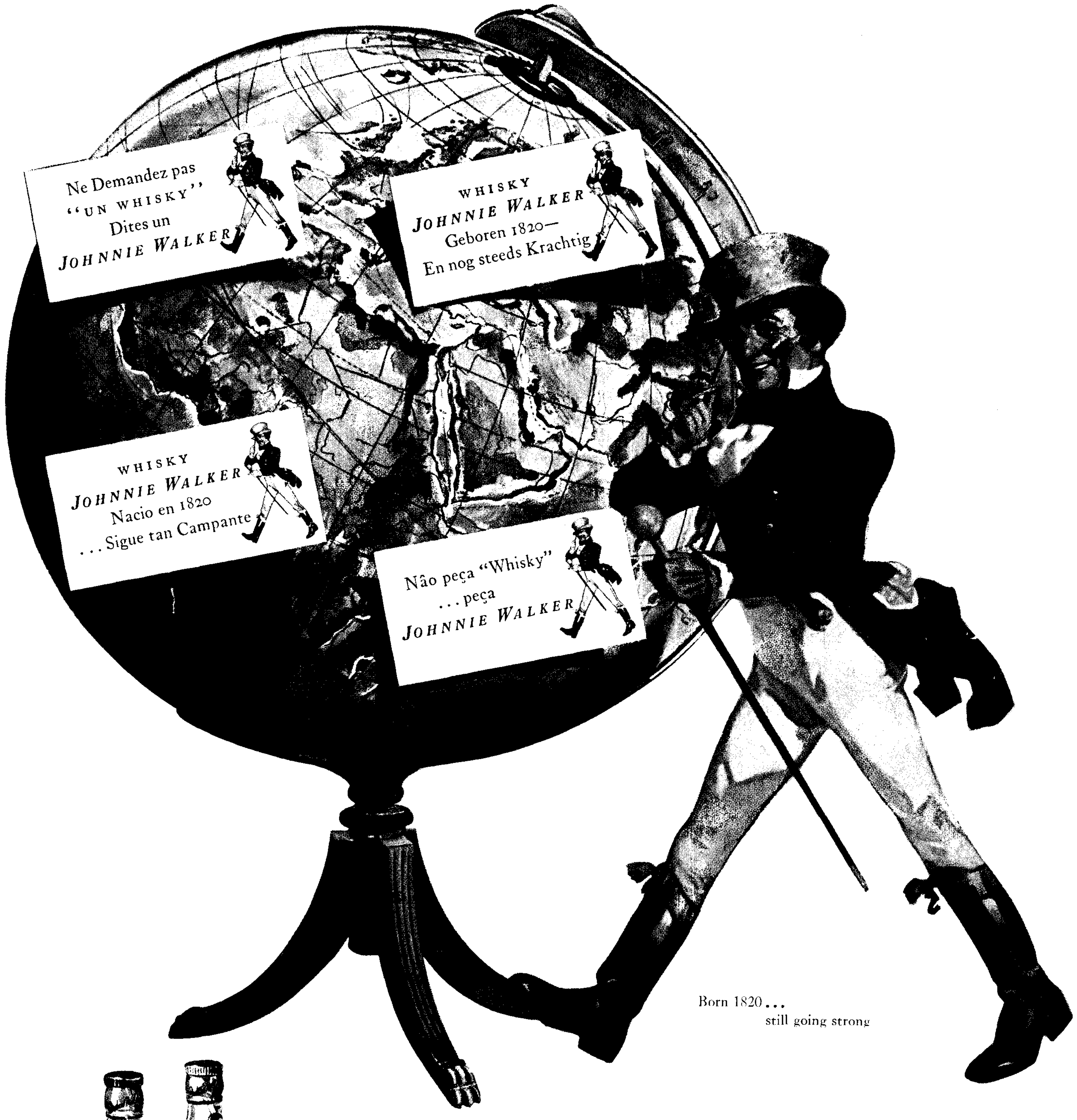
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He Answers His Fan Mail

By Katharine Roberts

The rise to fame of Maurice Evans, who is never lazy. He even answers his fan mail, with the result that King Richard II became a Broadway hit, much to the surprise of Manhattan's wise-boys

PERHAPS no first-night [illegible] Bro[illegible] ever risen to such a st[illegible] and doubt as that whi[illegible] he [illegible] James Theater one evening last Fe[illegible] Maurice Evans introduced King R[illegible] od[illegible] Manhattan. The doubt rose in w[illegible] ti[illegible] agencies, which refused the pre[illegible] of the usual blocks of seats, and from th[illegible] of Broadway, of whom there are as many as the [illegible] counters are able to accommodate.

Their reasons sounded valid enough. Had not the general public already had its fill of Shakespeare this year with two Hamlets and an Othello. Moreover the then surviving Hamlet was a young Englishman, John Gielgud, who had been hailed as a genius for two seasons before his arrival on these shores and the public had taken him to its collective heart with a defensive idol worship that was bound to be a barrier for this other young Englishman. Evans, who was nothing new to American audiences.

True, the pessimists wanted to be fair. They admitted Mr. Evans had played such a Romeo to Katharine Cornell's Juliet that, for the first time in years, theatergoers had ceased to echo Juliet's cry of "*Wherefore* art thou Romeo?" He had done a contrasting delicate caricature of the lank-haired comic Dauphin in Saint Joan, which few romantic Romeos would do, if they could. And only this same season he had been a stanch Napoleon in St. Helena. But St. Helena had flopped and recently. It had been his one solo effort in America and—whatever the merit of a performance may be—to the hardheaded ticket brokers and the hardhearted wise-boys, a box office in the red is its own recommendation.

Whatever of certainty there was lay chiefly in the minds of three persons—a man of mystery, whose name is still unknown but who was primarily responsible for the production; Margaret Webster, who had directed the play and who had seen Maurice Evans' performance in London; and Robinson Smith, one of the producers, who previously had tried in vain to buy St. Helena even while it was failing. As to Mr. Evans himself, no actor is responsible for what he thinks on an opening night.

But if the first curtain had risen on more doubt than certainty, the final curtain brought unanimous yells of enthusiasm that proclaimed one of the most startling triumphs in years. "Bravos" beat against the defeated King Richard's ears and there was literally dancing in the street by some of the younger first-nighters, to the honking protest of after-theater taxis.

As to the ticket agencies—they got what ducats they could by standing with John Q. Public in the double lines that wound through the lobby to the two box-office windows.

The whole thing came about because Mr. Evans had a habit of answering his fan mail.

During the time he was playing Napoleon, as he sat gazing drearily out over too many empty seats, Evans felt as though he, too, were being sent to exile—Hollywood to him. He didn't want to go there just yet.

He was a bit heartened by a note from a man who said he had never written fan letters, but that he had been looking for an actor and a play together about which he could be enthusiastic and had found the combination in St. Helena. The gentleman added that he hoped the failure of the play would not prevent Mr. Evans from going ahead with whatever he wanted to do in the American theater. Mr. Evans replied, expressing gratitude and adding that he was afraid the situation might make it necessary for him to accept one of the Hollywood offers instead of doing Richard II, which was the one play he had wanted especially to do in the United States. He did not say how many managers were refusing to produce it for him.

Suddenly he received a telegram from the unknown man. It read to this effect: "If you will meet me at four o'clock this afternoon in the bar of the Hotel Gotham, you may find that what you would like to do is a little more possible."

He was a trifle bewildered, but being an experimental soul, Maurice Evans went to the appointment with the stranger. Twenty minutes later, he was alone again—holding in his hand twenty-five thousand dollars with which to begin the production of King Richard II. The only condition had been that he should not reveal the gentleman's name.

[illegible]OR THOMAS

Maurice Evans, as King Richard II in the great Shakespearean drama

Upon meeting Maurice Evans minus Richard's blond wig and fancy costume, you discover a young man who might easily be a rather firmly set business-man with a flair for wearing a brown-and-white-checkered jacket with dark trousers. His black-brown hair is close-cut and he has a neat set of features, including a good forehead and chin which balance nicely. Add him up and you get a perfect picture of energetic British efficiency hungering for a large lot of details to sort out and put in order. He is probably the only actor who has also done well in the dry-cleaning business.

While he was making a name for himself in the London theater and in films, he established and carried on the Nine to Six Cleaners in Bloomsbury, one of the first places over there where you could get service within a day. He was deluged with dirty clothes in the daytime and applause at night and was pleased with both.

He has a clipped, quick way of going at things. When he found he was really to produce Richard, he

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OTIS BRYAN, *Captain*

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J. G. HART, *Crew Chief*

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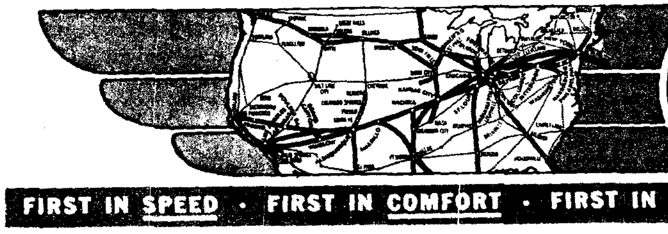

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put a telephone call through to London to Margaret Webster to arrange her coming over to direct it. Evidently he had made a very definite list of what he wanted to say and, as he snapped out one item after the other—when and on what boat she was to sail, what the designer was to do, and a dozen and one other things—Miss Webster could only cling to the phone in silent prayer that she'd remember each crackling detail. Abruptly he stopped. "We've half a minute left," he said crisply. "How's the King?"

This was during the liveliest period of Britain's royal controversy. He agrees now that there are certain similarities between the abdications of Richard II and Edward VIII. He also gets thoroughly indignant at those who refer to Richard as the weakling king—says merely that "both were young men who were thrust into conditions that did not suit their temperaments."

Unusual gentlemen are always popping up in his life and offering unusual opportunities. There was one named Guthrie McClintic, whom he met at a party in London one night. This man, upon introduction, said, "How would you like to go to the United States and play Romeo with Mrs. McClintic?"

Evans dodged the answer and hastened to take a friend off into a corner where, *sotto voce*, he inquired, "Who is this Mrs. McClintic?" Upon finding out it was Katharine Cornell, he said he'd be delighted.

His private opinion of Romeo is not very high.

"He is disagreeable—really," Evans insists. "He falls in and out of love at the beginning of the play in very fickle fashion; he is directly responsible for the killing of his friend, Mercutio; he sobs like a child in the Friar's cell; he leaves the newly wedded Juliet to face the consequences alone; in fact, he was not even permitted to propose to her—she herself did the proposing."

This lively young actor had his beginnings in Dorset, England. His father was a chemist who, as a hobby, took an interest in dramatizing for amateur production the novels of another local light, Thomas Hardy. As a shepherd boy in Far from the Madding Crowd, small Maurice made his stage debut at the age of seven. Subsequently he held the post of musical director for another of these amateur performances. This required merely that he play the pianola between acts, but he dressed for the occasion, donning a large Eton collar and carefully brillianting his neatly parted hair. He also sang.

From Greek Tragedy to Sweeney Todd

Arriving at the age where his voice broke, he put on a smaller collar and continued his musical career as assistant cashier at Chappell's music publishing house, Bond Street, London. Of course, he had gone to two or three schools meanwhile.

He says that at Chappell's he was not much good because he was very bad at figures. But the Chappell job led, years later, to a lead in a musical comedy called A Night at the Ball, at the Drury Lane, produced by his ex-employer. During his earlier period of cashiership, he appeared regularly in amateur theatricals. It was at this time that the first of the strange gentlemen turned up.

He proved to be a prominent Egyptologist, entirely unknown to Maurice Evans. But, incidentally, he owned the theater at which the first Cambridge Festival was about to be given. He saw Evans playing Saint Francis of Assisi in an amateur offering and insisted that he give up commercial life and play professionally at Cambridge. Accordingly, the young Thespian jumped from Saint Francis into a variety of parts embracing everything from Greek tragedy to Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, in which, because of a defective trap slide, he suffered a case of near concussion. However, he rose valiantly out of it and, after a period of job-hunting, landed a London engagement in a thriller pleasantly entitled The One-Eyed Herring, portraying a policeman who arrived at an opportune moment with the authority of the law and three lines of dialogue.

He wanted to act—the problem was finding someone who would let him. Finally he got a magnificent contract at fifteen dollars a week with the producer named Leon M. Lion. It led to his first real notice.

The Actor's Homework

He was noticed the next season in London in the two Galsworthy plays, Justice and Loyalties. There followed Diversion, by John van Druten, and a number of other interesting things, including the three poignant war plays, The Man I Killed, The Unknown Soldier, and Journey's End. And Maurice Evans was established.

Meanwhile, in 1929, he went into pictures. You probably saw him in White Cargo, Wedding Rehearsal, and By-Pass to Happiness, if not in several others.

Probably the most important move in his life came when Dame May Whitty, with whom he was playing in The Voysey Inheritance, persuaded him to join the Old Vic company, for the same reason that Charles Laughton and John Gielgud had joined it—to study the classics. In one season he played half a dozen of Shakespeare's finest characters, three or four of Shaw's best, and the title part in the Greek Hypolitus. His performance of Hamlet, just shortly after Gielgud had done it with the same company, made something of a sensation, for he played the uncut version and his interpretation supported his contention that the Prince of Denmark is no melancholy introvert.

"The full play proves him a lively and cheerful young fellow who is upset by tragic events, but whose humor comes through betweentimes because it is natural to him—and it is a much better play when done as Shakespeare wrote it," he says.

When Richard II ran to record-breaking business from February 5th to May 29th and was closed arbitrarily so that Mr. Evans could have a vacation, it was clear that answering one fan letter had put the actor in a position to do whatever he pleased and that he wouldn't need another mystery man to set the ball rolling again, since the present one had refused to take his profits out of Richard II, thus proving himself more of a mystery than ever. But in spite of the temptation to follow up with Hamlet this season, or another play in which America had not seen him, he decided to remain true to Richard.

He reopened in New York on September 15th to splendid business for which mail orders had been piling up through the summer, but was determined to cut the run short in order to start a cross-country tour. It is definitely booked to last thirty-five weeks and he will reach almost every town in the United States with a stage large enough to accommodate the production.

When Shakespeare's play of a young English king who abdicated has run its course as drama both interesting and timely, Maurice Evans' cherished dream of his own repertory company will come true. His plans are set and arrangements made—all of this because on a bleak day last November he conscientiously sat down to the actor's homework and answered his fan mail.

Lady in Lights

Continued from page 22

idealists, and some of us are fools, and some of us are both."

Jean looked at me blankly. "What's she talking about?"

"You've got me there," I said.

After dinner we drove Catherine home. She scarcely said a word except to say goodby. Jean and I were pretty tired, so I left her at her hotel and went home to bed.

The next day I was very busy. I forgot all about the phone call until it came. It was a Mr. Abrams at R. C. O. and he said to drop in and see him in a day or so as he had something he wished to discuss with me. That is all he would say. I told him I'd stop in when I had a chance.

I TOOK a shower and had a couple of drinks and then called Jean. We had dinner together at her hotel. I told her what Abrams had said, but she said she didn't know anything more, I'd have to see him. We went to the movies and afterward for a ride. The whole time we were together she didn't mention Catherine.

Coming back we came down Sunset, and Jean began talking about her career.

"It's going to be great out here, John, with you here too."

I grunted something. Then I said: "When are we going to get married?"

"Married!" Jean sounded genuinely surprised.

"Sure; why not? We're back where we used to be, aren't we?"

Jean hesitated. "Of course. Sure, we're back where we used to be. But just now I've got a career to think about—and you have too. Let's wait a little, darling."

I didn't argue with her.

For the next few days Jean and I had a very good time together, going around to the clubs and the dives. But somehow it wasn't as much fun as it should have been. Jean took Hollywood, herself, and her career too seriously. I began to be the least bit bored.

But when I looked at her and when I kissed her everything was as it used to be.

I went to see Mr. Abrams. He made me a very substantial offer—a six-month contract, with three-month options on an increasing scale. He said that in two years I'd be in the big money. I thanked him and said I'd think it over.

After that I called up Catherine and went over to see her. Her aunt was out and we sat in the library and played old records on the phonograph. Things between us were exactly as they had always been. At least Catherine seemed the same. With me there was a difference. I kept catching myself staring at her. Maybe she noticed it too, but if she did she pretended she didn't.

Catherine went out in the kitchen and mixed a couple of highballs. When she came back I dimmed the light and we sat there in the semidarkness sipping our drinks and listening to part of Beethoven's Eroica.

The record came to its end and I didn't get up to change it.

"How much longer are you staying out here, Catherine?" I asked.

"Oh, not so much longer, I guess."

"Then if I decide to stay I won't be seeing you?"

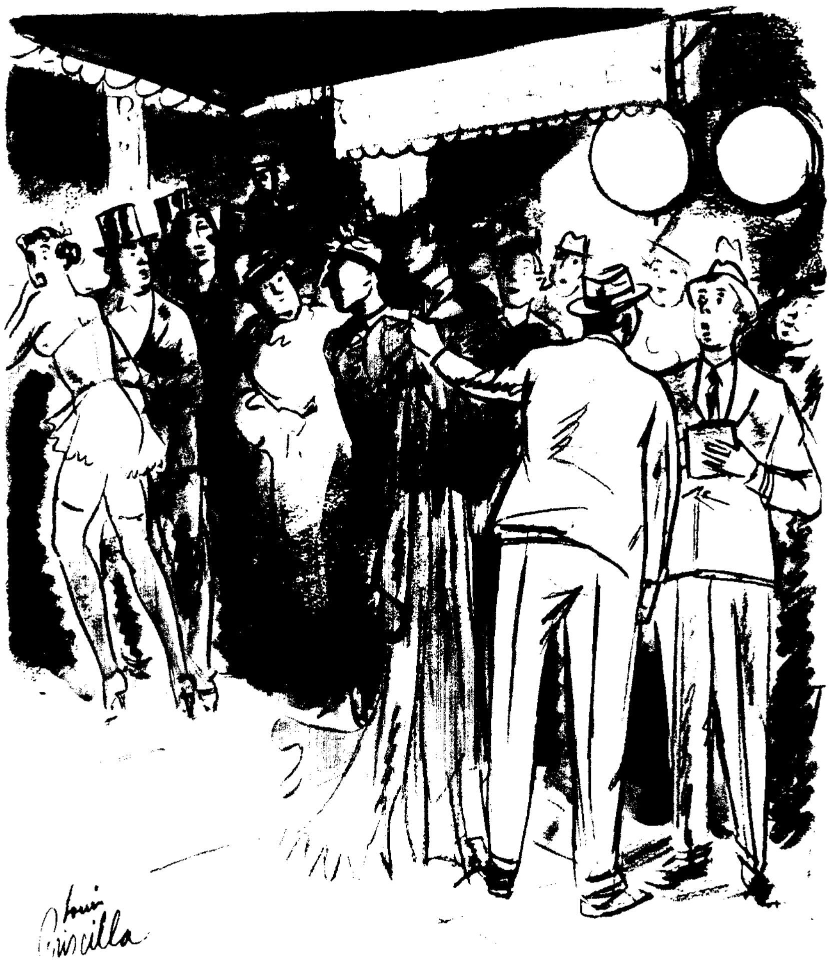
She looked at me steadily for a moment, and without smiling. "Probably never," she said.

"Is it as bad as that?"

She nodded. "Yes, John."

"Well," I said, looking away from her eyes, "I guess you were right. I've had an offer, and I'm thinking very seriously of taking it."

Up until that moment I hadn't thought



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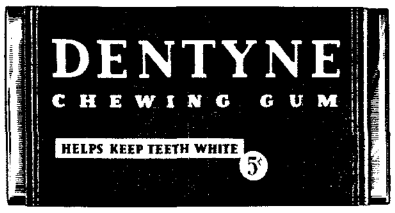

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very seriously of taking it at all. But her manner annoyed me.

Suddenly Catherine seemed very sad. That didn't make me feel any better either.

"You look like you're at a funeral," I said.

"In a way, John, I think I am."

"Oh, cut it out," I said irritably. "Ideals aren't everything. Don't you see that if I stay here a while I'll have enough money to do the writing I want to do?"

"That's not what you said before."

"Maybe not, but it's the only sensible thing to do. I'd be a fool not to."

I got up and walked over and picked up my hat.

"Goodby," I said. "I'm sorry you're taking such a high and mighty attitude."

She didn't say anything; just looked at me as though she was ashamed of me. That made me really angry. I said: "I've decided to work here—and I'm going to marry Jean!"

Up until that moment I had been quite sure I wanted to marry Jean Carrol.

THE next day Jean and I had luncheon together at the Brown Derby. She told me that she was getting along swell and that she thought it meant a long-term contract.

"That's great, Jean," I said. "Which reminds me, I saw Abrams this morning."

"Good. How did it go?"

"Well," I said, "thanks for doing what you did for me—but I turned it down."

She stared at me as though she couldn't believe it. "Are you crazy?"

"Maybe."

Jean narrowed her eyes. "I know," she said acidly. "That little Catherine's been putting ideas into your head."

"Maybe."

Jean bristled. "Let's get out of here before I tell you what I think of you—and of that half-baked little college girl."

Our luncheon was only half finished, but I paid the check and trailed Jean out on Vine Street.

"Call me a cab," she said coldly. "And give me a ring when you come to your senses."

For the rest of that day and all of the next I felt as though I were in a trance. I went through the business of cleaning up my job almost automatically. And I tried not to think of Jean or Catherine—or of the job I had turned down.

But after all the odds and ends were completed there wasn't anything else to think about. And there still remained a few days before it was necessary for me to start back East.

That night I guess I walked fifteen miles. I was in a fog. I knew that I had to make the most important decision of my life.

Before I came to any conclusion I found myself upon Sunset Boulevard looking at the lights. I sat on a wall and lit a cigarette. Was I doing a foolish thing, I wondered, in turning down that job? I didn't think so. If I did take it I'd end up by marrying Jean, but somehow I no longer seemed to fit in with the combination of Jean Carrol and Hollywood.

There was no doubt about it, I thought, I had more fun when I was with Catherine; but that didn't necessarily mean I was in love with her. I didn't know exactly how Catherine felt either. It didn't seem to me that she could be so upset about my life unless she really cared. Maybe I was wrong. And Jean—something must have happened between Jean and me—what was it?

The whole problem boiled down in my mind to a choice of one of two things: Jean, Hollywood and money on one hand; Catherine, no Hollywood and the right to lead my own life on the other. I was so upset that I really didn't know which I wanted.

Suddenly, as I sat there, I knew the answer. I had just been a fool. And now it was probably too late. Catherine might have changed in her feeling toward me, or I might be mistaken in thinking she ever had any. I felt panicky. Suppose she wouldn't see me? Suppose I *was* mistaken? But there was one thing I *did* know: I wasn't mistaken about myself.

I managed to get a lift back to my hotel. It was six A. M. when I called Catherine. Her aunt answered, sleepy and disgruntled. She informed me—not that it was any of my business, she said—that her niece was sailing that day from Ensenada for New York; and that she had gone there by bus the day before. I said my thanks and hung up, a heavy sinking feeling in my stomach.

I sat on the edge of my bed and thought for a moment. Then I made my decision. I called the steamship offices. The Santa Cruz—that seemed to be the only possible boat—was docked at Ensenada, Mexico, because of the shipping strike, and she sailed that evening at six o'clock. Ensenada was something over two hundred miles. I decided I could make it.

I packed my bags, paid my hotel bill, and got some breakfast. Then I put in a long-distance call to my office. It was after ten in New York by that time. I'd be there in two weeks, I told them; not before—matter of life and death.

The car was waiting and I had it stocked with gas and oil. Then I got in behind the wheel. After taking a long breath I started it and headed for the coast.

At something like a quarter of six I drove onto the pier at Ensenada. The lights of the Santa Cruz twinkled reassuringly across the water. I arranged to have the car returned to the garage people in Hollywood. By that time the tender had left and I had to hire a speedboat. We drew alongside the liner just as the whistle blew. After a bit of an argument and a good deal of bluffing they let me board the ship.

I felt so shaky that I just about made the bar and sank into a chair. A brandy and soda made me feel better, but not quite up to the ordeal of finding out whether Catherine was on board.

After another drink I called a steward. "Will you have Miss Catherine Ross sent here, please?" I said. "Tell her it's urgent." I gave him an unnecessarily large tip.

I SAT there and watched the clock. It seemed as though Catherine would never get there. Had she missed the boat? Was this the right boat? Had she decided to go back—or stop over in Ensenada? Would she want to see me? I was having a brain storm.

And then I heard a soft, musical voice in my ear. It was a sweet voice—a lovely voice. It was Catherine's voice. It said, "John, darling! I hadn't given you up entirely—yet."

"Catherine," I said, "you're sweet; you're adorable. And I'm a fool."

"No, you aren't, darling." She smiled and there were tears in her eyes. "But I was beginning to have my doubts."

"You mean you've been expecting me?"

"I knew you'd come if you really cared. But when we sailed I—I thought you hadn't."

I held her hands and looked into her eyes. I knew I had done the right thing, and I knew that Catherine knew I had too.

I called the bar steward. "Two champagne cocktails," I said. Catherine didn't take her eyes from mine.

"Catherine," I said, "your eyes make me think of those lights we used to watch from Sunset Boulevard."

"Silly."

"I'll never forget those lights," I said.

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Appointment with Death

Continued from page 18

independence and manliness once more."

Poirot paused, then repeated gently: "If your mother-in-law were to die . . ."

Nadine's eyes were still fixed on him. In an unmoved gentle voice she said:

"You are suggesting that I helped to bring that event about, are you not? But you cannot do so, M. Poirot. After I had broken the news of my impending departure to Mrs. Boynton, I went straight to the marquee and joined Lennox. I did not leave it again until my mother-in-law was found dead. Guilty of her death I may be, in the sense that I gave her a shock—that of course presupposes a natural death. But if, as you say (though so far you have no direct evidence of it and cannot have until an autopsy has taken place), she was deliberately killed, then *I* had no opportunity of doing so."

POIROT said: "You did not leave the marquee again until your mother-in-law was found dead. That is what you have just said. That, Mrs. Boynton, was one of the points I found curious about this case."

"What do you mean?"

"It is here on my list. Point 9. At half past six, when dinner was ready, a servant was dispatched to announce the fact to Mrs. Boynton."

Raymond said:

"I don't understand."

Carol said:

"No more do I."

Poirot looked from one to the other of them.

"You do not, eh? 'A servant was sent' —why a *servant?* Were you not, all of you, most assiduous in your attendance on the old lady as a general rule? Did not one or other of you always escort her to meals? She was infirm. It was difficult for her to rise from a chair without assistance. Always one or other of you was at her elbow. I suggest, then, that on dinner being announced, the natural thing would have been for one or other of her family to go out and help her. But not one of you offered to do so. You all sat there, paralyzed, watching one another, wondering, perhaps, why no one went."

"All this is absurd, M. Poirot!" Nadine said sharply. "We were all tired that evening. We ought to have gone, I admit, but—on that evening—we just didn't!"

"Precisely—precisely—*on that particular evening!* You, Madame, did perhaps more waiting on her than anyone else. It was one of the duties that you accepted mechanically. But that evening you did not offer to go out to help her in. Why? That is what I asked myself—why? And I tell you my answer. *Because you knew quite well that she was dead. . . .*

"No, no, do not interrupt me, Madame." He raised an impassioned hand. "You will now listen to me—Hercule Poirot! There were witnesses to your conversation with your mother-in-law. Witnesses who could *see* but could not *hear!* Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce were a long distance away. They saw you *apparently* having a conversation with your mother-in-law but what actual evidence is there of what occurred? I will propound to you instead a little theory. You have brains, Madame. If in your quiet, unhurried fashion you have decided on—shall we say the *elimination* of your husband's mother?—you will carry it out with intelligence and with due preparation. You have access to Dr. Gerard's tent during his absence on the morning excursion. You are fairly sure that you will find a suitable drug. Your nursing training helps you there. You choose digitoxin—the same kind of drug that the old lady is taking—you also take his hypodermic syringe since, to your annoyance, your own has disappeared. You hope to replace the latter before the doctor notices its absence.

"Before proceeding to carry out your plan, you make one last attempt to stir your husband into action. You tell him of your intention to marry Jefferson Cope. Though your husband is terribly upset, he does not react as you had hoped, so you are forced to put your plan of murder into action. You return to the camp, exchanging a pleasant natural word with Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce as you pass. You go up to where your mother-in-law is sitting. You have the syringe with the drug in it ready. It is easy to seize her wrist and—proficient as you are with your nurse's training—force home the plunger. It is done before your mother-in-law realizes what you are doing.

"In only one thing have your plans gone astray. You cannot return the syringe to Dr. Gerard's tent because the doctor is in there shivering with malaria—and, although you do not know it, he has *already missed the syringe.* That, Madame, was the flaw in an otherwise perfect crime."

There was silence—a moment's dead silence—then Lennox Boynton sprang to his feet.

"No," he shouted. "That's a damned lie. Nadine did nothing. She couldn't have done anything. My mother—my mother was already dead."

"Ah?" Poirot's eyes came gently round to him. "So, after all, it was *you* who killed her, M. Boynton."

AGAIN a moment's pause—then Lennox dropped back into his chair and raised trembling hands to his face.

"Yes—that's right—I killed her."

"You took the digitoxin from Dr. Gerard's tent?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"As—as—you said—in the morning."

"And the syringe?"

"The syringe? Yes."

"Why did you kill her?"

"Can you ask?"

"I *am* asking, M. Boynton!"

"But you *know*—my wife was leaving me—with Cope—"

"Yes, but you only learned that in the *afternoon.*"

Lennox stared at him.

"Of course. When we were out—"

"But you took the poison and the syringe in the *morning—before* you knew? I advise you, M. Lennox Boynton, to tell me the truth."

Lennox stared at him.

Nadine suddenly turned abruptly in her chair and gazed into her husband's face.

"That is what I said—the truth."

"By God, I will," said Lennox suddenly. "But I don't know whether you will believe me." He drew a deep breath. "That afternoon, when I left Nadine, I was absolutely all to pieces. I'd never dreamed she'd go from me to someone else. I was—I was nearly mad! I felt as though I were drunk or recovering from a bad illness."

Poirot nodded. He said: "I noted Lady Westholme's description of your gait when you passed her. That is why I knew your wife was not speaking the truth when she said she told you *after* you were both back at the camp. Continue, M. Boynton."

"I hardly knew what I was doing. . . .

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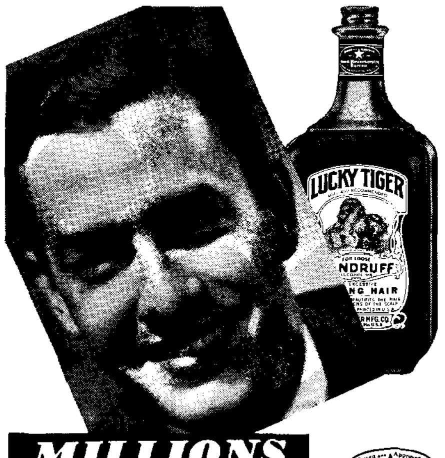

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But as I got near, my brain seemed to clear. It flashed over me that I had only myself to blame! I'd been a miserable worm! I ought to have defied my stepmother and cleared out years ago. And it came to me that it mightn't be too late even now. There she was, the old devil, sitting up like an obscene idol against the red cliffs. I went right up to have it out with her. I meant to tell her just what I thought and to announce that I was clearing out. I *had* a wild idea might get away at once that evening—clear out with Nadine and get as far as Ma'an anyway that night."

"Oh, Lennox—my dear—"

It was a long soft sigh.

"And then, my God—you could have struck me down with a touch! She was dead. Sitting there—dead. . . . I—I didn't know what to do—I was dumb—dazed—everything I was going to shout out at her bottled up inside me—turning to lead—I can't explain. . . . Stone—that's what it felt like—being turned to stone. I did something mechanically—I picked up her wrist watch, it was lying in her lap and put it round her wrist—her horrid limp dead wrist. . . ."

He shuddered.

"God—it was awful. . . . Then I stumbled down, went into the marquee. I ought to have called someone, I suppose—but I couldn't. I just sat there, turning the pages—waiting. . . ."

He stopped.

"You won't believe that—you can't. Why didn't I call someone? Tell Nadine? I don't know."

DR. GERARD cleared his throat.

"Your statement is perfectly plausible, M. Boynton," he said. "You were in a bad nervous condition. Two severe shocks administered in rapid succession would be quite enough to put you in the condition you have described. It is the Weissenhalter reaction—best exemplified in the case of a bird that has dashed its head against a window. Even after its recovery it refrains instinctively from all action—giving itself time to readjust the nerve centers—I do not express myself well in English, but what I mean is this: *You could not have acted any other way.* Any decisive action of any kind would have been quite impossible for you! You passed through a period of mental paralysis."

He turned to Poirot.

"I assure you, my friend, that is so!"

"Oh, I do not doubt it," said Poirot. "There was a little fact I had already noted—the fact that M. Boynton had replaced his mother's wrist watch—that was capable of two explanations—it might have been a cover for the actual deed, or it might have been observed and misinterpreted by Mrs. Boynton. She returned only five minutes after her husband. She must therefore have seen that action. When she got up to her mother-in-law and found her dead with a mark of a hypodermic syringe on her wrist she would naturally jump to the conclusion that her husband had committed the deed—that her announcement of her decision to leave him had produced a reaction in him different from that for which she had hoped. Briefly, Nadine Boynton believed that she had inspired her husband to commit murder."

He looked at Nadine.

"That is so, Madame?"

She bowed her head.

Then she asked, "Did you *really* suspect me, M. Poirot?"

"I thought you were a possibility, Madame."

"And how? *What really happened, M. Poirot?*"

"What really happened?" Poirot repeated.

He reached behind him, drew forward a chair and sat down. His manner was now friendly and informal.

"It is a question, is it not? For the digitoxin *was* taken—the syringe *was* missing—there *was* the mark of a hypodermic on Mrs. Boynton's wrist.

"It is true that in a few days' time we shall know definitely—the autopsy will tell us—whether Mrs. Boynton died of an overdose of digitalis or not. But then it may be too late! It would be better to reach the truth tonight—while the murderer is here under our hand."

NADINE raised her head sharply.

"You mean that you still believe—that one of us—here in this room—" Her voice died away.

Poirot was slowly nodding to himself.

"The truth, that is what I promised Colonel Carbury. And so, having cleared our path, we are back again where I was earlier in the day, writing down a list of printed facts and being faced straightaway with two glaring inconsistencies."

Colonel Carbury spoke for the first time.

"Suppose, now, we hear what they are?" he suggested.

Poirot said with dignity:

"I am about to tell you. We will take once more those first two facts on my list. *Mrs. Boynton was taking a mixture of digitalis* and *Dr. Gerard missed a hypodermic syringe.* Take those facts and set them against the undeniable fact (with which I was immediately confronted) that the Boynton family showed unmistakably guilty reactions. It would seem therefore certain that one of the Boynton family *must* have committed the crime! And yet those two facts I mentioned were all *against* that theory. For, see you, to take a concentrated solution of digitalis—that, yes, it is a *clever idea,* because Mrs. Boynton was already taking the drug. But what would a member of her family do then? *Ah ma foi!* there was only one sensible thing to do. Put the poison *into her bottle of medicine!* That is what anyone, anyone with a grain of sense *and who had access to the medicine* would certainly do!

"Sooner or later Mrs. Boynton takes a dose and dies—and even if the digitalin is discovered in the bottle it may be set down as a mistake of the chemist who made it up. Certainly nothing can be *proved!*

"Why, then, *the theft of the hypodermic needle?*"

"There can be only two explanations of that—either Dr. Gerard overlooked the syringe and it was never stolen, or else the syringe was taken because the murderer had *not* got access to the medicine—that is to say, the murderer was *not* a member of the Boynton family. Those two first facts point overwhelmingly to an *outsider* as having committed the crime!

"I saw that—but I was puzzled, as I say, by the strong evidences of guilt displayed by the Boynton family. Was it possible that, *in spite of that consciousness of guilt,* the Boynton family were *innocent?* I set out to prove—not the guilt—but the *innocence* of those people!

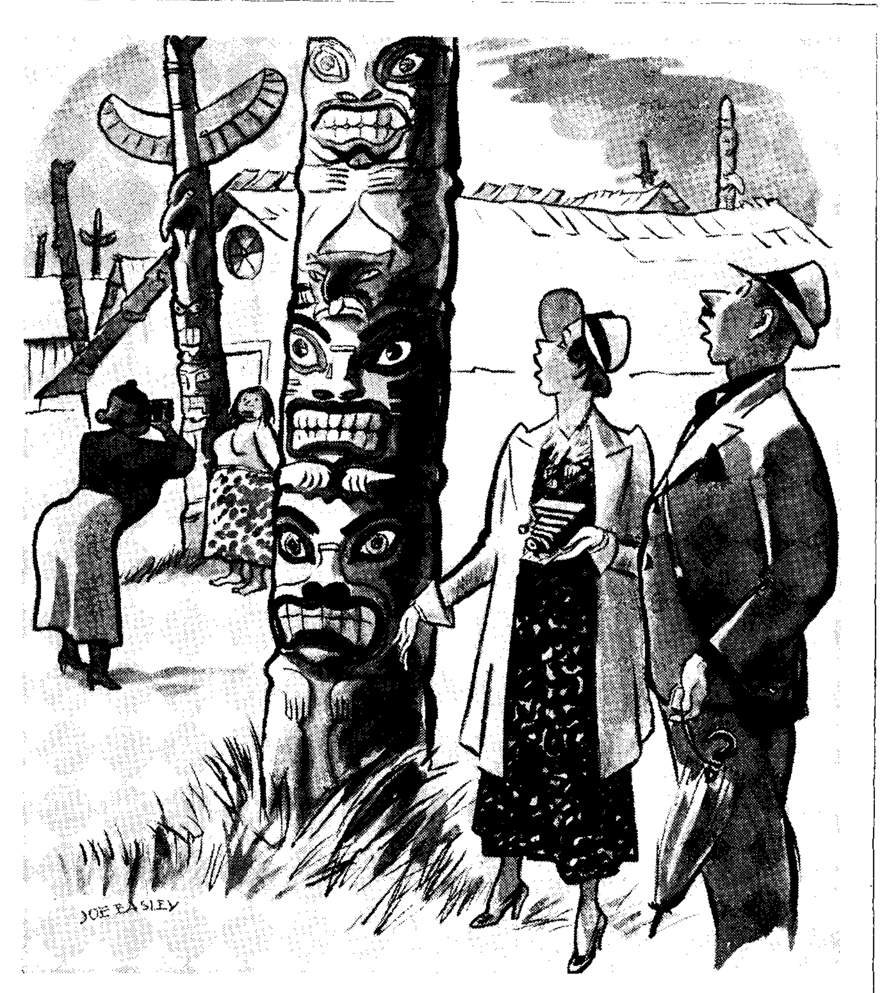
"That is where we stand now. The murder was committed by an outsider—that is, *by someone who was not sufficiently intimate with Mrs. Boynton to enter her tent or to handle her medicine bottle.*"

He paused.

"There are three people in this room who are, technically, outsiders, but who have a definite connection with the case.

"Mr. Cope, whom we will consider first, has been closely associated with the Boynton family for some time. Can we discover motive and opportunity on his part? It seems not. Mrs. Boynton's death has affected him adversely, since it has brought about the frustration of certain hopes. Unless Mr. Cope's motive was an almost fanatical desire to benefit others, we can find no reason for his desiring Mrs. Boynton's death. (Unless, of course, there is a motive about which we are entirely in the dark. We do not know exactly what Mr. Cope's dealings with the Boynton family have been.)"

Mr. Cope said with dignity:



"That reminds me—we forgot to give Junior his castor oil this morning"

JOSEPH EASLEY

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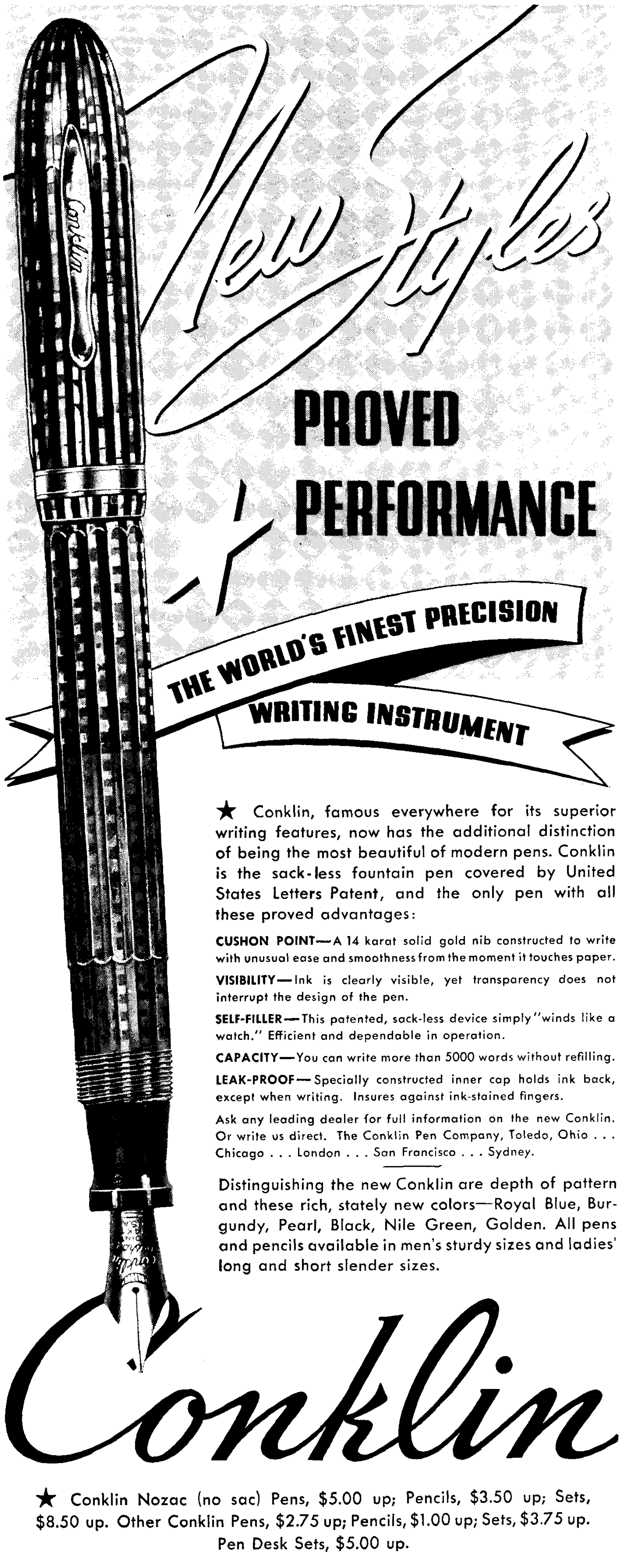
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"This seems to me a little farfetched, M. Poirot. You must remember I had absolutely no opportunity for committing this deed, and in any case I hold very strong views as to the sanctity of human life."

"Your position certainly seems impeccable," said Poirot with gravity. "In a work of fiction you would be strongly suspected on that account."

He turned a little in his chair.

"We now come to Miss King. Miss King had a certain amount of motive and she had the necessary medical knowledge and is a person of character and determination, but since she left the camp before 3:30 with the others and did not return to it until 6 o'clock, it seems difficult to see where she could have got her opportunity.

"Next we must consider Dr. Gerard. Now here we must take into account the actual time that the murder was committed. According to M. Lennox Boynton's last statement, his mother was dead at 4:35. According to Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce she was alive at 4:15 when they started on their walk. That leaves *exactly twenty minutes* unaccounted for. Now as these two ladies walked *away* from the camp, Dr. Gerard passed them going *to* it. There is no one to say *what Dr. Gerard's movements were when he reached the camp* because the two ladies' *backs* were toward it. They were walking away from it.

"*Therefore it is perfectly possible for Dr. Gerard to have committed the crime.* Being a doctor, he could easily counterfeit the appearance of malaria. There is, I should say, a possible motive. Dr. Gerard might have wished to save a certain person whose reason (perhaps more vital a loss than loss of life) was in danger and he may have considered the sacrifice of an old and worn-out life worth it!"

"Your ideas," said Dr. Gerard, "are fantastic!"

He smiled amiably.

WITHOUT taking any notice, Poirot went on:

"But if so, *why did Gerard call attention to the possibility of foul play?* It is quite certain that, but for his statement to Colonel Carbury, Mrs. Boynton's death would have been put down to natural causes. It was *Dr. Gerard* who first pointed out the possibility of murder. That, my friends," said Poirot, "does not make common sense!"

"Doesn't seem to," said Colonel Carbury gruffly.

He looked curiously at Poirot.

"There is one more possibility," said Poirot. "Mrs. Lennox Boynton just now denied strongly the possibility of her young sister-in-law's being guilty. The force of her objection lay in the fact that she knew her mother-in-law to be dead at the time. But remember this: Ginevra Boynton was at the camp all the afternoon. And there was a moment—a moment when Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce were walking away from the camp and before Dr. Gerard had returned to it. . . ."

Ginevra stirred. She leaned forward, staring into Poirot's face with a strange, innocent puzzled stare.

"*I* did it? You think I did it?"

Then suddenly, with a movement of swift and incomparable beauty, she was up from her chair and had flung herself across the room and down on her knees beside Dr. Gerard, clinging to him and gazing up passionately into his face.

"No, no, don't let them say it! They're making the walls close round me again! It's not true! I never did anything! They are my enemies—they want to put me in prison—to shut me up. You *must* help me! *You* must help me!"

"There, there, my child." Gently the doctor patted her head. Then he addressed Poirot:

"What you say is nonsense—it's absurd."

"Delusions of persecution?" murmured Poirot.

"Yes—but she could never have done it that way. She would have done it, you must perceive, *dramatically*—a dagger—something flamboyant—spectacular—never this cool, calm logic! I tell you, my friends, it is so. This was a reasoned crime—a sane crime."

Poirot smiled. Unexpectedly he bowed.

"I agree with you completely," he said smoothly.

"COME," said Hercule Poirot. "We have still a little way to go! Dr. Gerard has invoked the psychology. So let us now examine the psychological side of the case. We have taken the *facts*, we have established a *chronological sequence of events*, we have heard the *evidence*. There remains—the psychology. And the most important psychological evidence concerns the dead woman—it is the psychology of Mrs. Boynton herself that is the most important thing in this case.

"Take from my list of specified facts points 3 and 4. *Mrs. Boynton took definite pleasure in keeping her family from enjoying themselves with other people. Mrs. Boynton, on the afternoon in question, encouraged her family to go away and leave her.*

"These two facts, they contradict each other flatly! Why, on this particular afternoon, should Mrs. Boynton suddenly display a complete reversal of her usual policy? Was it that she felt a sudden warmth of the heart—an instinct of benevolence? That, it seems to me from all I have heard, was extremely unlikely! Yet there must have been a *reason*. What was that reason?

"Let us examine closely the character of Mrs. Boynton. There have been many different accounts of her. She was a tyrannical old martinet—she was a mental sadist—she was an incarnation of evil—she was crazy. Which of these views is the true one?

"I think myself that Sarah King came nearest to the truth when in a flash of inspiration in Jerusalem she saw the old lady as intensely pathetic. But not only pathetic—*futile!*

"Let us, if we can, think ourselves into the mental condition of Mrs. Boynton. A human creature born with immense ambition, with a yearning to dominate and to impress her personality on other people. She neither sublimated that intense craving for power nor did she seek to master it—no, *mesdames and messieurs—she fed it!* But in the end—listen well to this—in the *end* what did it amount to? She was not a great power! She was not feared and hated over a wide area! *She was the petty tyrant of one isolated family!* And as Dr. Gerard said to me—she became bored like any other old lady with her hobby and she sought to extend her activities and to amuse herself by making her dominance more precarious! But that led to an entirely different aspect of the case! By coming abroad, she realized for the first time how extremely insignificant she was!

"And now we come directly to point No. 10—the words spoken to Sarah King in Jerusalem. Sarah King, you see, had put her finger on the truth. She had revealed fully and uncompromisingly the pitiful futility of Mrs. Boynton's scheme of existence! And now listen very carefully—all of you—to what her exact words to Miss King were. Miss King has said that Mrs. Boynton spoke 'so *malevolently—not even looking at me.*' And this is what she actually said: 'I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face.'

"Those words made a great impression on Miss King. Their extraordinary intensity and the loud, hoarse tone in which they were uttered! So strong was the impression that they left on her mind that I think she quite failed to realize their extraordinary significance!

"Do you see that significance, any of you?" He waited a minute. "It seems not. . . . But, *mes amis,* does it escape you that those words *were not a reasonable answer at all* to what Miss King had just been saying. *'I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face.'* It does not make *sense!* If she had said: 'I never forget impertinence' —something of that kind—but no—*a face* is what she said. . . .

"Ah!" cried Poirot, beating his hands together. "But it leaps to the eye! Those words, ostensibly spoken to Miss King *were not meant for Miss King at all!* They were addressed to *someone else* standing *behind* Miss King."

HE PAUSED, noting their expressions. "Yes, it leaps to the eye! That was, I tell you, a psychological moment in Mrs. Boynton's life! She has been *exposed to herself* by an intelligent young woman! She was full of baffled fury—and at that moment she *recognized* someone—a *face* from the past—a victim delivered bound into her hands!

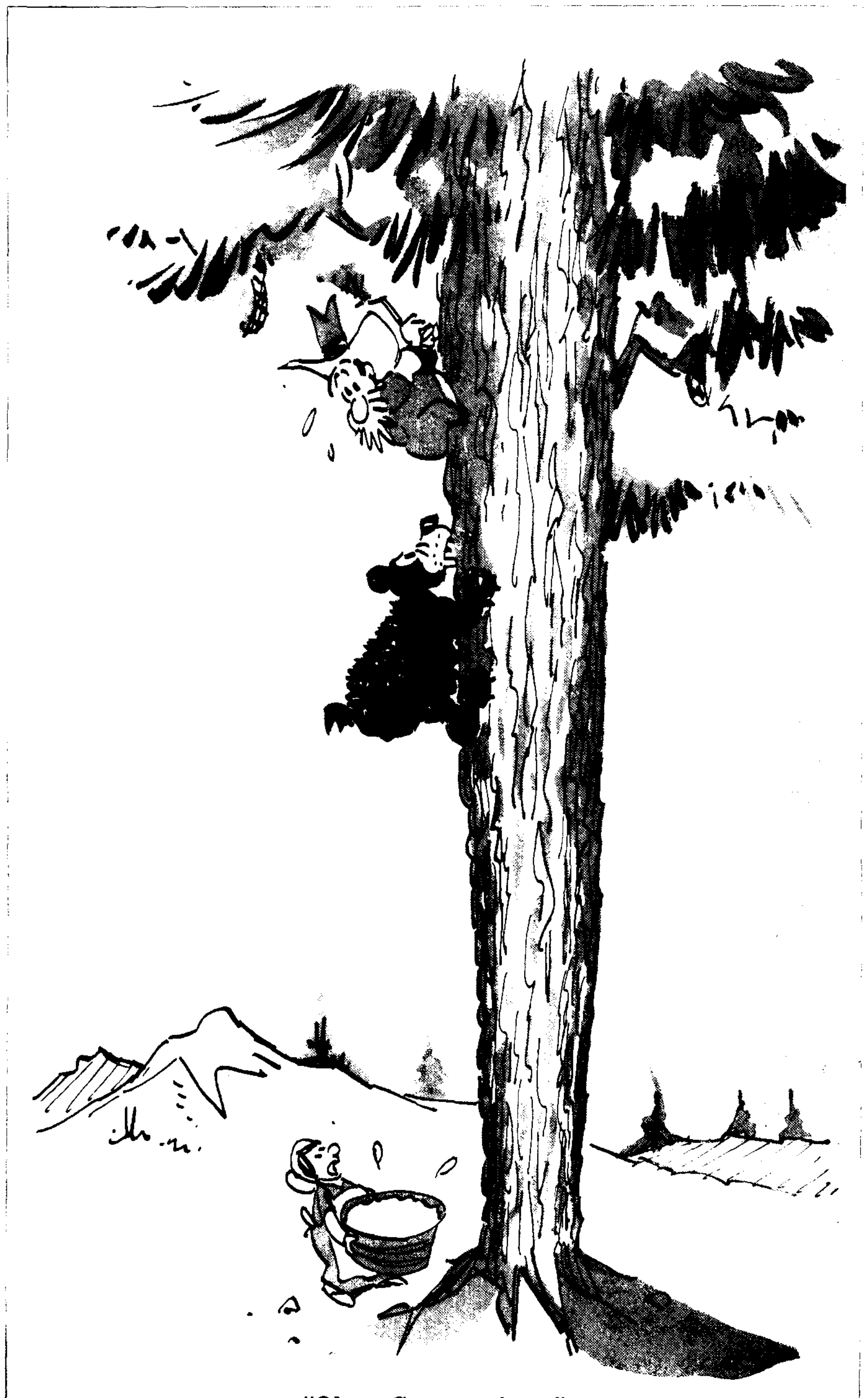
"We are back, you see, at the *outsider!* And *now* the meaning of Mrs. Boynton's expected amiability on the afternoon of her death is clear. *She wanted to get rid of her family because*—to use a vulgarity—*she had other fish to fry!* She wanted the field left clear for an interview with a new victim. . . .

"Now, from that new standpoint, let us consider the events of the afternoon! The Boynton family go off. Mrs. Boynton sits up by her cave. Now let us consider very carefully the evidence of Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce. The latter is an unreliable witness, she is unobservant and very suggestible. Lady Westholme, on the other hand, is perfectly clear as to her facts and meticulously observant. Both ladies agree on *one* fact! *An Arab, one of the servants, approaches Mrs. Boynton, angers her in some way and retires hastily.* Lady Westholme states definitely that the servant had first been into the tent occupied by Ginevra Boynton but you may remember that *Dr. Gerard*'s tent was next door to Ginevra's. It is possible that it was *Dr. Gerard's* tent the Arab entered. . . ."

Colonel Carbury said:

"D'you mean to tell me that one of those Bedouin fellows of mine murdered an old lady by sticking her with a hypodermic? Fantastic!"

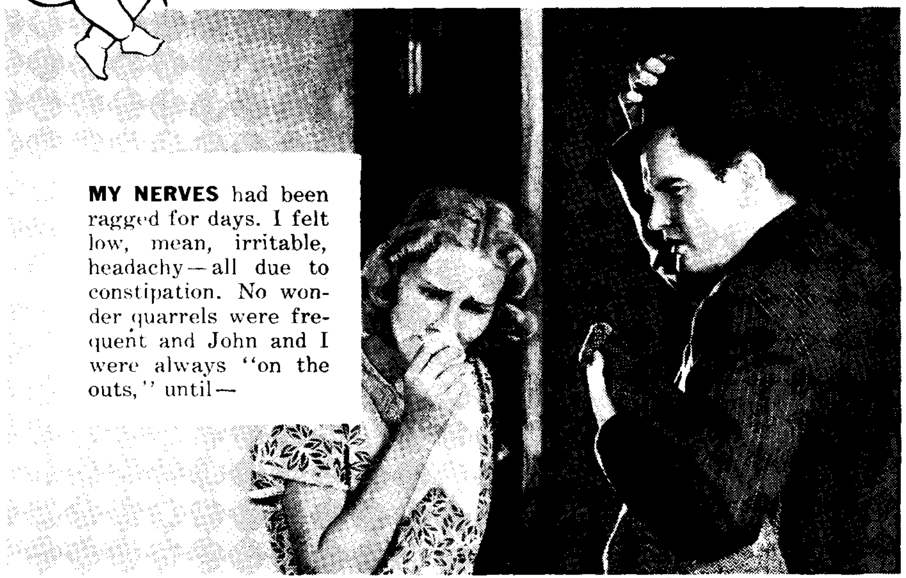
"Wait. Colonel Carbury, I have not yet finished. Let us agree that the Arab



"Okay, Grampa—jump"

REAMER KELLER

ANOTHER QUARREL AND IT WAS ALL MY FAULT!



MY NERVES had been ragged for days. I felt low, mean, irritable, headachy—all due to constipation. No wonder quarrels were frequent and John and I were always "on the outs," until—

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might have come from Dr. Gerard's tent and not Ginevra Boynton's. What is the next thing? Both ladies agree that they could not see his face clearly enough to identify him and that they did not hear what was said. That is understandable. The distance between the marquee and the ledge was about two hundred yards. Lady Westholme gave a clear description of the man otherwise, describing in detail his ragged breeches and the untidiness with which his puttees were rolled."

Poirot leaned forward.

"And that, my friends, *was very odd indeed!* Because, if she *could not see his face* or hear what was said, *she could not possibly have noticed the state of his breeches and puttees!* Not at two hundred yards!

"It was an error, that, you see! It suggested a curious idea to me. *Why* insist so on the ragged breeches and untidy puttees. Could it be because the breeches were *not* torn and the *puttees were nonexistent?* Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce both saw the man—but from where they were sitting *they could not see each other.* That is shown by the fact that Lady Westholme *came to see* if Miss Pierce was awake and found her sitting in the entrance of her tent."

"GOOD Lord," said Colonel Carbury, suddenly sitting up very straight. "Are you suggesting—"

"I am suggesting that having ascertained just what Miss Pierce (the only witness likely to be awake) was doing, Lady Westholme returned to her tent, put on her riding breeches, boots and khaki-colored coat, made herself an Arab headdress with her checked duster and a skein of knitting wool and that, thus attired, she went boldly up to Dr. Gerard's tent, looked in his medicine chest, selected a suitable drug, took the hypodermic, filled it and went boldly up to her victim.

"Mrs. Boynton may have been dozing. Lady Westholme was quick. She caught her by the wrist and injected the stuff. Mrs. Boynton half cried out—tried to rise—then sank back. The 'Arab' hurried away with every evidence of being ashamed and abashed. Mrs. Boynton shook her stick, tried to rise, then fell back into her chair.

"Five minutes later Lady Westholme rejoins Miss Pierce and comments on the scene she has just witnessed, *impressing her own version of it on the other.* Then they go for a walk, pausing below the ledge where Lady Westholme shouts up *to the old lady. She receives no answer,* Mrs. Boynton is dead—but she remarks to Miss Pierce, *'Very rude just to snort at us like that!'* Miss Pierce accepts the suggestion—she has often heard Mrs. Boynton receive a remark with a snort—she will swear quite sincerely if necessary that she actually *heard* it.

"Lady Westholme has sat on committees often enough with women of Miss Pierce's type to know exactly how her own eminence and masterful personality can influence them. The only point where her plan went astray was the replacing of the syringe. Dr. Gerard's returning so soon upset her scheme. She hoped he might not have noticed its absence, or might think he had overlooked it, and she put it back during the night."

He stopped.

"But *why?*" Sarah asked. "Why should Lady Westholme want to kill old Mrs. Boynton?"

"Did you not tell me that Lady Westholme had been quite near you in Jerusalem when you spoke to Mrs. Boynton? It was to Lady Westholme that Mrs. Boynton's words were addressed: *'I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face.'* Put that with the fact that Mrs. Boynton *had been a wardress in a prison* and you can get a very shrewd idea of the truth. Lord Westholme met his wife on a voyage back from *America.* Lady Westholme *before her marriage had been a criminal* and had served a prison sentence.

"You see the terrible dilemma she was in? Her career, her ambitions, her social position—all at stake! What the crime was for which she served a sentence in prison we do not yet know (though we soon shall), but it must have been one that would effectually blast her political career if it was made public. And remember this, *Mrs. Boynton was not an ordinary blackmailer.* She did not want money. She wanted the pleasure of torturing her victim for a while and then she would have enjoyed revealing the truth in the most spectacular fashion! No, while Mrs. Boynton lived, Lady Westholme was not safe. She obeyed Mrs. Boynton's instructions to meet her at Petra (I thought it strange all along that a woman with such a sense of her own importance as Lady Westholme should have preferred to travel as a mere tourist), but in her own mind she was doubtless considering ways and means of murder. She saw her chance and carried it out boldly.

"She made only two slips. One was to say a little too much—the description of the torn breeches—which first drew my attention to her, and the other was when she mistook Dr. Gerard's tent and looked first into the one where Ginevra was lying half asleep. Hence the girl's story—half make-believe, half true—of a sheik in disguise. She put it the wrong way round, obeying her instinct to distort the truth by making it more dramatic, but the indication was quite significant enough for me."

He paused.

"But we shall soon know. I obtained Lady Westholme's fingerprints today without her being aware of the fact. If these are sent to the prison where Mrs. Boynton was once a wardress, we shall soon know the truth when they are compared with the files."

He stopped. In the momentary stillness a sharp sound was heard.

"What's that?" asked Dr. Gerard.

"Sounded like a shot to me," said Colonel Carbury, rising to his feet quickly. "In the next room. Who's got that room, by the way?"

Poirot murmured:

"I have a little idea—it is the room of Lady Westholme. . . ."

Extract from the Evening Shout:

"*We regret to announce the death of Lady Westholme, M. P., the result of a tragic accident. Lady Westholme, who was fond of traveling in out-of-the-way countries, always took a small revolver with her. She was cleaning this when it went off accidentally and killed her. Death was instantaneous. The deepest sympathy will be felt for Lord Westholme, etc., etc.*"

ON a warm June evening five years later Sarah Boynton and her husband sat in the stalls of a London theater. The play was Hamlet. Sarah gripped Raymond's arm as Ophelia's words came floating over the footlights:

"How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon. . . ."

"He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf;
At his heels a stone.
Oh! Oh!"

A lump rose in Sarah's throat. That exquisite, witless beauty, that lovely, unearthly smile of one gone beyond trouble and grief to a region where only a floating mirage was truth. . . .

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Sarah said to herself: "She's lovely—lovely. . . ."

That haunting lilting voice, always beautiful in tone, but now disciplined and modulated to be the perfect instrument.

Sarah said with decision as the curtain fell at the end of the act:

"Jinny's a great actress—a great—great actress!"

Later, they sat round a supper table at the Savoy. Ginevra, smiling, remote, turned to the bearded man by her side.

"I was good, wasn't I, Theodore?"

"You were wonderful, *chérie*."

A happy smile floated on her lips.

She murmured:

"*You* always believed in me—you always knew I could do great things—sway multitudes. . . ."

At a table not far away, the Hamlet of the evening was saying gloomily:

"Her mannerism! Of course people like it just *at first*—but what I say is, it's not *Shakespeare*. Did you see how she ruined my exit?"

Nadine, sitting opposite Ginevra, said:

"How exciting it is, to be here in London with Jinny acting Ophelia and being so famous!"

Ginevra said softly:

"It was nice of you to come over."

"A regular family party," said Nadine, smiling as she looked round. Then she said to Lennox: "I think the children might go to the matinee, don't you? They're quite old enough, and they *do* so want to see Aunt Jinny on the stage!"

LENNOX, a sane, happy-looking Lennox with humorous eyes, lifted his glass.

"To the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Cope."

Jefferson Cope and Carol acknowledged the toast.

"The unfaithful swain!" said Carol, laughing. "Jeff, you'd better drink to your first love, as she's sitting right opposite you."

Raymond said gaily:

"Jeff's blushing. He doesn't like being reminded of the old days."

His face clouded suddenly.

Sarah touched his hand with hers, and the cloud lifted. He looked at her and grinned. "Seems just like a bad dream."

A dapper figure stopped by their table. Hercule Poirot, faultlessly and beautifully appareled, his mustaches proudly twisted, bowed regally.

"Mademoiselle," he said to Ginevra, "My congratulations. You were superb!"

They greeted him affectionately, made a place for him beside Sarah.

He beamed round on them all and when they were all talking he leaned a little sideways and said softly to Sarah:

"*Eh bien*, it seems that all marches well now with *la famille Boynton?*"

"Thanks to *you!*" said Sarah.

"He becomes very eminent, your husband. I read today an excellent review of his last book."

"It's really rather good—although I say it! Did you know that Carol and Jefferson Cope had made a match of it at last. And Lennox and Nadine have got two of the nicest children—cute, Raymond calls them. As for Jinny—well, I rather think Jinny's a genius."

SHE looked across the table at the lovely face and the red-gold crown of hair, and then she gave a tiny start.

For a moment her face was grave. She raised her glass slowly to her lips.

"You drink a toast, Madame?" asked Poirot.

Sarah said slowly:

"I thought—suddenly—of *her*. Looking at Jinny, I saw—for the first time—the likeness. The same thing—only Jinny is in light—where *she* was in darkness. . . ."

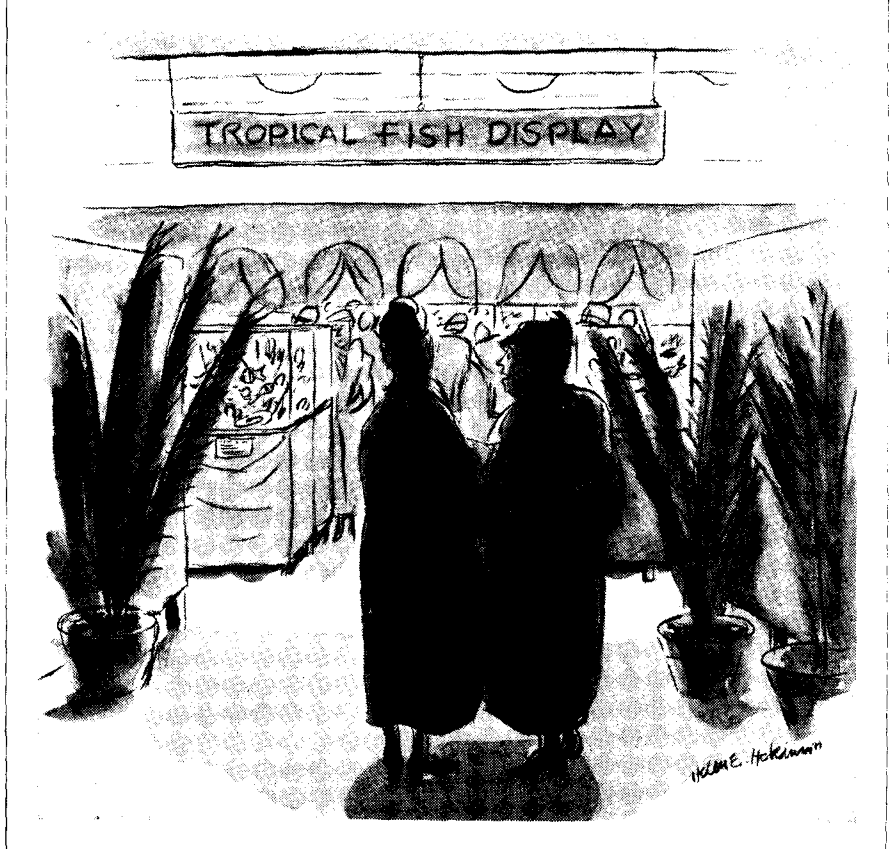
And from opposite, Ginevra said unexpectedly:

"Poor Mother. . . . She was *queer*. . . . Now—that we're all so happy—I feel kind of sorry for her. She didn't get what she wanted out of life. It must have been tough for her."

Almost without a pause, her voice quivered softly into the lines from Cymbeline while the others listened spellbound to the music of them:

"*Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy
wages. . . ."

THE END



"I like the kind of fish you can neglect" HELEN HOKINSON

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It was some years before stoves were installed in town meeting halls. Women used to take hot potatoes to serve as hand-warmers, and men brought dogs as foot-warmers for which there was a charge of sixpence per dog.

Shoemakers Become "Cordwainers"
In the great parade in honor of President Washington's visit to Boston, the various trades, each with its trade banner, marched in alphabetical order — bakers, boat-builders, clock-makers, etc. The shoemakers jumped from tail position near to the head simply by using the ancient name for their craft — "cordwainers."

Just 100 Years Ago
Stage drivers in Old Boston also did shopping for the women along their stagecoach routes. One old driver's specialty was bonnets. He boasted that in years of bonnet buying he'd never bought two alike, which made him popular, as all women can understand.

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307 YEARS HAVE CHANGED MANY THINGS IN OLD BOSTON BUT NOT THE OLD-TIME VIRTUES OF HONEST CRAFTSMANSHIP. NO CABINETMAKER OR SILVERSMITH OF OLD BOSTON WAS EVER MORE PROUD OF HIS CRAFT THAN THE EXPERTS WHO GUARD THE QUALITY OF OLD MR. BOSTON STRAIGHT WHISKEY . . . BUY A BOTTLE TONIGHT.

Old MR. BOSTON BRAND
100 PROOF STRAIGHT WHISKEY
RYE OR BOURBON
TWO YEARS OLD

Ben Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Autumn Music

Continued from page 15

scratched boots planted wide apart, her head tilted as she listened to the distant music of the chase. He would smile and nod to himself slowly. . . .

He watched her proudly now as she crossed the lawn toward the kennels, her eyes bright with excitement. "Uncle Len . . ." She paused uncertainly in the doorway of the kennel kitchen, one protecting hand against the fresh cluster of tight blond curls at the nape of her neck, the other holding her white skirt away from the rusted screen. "I thought I heard a car."

Len Dotey frowned intently at an old copy of Hounds and Hunting. "Now, Ginny," he said soberly, without looking up, "Vance won't get here any quicker, you running out here every other minute to see."

"I only wondered if anything had happened." A sudden dab of color formed in the center of each cheek. "It's such a long drive from New York . . ."

LEN stole a brief glance at her, framed like a family portrait in the oblong of the door, and his eyes wrinkled at the corners. "I reckon," he murmured idly, flipping the pages of the magazine, "he'll figure it was worth the trip."

Her color deepened, and she hurried across the kennel yard, picking her way a little gingerly on unaccustomed high heels. Buck Reeves was rinsing out dog tins at the pump, his dungarees tucked carelessly into flaring leather boot tops, his sleeves rolled up onto his stocky forearms. He smiled as she approached. "Buck!"

"Hi . . ." and then his smile faded abruptly. For the first time, he noticed the trim white sandals that had replaced her familiar brier-scratched boots, the soft white gown she was wearing today instead of her usual rough field clothes, the careful curls, the high color in her cheeks. His lower lip thrust out, and he looked down again in silence.

"You see," she began, "Mr. Vance Council should be here directly."

"Yeah, I heard," said Buck, scrubbing intently at the bottom of a tin.

"We want to make sure everything's nice." She could not conceal the gallop of excitement in her voice. "He'll want a place for Climax to sleep. I thought if we fixed up that end stall with some fresh cedar shavings—"

"How about a red carpet in front," Buck muttered, "and some flowers in the window?"

Ginny's lips parted to reply, then tightened instead. Buck gouged at the tin with a broad thumbnail, the muscles climbing his tanned forearms. "I'll leave it to you, Buck," she said at last, evenly, and walked back toward the house.

Buck slammed the tins together into a stack, and rose to his feet. Beyond the holly trees he heard the sudden crunch of tires on gravel, and he saw a long, sleek car round the circular driveway and brake to a spectacular halt before the white porch columns. The driver waved a gloved hand gaily as he slid from behind the wheel, and Ginny raced down the steps of the house toward him. Buck lowered his head miserably and trudged across the yard, Piper shuffling behind him. Len Dotey, shading his eyes with a thin hand, chuckled as he approached.

"Now," he whispered, "now you're gonna see a hound!"

Raleigh Climax wore his pedigree jauntily, like a top hat. He posed a trifle self-consciously on the lawn before the house, his chin tilted to display the full reach of his clean neck, his rear legs braced behind him at an exaggerated show-ring stance, his tail erect in a precise sickle-curve. The circle of white hair around his neck seemed to hold his tan head at a painful angle, like a wing collar; an opera cape of jet black extended from his withers down over his springing loins to his well-bent stifles; his dainty feet seemed to be encased in spotless white evening gloves, and the row of dark freckles down the center of his white chest were studs in an immaculate dress shirt. His eyes were half-closed and sullen, a bored man-about-town, an eligible bachelor on all the debutante call lists.

"Look at that level top-line," Len Dotey chuckled, squatting before Climax with his hands clasped across his bony shins. "Gets that from his daddy, of course." He shook his head in admiration. "Look at them clean gun-barrel legs."

Vance Council nodded absently. He was sitting on the bottom step of the porch, leaning back on one elbow, his heavy, handsome face turned upward toward Ginny on the step above. Her ankles were huddled under her skirt demurely, her eyes fixed on Vance in flattering attention. "You've changed a lot, Ginny," he said to her in a low voice, his even teeth showing behind his smile. "I didn't remember you were so—like this," he began, his shoulder brushing lightly against her knee. "It seems as though we'd never—"

"Raleigh Rioter all over again," Len interrupted, tilting forward and peering at Climax's chest. "Rioter had the same front, speckled like a turkey egg."

"That's right," said Vance, frowning slightly. He began again in an intimate voice: "I mean, all the time I've wasted up north—"

"And look at that deep chest." Len tapped Climax with a bony knuckle. "You know where he got that chest?"

"I suppose he was born with it," Vance suggested irritably.

"It come from Raleigh Rioter," Len explained. "You see, Rioter was Captor's sire; he was a cousin, or you might say three-quarters brother, to Raleigh Bell, who was an own litter sister to old Raleigh Lady. Of course, she was grandmother to Frolic's mother's great-uncle on her father's side—"

Vance was nodding impatiently: "I see. Yes. Of course." He turned once more to Ginny: "But now maybe we can make up for lost—"

"—that was Raleigh Gerard," Len continued, complacently, "whose father, old Raleigh Challenger, he was half-brother to the sister of Climax's father's sire, so you see that really makes Challenger an uncle to Rioter on both sides." He settled back on his heels. "No, sir, you can't get away from a good straight background like that."

A BOOT crunched on gravel, and they looked up as Buck Reeves rounded the corner of the house. Piper halted behind him, eying Climax dubiously, the hair bristling a little along the ridge of his backbone. "Beg pardon, Ginny," said Buck. "I got that end stall fixed the way you wanted."

"Oh, Buck—" She put a hand on Vance's shoulder. "Vance, you remember Buck Reeves?"

Vance glanced at him briefly. "Sure." He took a leather key-case from his pocket. "By the way, I think the luggage compartment of my car is still locked." He dropped the keys carelessly into Buck's outstretched hand. "Just be careful when you lift the suitcases out. There's some valuable guns and stuff."

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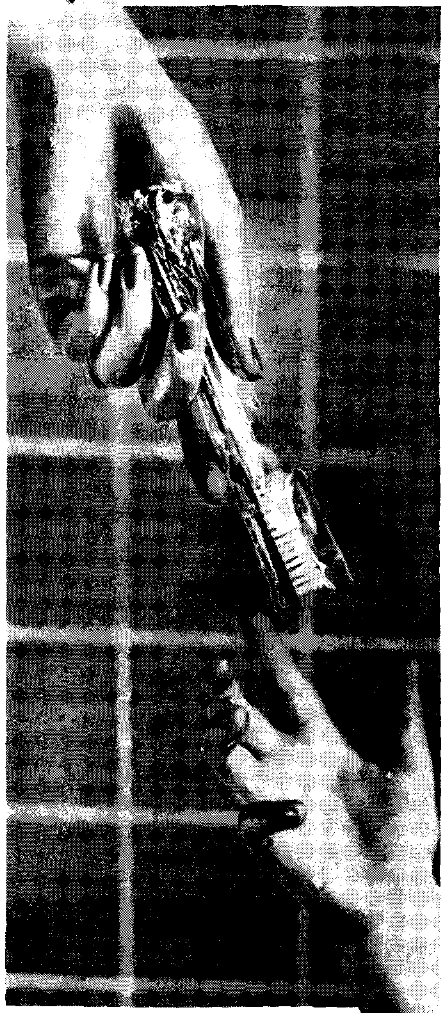

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Buck's big hand closed slowly over the key-case. He lowered his arm.

"And look at that box-head." Len Dotey leaned sideways to get a better view of Climax. "Old Raleigh Judge had a head like that. Plenty of brains, I reckon?" he asked Vance.

"Oh, I've taught him a lot," said Vance.

"Knows how to figure a rabbit, I bet," Len chuckled, with a triumphant look over his shoulder at Buck. "Pick a check on sandy ground, for instance, or work it out when the rabbit doubles back—"

"You really want to see what he can do?" said Vance, uncoiling his legs, and hoisting himself up on his elbow. "Max, come here." He snapped his fingers. "Sit up and beg!"

Climax squatted on his haunches and reared into the air, his forepaws dangling in front of him. Len Dotey's jaw dropped. He stared incredulously.

"Taught him myself," said Vance. "Now, then, get this." He snapped his fingers again. "Roll over."

LEN watched the hound complete a somersault. He rose and licked his lips. His voice was somewhat uncertain: "That's the first time I ever see a Raleigh hound do that—"

"You haven't seen half his stuff yet," said Vance. "Here's another—" He leaned forward and asked the hound in a solemn voice: "Max, what would you rather do than vote for Roosevelt?"

Climax toppled over onto his side, his feet extended, his whole body limp, his tongue lolling. Vance laughed aloud, and patted him proudly. "How's that?"

Len's eyes wandered guiltily toward Buck.

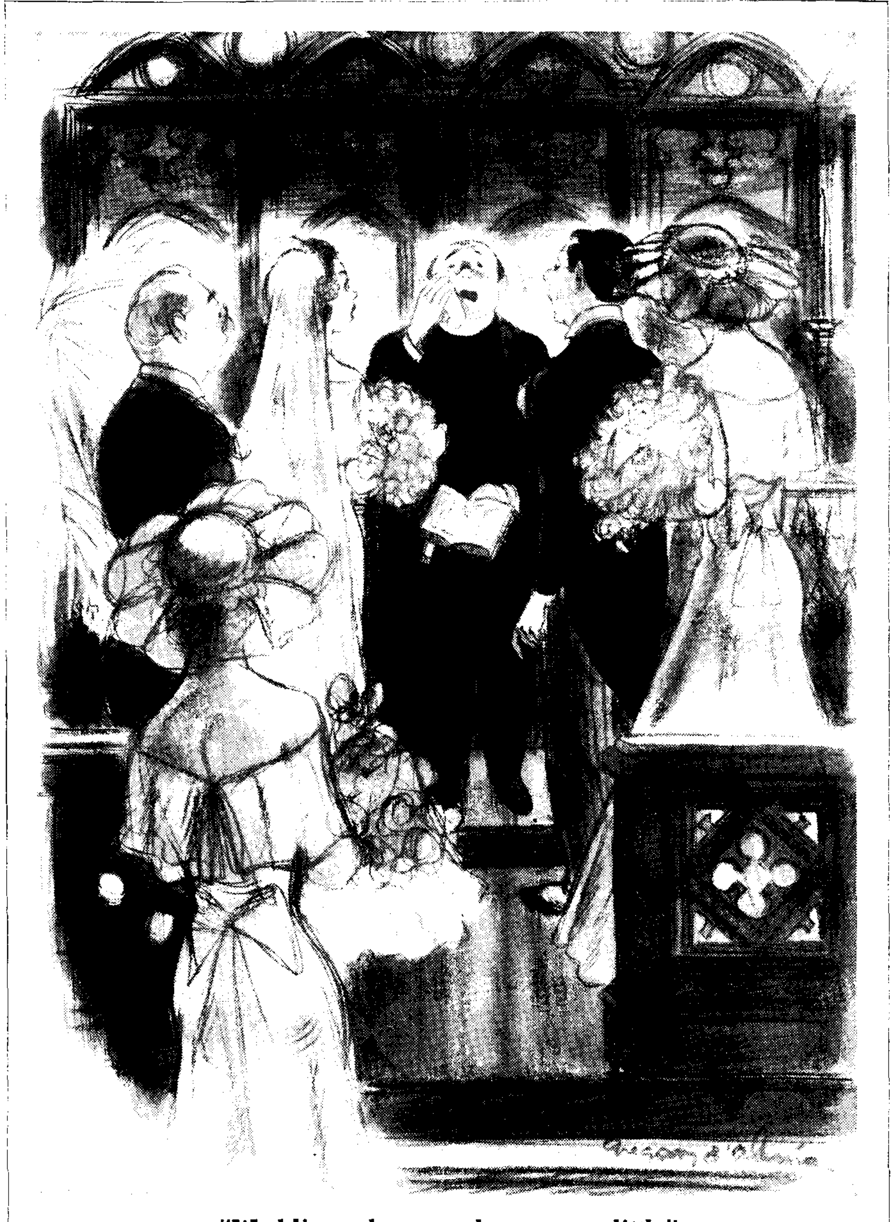
"He wouldn't have to worry about picking a check," Buck said to Len. "He could pull a rabbit right out of a hat."

"Now, if I only had a piece of candy," Vance continued, warming to his task. He felt in his coat pocket. "This will do." He broke off a piece of chocolate, balanced it accurately on Climax's nose, held up a hand for silence. "Steady, Max—"

He snapped his fingers once more. The chocolate bounded into the air, Climax caught it as it fell, gulped it down. Len had backed away a step or two, his cigarette holder dangling from his lips. He was still staring at the hound in stricken silence.

"Come on, Piper," said Buck. "You're out of your class here." There was a curious smile on his face. "You're just a rabbit dog."

It was a rather bitter smile: it pulled down the corners of his lips, and made his usually cheerful face seem thick and hard. He smiled steadily all that week, watching Ginny and Vance as they galloped together on horseback over the tan autumn hills, played tennis together, danced together in the living room with the rugs rolled back and the radio going. . . . Ginny beside Vance in his long sleek roadster, her blond hair whipping back from her forehead, her lips parted eagerly as the car whirled past Buck and disappeared down the road. Ginny in bright yellow bathing cap, cleaving the water of the swimming pond with long scythelike strokes of her tan arms, Vance kicking and churning the water behind her in powerful pursuit. Ginny strolling in the dusk, her hand on Vance's arm, her face upturned toward his, a light in her eyes that Buck had not seen there before. . . . The corners of



"Weddings always make me cry a little" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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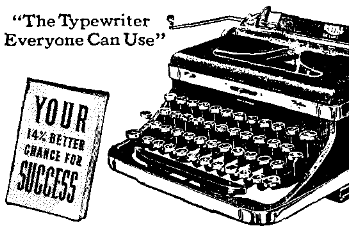
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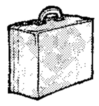

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POSTAL HAS NO AGENTS

Buck's lips would yank down again in that curious mirthless smile, and he would stand alone in the kennel yard and watch them through the fence until their figures grew dim in the gathering twilight and their voices blended together in an indistinct murmur.

Len Dotey noticed the shadow in his eyes and asked him pointedly: "Broodin' about them trials Saturday?"

Buck shook his head. "Piper can take care of himself in the field."

"He'll never top Climax," said Len confidently. "There's ten generations behind Climax to beat. No use, son," he goaded, "you can't get away from family."

Buck did not answer.

He had not seen Ginny alone all week; but that was largely his own fault. He would fade from sight whenever he heard her approaching, and he spent most of his spare time working Piper in the swamps; it was only by accident that she confronted him in the kennels one evening before he had time to escape. He was kneeling beside the little beagle, rubbing grease into a torn ear. He did not speak as Ginny halted before him, trim in new whipcord riding clothes, a red scarf at her neck. "Piper looks in good shape for Saturday, Buck," she said after a pause. "I see you've worked him hard."

"He doesn't mind work," said Buck shortly.

She hesitated, fingering her riding crop. "Tell me, Buck," she began bluntly. "What is it?"

"What?"

"The way you've been all week. As if you didn't want to talk to me. The way you are right now, for instance." She moved a step nearer. "Buck, I know you don't think a lot of Vance, but—"

"It doesn't make much difference what I think, I guess."

She purposely misunderstood. "Are you jealous of Raleigh Climax?"

Buck opened his mouth in injured protest, and she waited eagerly. But he shut it again, and replied instead, without interest: "If that's your idea."

"Buck." She put a hand on his shoulder. "There never was anything we couldn't talk over before."

"There never was anything before to talk over."

She said: "Tell me what it is."

"Nothing," he said, his voice uncertain.

"Tell me, Buck."

"What's the use of telling you?" he burst, looking up at her suddenly. "What good would that be? I mean, a person ought to know without being told—" He checked himself, and added so low that she could hardly hear him: "It's no good telling you if you don't know already."

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Ginny." Vance strode toward them, his bronze riding boots gleaming. "Buck, you mind seeing Max is fed and watered all right?"

BUCK was still smiling that curious hard smile, the night before the trials, as he brought Piper in after a final workout. The radio was playing in the house, and through the lighted windows of the living room he could see them gliding in slow rhythm, Ginny's arm gleaming against the back of Vance's dinner coat, her head on his shoulder. The music stopped. Buck filled a tin with food, led Piper toward his stall, coupled his lead to a ring in the stall, and set the pan of food in front of him. He rose, watching his hound as he fed. The gate of the kennel yard slammed.

"Look, Buck," Vance began, advancing across the yard with Climax at his heels. The lantern light glinted on his immaculate shirt front. "Would you make sure Max has some fresh straw tonight before you put him in his stall?"

They heard Piper's ominous growl, and they both turned. Climax, wandering across the yard, had winded the dish of food, and was edging slowly toward it, his nose snuffing eagerly. Piper's hackle rose slowly along his backbone, the low rattle in his throat increasing as Max approached, circling cautiously. Vance watched, amused.

"Better watch your hound," said Buck.

"Max won't hurt him—" Vance began.

Piper's warning grumble exploded in an angry bark. Climax, diving forward, snatched a piece of meat from the tin; simultaneously Piper sprang the full length of his chain, caught Max's shoulder in his teeth, bowled him over as the chain snubbed him in mid-air. Climax rolled out of reach with a howl.

"Get back, damn you—" Vance's patent-leather shoe flicked out and the toe caught Piper in the ribs. Piper yelped sharply. "Hear me?" Vance drew back his foot once more; Buck grabbed him, and yanked him backward.

"I wouldn't do that again," said Buck, his big hand gathering the lapels of Vance's dinner jacket.

"Let me go," Vance gasped, struggling to free himself. "I'll break his neck—"

BUCK'S fist moved in a short quick arc. Vance landed heavily on his back in the mud, his head whacked the earth, his feet rose in unison and fell again limply. A slow trickle of blood ran down his chin and dripped onto his shirt. Buck, rubbing the knuckles of his right hand, heard the kennel gate slam again. Ginny sped across the yard, knelt beside Vance, and lifted his head with her arm. "Vance!"

Vance shook his head once or twice, and grinned up at her through swelling lips: "Nothing—Buck started a little argument about dogs."

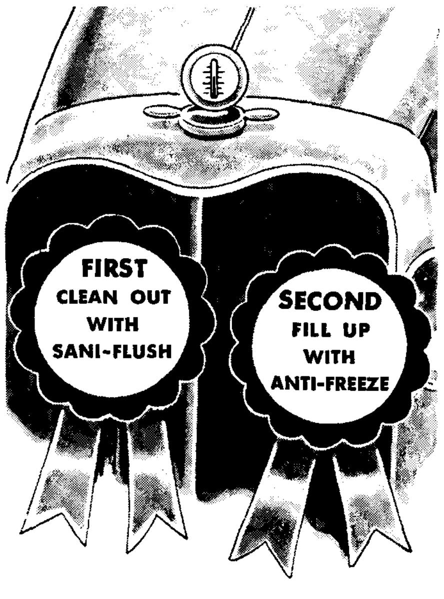
She was looking steadily at Buck. "I reckon you're forgetting you work here, Buck."

"Not me," said Buck. "I don't work here any more."

He strolled across the yard toward the kennel kitchen. Len Dotey was standing in the doorway of the kitchen; Buck wondered, for a brief second, how long he had been there. He gave no sign of recognition as Buck strode past him through the door. His thin shoulders were propped against the doorjamb; his empty cigarette holder wobbled as he chewed the end in thoughtful silence. He nodded to himself slowly.

The gallery following the trials at Rocky Pine that following day had thinned perceptibly by midafternoon. The lifeless air was hazy with dust: the sun lay heavy on the sand hills and brier-thicketed slopes, and beat down mercilessly on the perspiring judges, the handlers, the panting hounds. Owners of beagles which had finished their runs in the earlier heats had retreated with their entries to the scanty shade of scrub oaks and occasional long-leafed pines, waiting for the conclusion of the second series. Vance and Ginny sprawled together on a bank of pine spills; Climax, beside them, coiled inert on the cool rotted wood at the base of a stump, barely cocking an ear at the yelp of driving hounds in the final brace. Some distance away, Buck Reeves squatted lightly on one heel, his elbow on his thigh, his free hand fingering Piper's ear absently. The beagle raised his head as the music drew nearer around the base of the hill, and his panting stopped for an instant. "Take it easy, Piper," Buck counseled. "Save it till later."

The sound of the chase ended abruptly with the laconic shout: "Take 'em up!" Len Dotey, acting in his traditional capacity as field marshal, strode down through the dry sedge grass and joined his two official associates in a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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

small circle of shade. They bent their heads over their notebooks, comparing scores, arguing.

It had been a sizable entry: during the morning some thirty-odd hounds had fought it out in the starting series of the thirteen-inch all-age, and by noon the field had been narrowed down to the eight high-ranking hounds. Climax had come through to the finals handily; he had turned in a flashy performance, scoring heavily over his brace-mate on speed and style in working out the line. Piper's brace had been less spectacular; his rabbit was a road-runner, and he had been forced to pick the line inch by inch along a dusty wagon-track. The judges tallied their respective points, shook their heads, shut their notebooks at last. The gallery milled forward.

"All right," Len Dotey signaled to Vance and to Buck. "Final runoff. Raleigh Climax, Reeves' Piper."

A HALF-DOZEN volunteers moved into the brush lot along the brook, kicking at heaps of dead slash, thrashing the tangled bramble thickets with sticks. The three judges scattered, skirting the beaters and seeking vantage points from which to mark the direction the rabbit took when it broke. Behind the beaters, Climax trotted casually at Vance's side, his head and tail at a jaunty angle, his careless confidence showing in each springing step. Piper, ahead of Buck, strained at the cord attached to his collar, gasping, sniffing the ground ahead, testing every twig and patch of grass as they advanced. A beater at the left halted abruptly, threw a hand aloft as a plump cottontail burst from its form in front of his prodding toe.

"Tallyho!"

"Mark that line," Len Dotey shouted at once to the beater. He waved to Vance and Buck. "Bring your hounds here." He pointed: "Yonder by that dead cottonwood."

The rabbit had taken a zigzag course out of the brush lot, and up the steep bank. "Last I seen him, he ducked straight past that dead stump," the beater gestured excitedly. Buck and Vance picked up their hounds, carried them to the indicated line of the course, unbuckled their collars and set them on the ground, holding them still until the other two judges had jogged up to the ridge of the hill. Climax braced himself in readiness like a sprint champion at the starting line; beside him, Piper's bowlegs were spraddled out awkwardly, and his broad black nose sucked in the air in loud snorts as he got the fresh rabbit scent. His whinny was hysterical with excitement; he shook with choked sobs and his claws dug at the dirt. Buck stared straight ahead, avoiding Vance's sideways glance. "Steady, Piper."

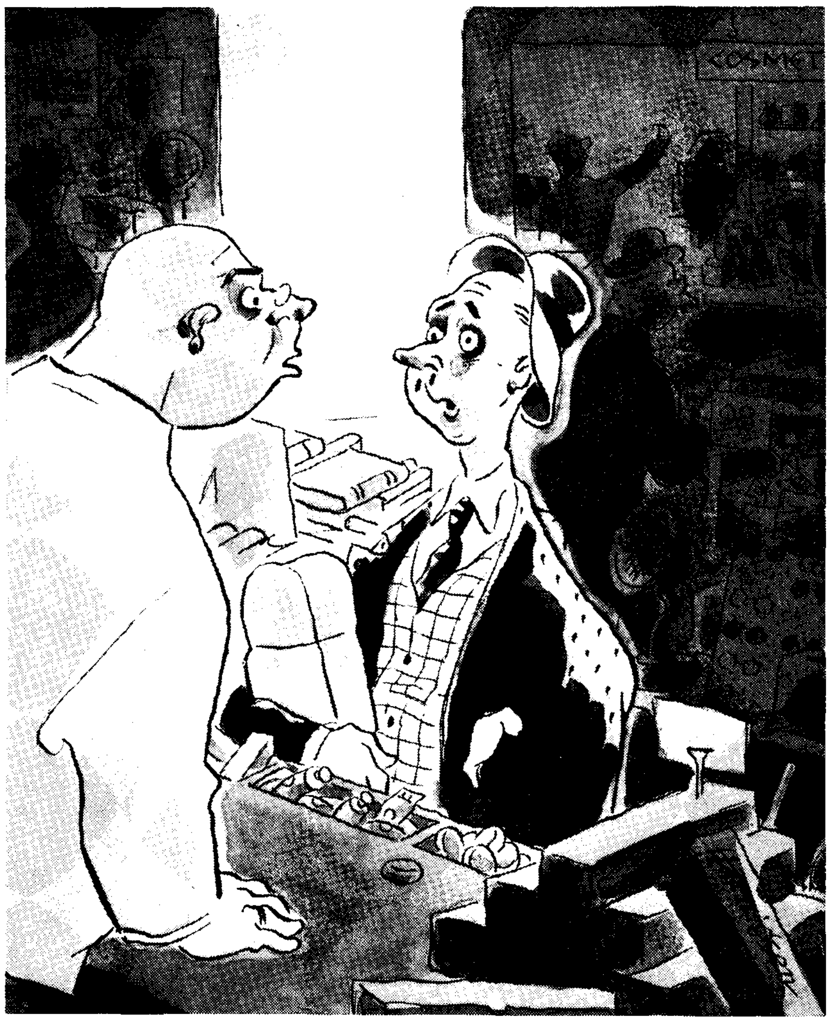
"Let 'em go," said Len Dotey.

The two hounds kicked out simultaneously, driving neck and neck for twenty yards like arrows released from a single bow. They poured out sound, their voices blending in a single sustained bellow as they raced each other for the lead.

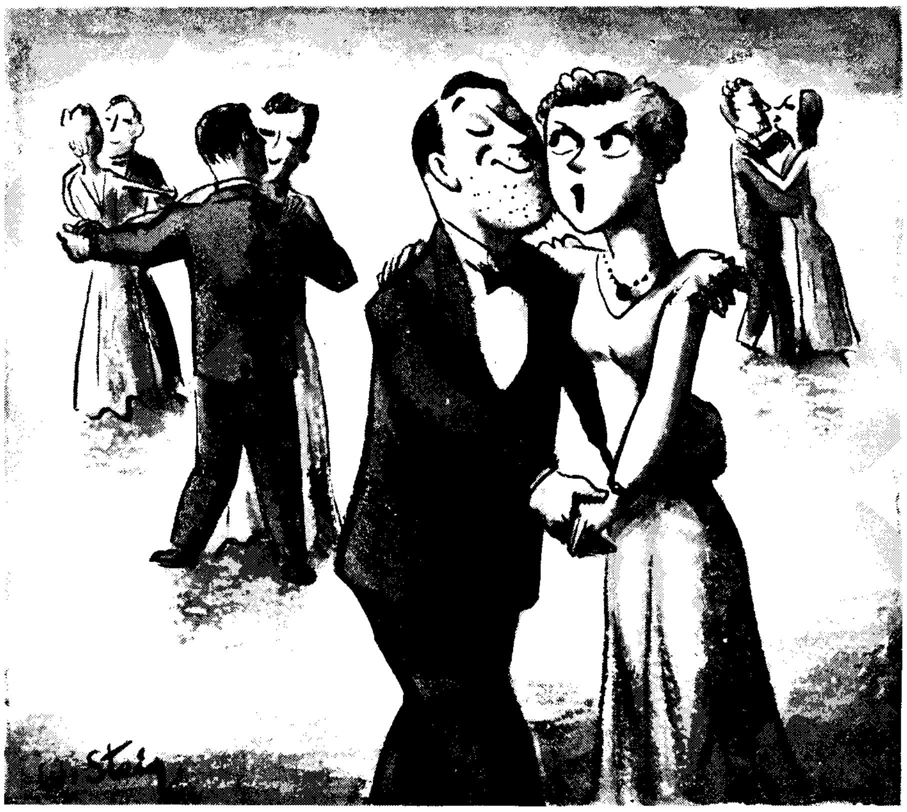
They took the line side by side, up the steep bank from the stream, through the scrub oak along the ridge, down the bank again, following the eccentric path of the rabbit. At each successive jump, Max's melodious hound-note clanged steadily, Piper's high-pitched squeal rattled like sleigh bells on a runaway horse. They leaped the stream together, scrambled up the opposite bank, still tonguing frantically, and plunged shoulder to shoulder into a bay of reeds and tangled honeysuckle. Their voices chopped into silence at a momentary check in the chase.

"Gonna take hound work to push a rabbit out of that mess," Buck muttered, pausing on the rim of the hill beside Len Dotey.

At once both hounds opened again, so



"I want four decks of bridge cards, a couple of bridge prizes, and a box of aspirin tablets" HARRY HAENIGSEN



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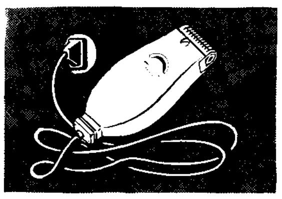

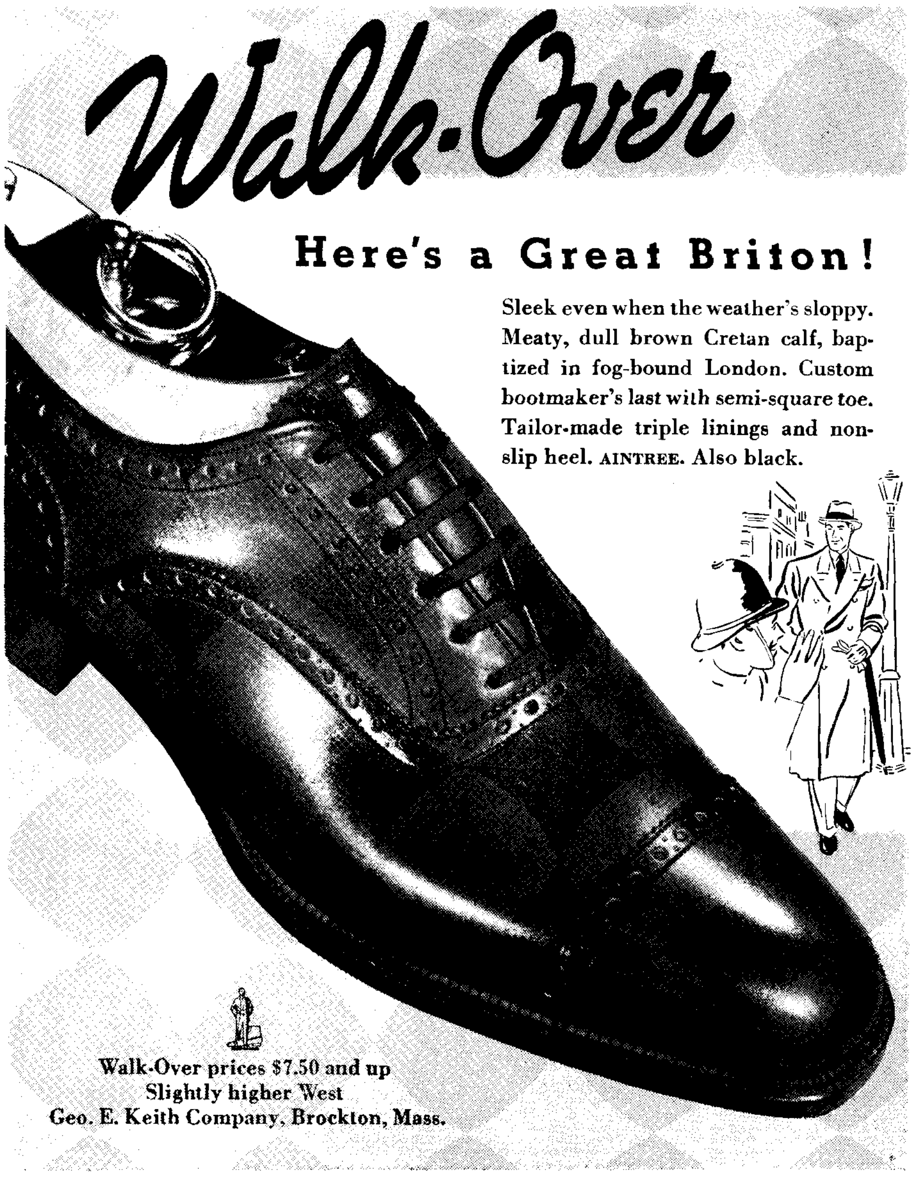

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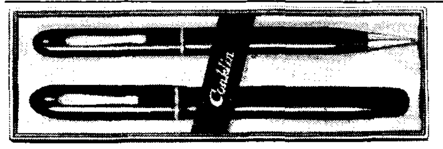

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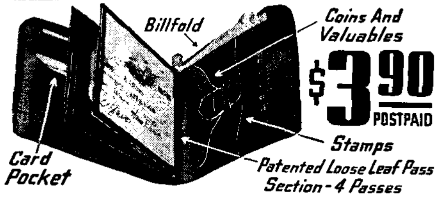

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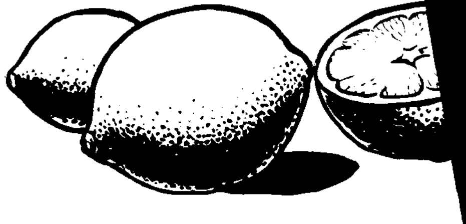

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LUDEN'S—A Test Will Tell

close to each other that no one could tell which one had picked the check. Their voices hammered in unison for a few yards, and the gallery swarmed forward across the stream toward the reed patch. Buck and Len were alone on the top of the ridge, peering intently down through the trees to mark the new direction of the line. Thirty yards ahead of the pursuing hounds, the rabbit broke from cover into momentary view, doubled back on his tracks, darted across the stream once more and bounded blindly up the slope toward them, almost colliding headlong with Buck's left boot as he stood motionless. They watched the rabbit hop lightly onto a fallen log, sit erect for an instant as it tested the direction of the distant hound voices, flick off the log again as silently as a gray ghost and fade into a broad patch of cat-brier, a full hundred yards across. The stems of the vines were studded with thorns, the tangled mass dark and almost impenetrable.

"God help a hound that has to fight through that stuff," Buck said soberly.

Len Dotey did not answer.

BELOW them, the brace had solved the second check, and were working out the line, heading back toward the stream. Their voices were a little less decisive now, punctuated with occasional uncertain yelps and blank silences as they settled down to the heartbreaking task of picking the fading line over dry sand in the hot sun. There was a long pause as they lost all trace for a moment: Piper flattened onto his belly on the dirt, trying to coax scent out of the hopeless dust, his nose snuffing and blowing desperately as he tested the ground again and again; Climax left his side and cast alone in wider and wider circles. Suddenly his bell-like voice tolled again to announce the find, and he bounded toward the brook. Before he had gone a half-dozen paces, Piper harked in and honored the find. They drove together once more, the deep booming of Max's voice contrasting with the shrill anxious tinkle of Piper's pursuing screams, and they breasted the hilltop side by side. It was anybody's race thus far, Buck knew. They followed the course accurately, up the hill and past his left boot, and ran the length of the fallen log before they discovered the deception. They swung off at the same sharp angle the rabbit had taken, and tongued steadily to the very edge of the brier patch.

Buck glanced at Len. The old man's eyes were fixed on the two hounds.

They hit the brier patch abreast, and the tonguing stopped. For a moment Buck could hear his heart thumping in his ears, and the snap of a twig under his hobnailed heel made him start in the brief silence. Len Dotey swung his head sharply at an unexpected movement in the briers; Buck turned in time to see Climax back out again discreetly through a gap between the cruel needles, lifting his forefeet daintily like a cat stepping out of water. At the same instant, Piper's thin siren rose in triumphant discovery, forging deeper and deeper into the slashing thorns. Buck looked at Len.

"Now you've seen a hound . . ."

Len nodded, very slowly. He turned abruptly and disappeared.

Piper's voice was veering toward the right edge of the thicket, and Climax stiffened for a moment in rapt attention. Step by step, he began to edge craftily around the circle of briers, seeking to head him off. Buck waited, listening to the slow shrill yip! yip! yip! from the depth of the thicket. Sometimes Piper's steady tonguing would be broken by an angry yelp, as he tore himself free from the clutching thorns, but he clung obstinately to the line of the circling rabbit. Buck muttered to himself: "There's other things besides family . . ."

On the other side of the brier patch, Ginny and Vance had reached the top of the hill. They halted as Climax trotted past them, keeping abreast of Piper's voice, whimpering expectantly. Ginny stole a quick look at Vance's face. "Piper's still on it," she began.

Suddenly Climax's anxious whinny changed to a startled scream of delight. Toward him, down the slope of the hill, a second and smaller rabbit whirled blindly, bounded past him across the grass, and sailed headlong down the bank toward the approaching gallery. Climax's eager bellow rolled back as he followed the new cottontail in a thrilling sight-chase down the gully, dingdonging in hot pursuit, his voice mingling with the spontaneous shouts of the crowd. Ginny said quickly to Vance: "You'd better get him off. That's the wrong rabbit."

"Nobody saw it," said Vance.

Ginny's eyes widened. "But you wouldn't take credit!"

Len Dotey trotted around the brier patch toward them, and Vance silenced her with a gesture. "Listen to that drive," said Vance. "High-tailing him right out of the country. Nothing to it."

Len asked slowly: "Sure that's the right line, Vance?"

"Of course it is." He turned to Ginny. "We saw the whole thing. Didn't we, Ginny?"

Ginny said in a low voice: "I saw enough."

Climax's distant voice drove in a steady bawl, stopped for an instant in a grove of cottonwoods, broke out once more in short angry barks. "Can't ask any more of a hound," said Vance triumphantly, "than to lock up his game in a hole and then tell you where it is." He asked Len over his shoulder as he started downhill: "Shall I take him up?"

"Reckon so," Len nodded. "We seen all we need."

He watched Vance sprint downhill toward the cottonwoods. Ginny hesitated beside him. "Uncle Len," she began. "There's something—"

"Hmm?" He fitted a cigarette carefully into the amber holder.

"That wasn't the right rabbit, Uncle Len." Her voice faltered. "That was a different one."

"I know," Len announced quietly to his cigarette holder. "I kicked it out myself."

HE LIFTED his eyes and met Ginny's eyes for a long moment. Behind them, from the depths of the briers, Piper's muffled yips and squeaks continued unabated as he unraveled the tortuous path of the original rabbit through the maze. Ginny was still looking steadily into Len Dotey's face.

"Get 'em out in the field," said Len, "then you can tell what they are. People same as hounds . . ."

She nodded her head in slow comprehension.

"Buck's back yonder." Len nodded carelessly over his shoulder. "You better tell him it's all over."

"I'll tell him," Ginny smiled.

Len Dotey stuck the cigarette holder between his teeth, and started down the hill on a run. His hunting coat flapped loosely from his shoulders, his thin legs cleared the tangled thickets in long strides. The last stragglers were hurrying toward the grove of cottonwoods, and Len quickened his pace, his long solemn face cracking in a grin. At the edge of the cottonwoods, the other two judges were waiting. Vance held Climax by the collar, beckoned to Len over his shoulder.

"Come on," he called impatiently. "Let's find out who won."

"Reckon you'll find out directly," said Len Dotey, his cigarette holder tilted at a complacent angle.

The Girls They Left Behind

Continued from page 13

The newspapers—Asahi, Hochi, Nichi-Nichi, Yomiuri, Miyako—splashed black ideographs across their pages. Japanese civilians mobbed in Chinese cities. Japanese soldiers and sailors dying and fighting.

But the Japanese in Japan smiled and called the Chinese wayward infants, being chastened a little until they forsook their illegal ways and came around to the correct mental attitude of co-operation.

This attitude was taken in an interview with Premier Prince Fumimari Konoe at his official residence in Tokyo.

Just a Little Correction

"We are," he said, "adopting the policy of punishing the Chinese in a positive manner. What is essential is to urge reflection on the part of China. We have no wish to make an enemy of the Chinese people.

"Even as we mete out direct punishment our final objective must be Sino-Japanese co-operation. I still think that, at heart, General Chiang Kai-shek is a man with whom we can deal. We believe that China should be united. . . ."

That Japanese insistence that they want a united China needs modification. Most top-flight Japanese statesmen think China is too big and complicated to be one country. What they would like and what they are apparently aiming for temporarily is a group of "autonomous states," under Japanese guidance.

And despite their ringing oratory in favor of a united China, the spokesmen of Britain, France and other white nations would like to see the same state of affairs. United China, they realize, would mean the end of white interference in Asia.

But whether China is united or not the white race is not going to impose itself on Asia much longer. Its prestige is gone; its power is crumbling.

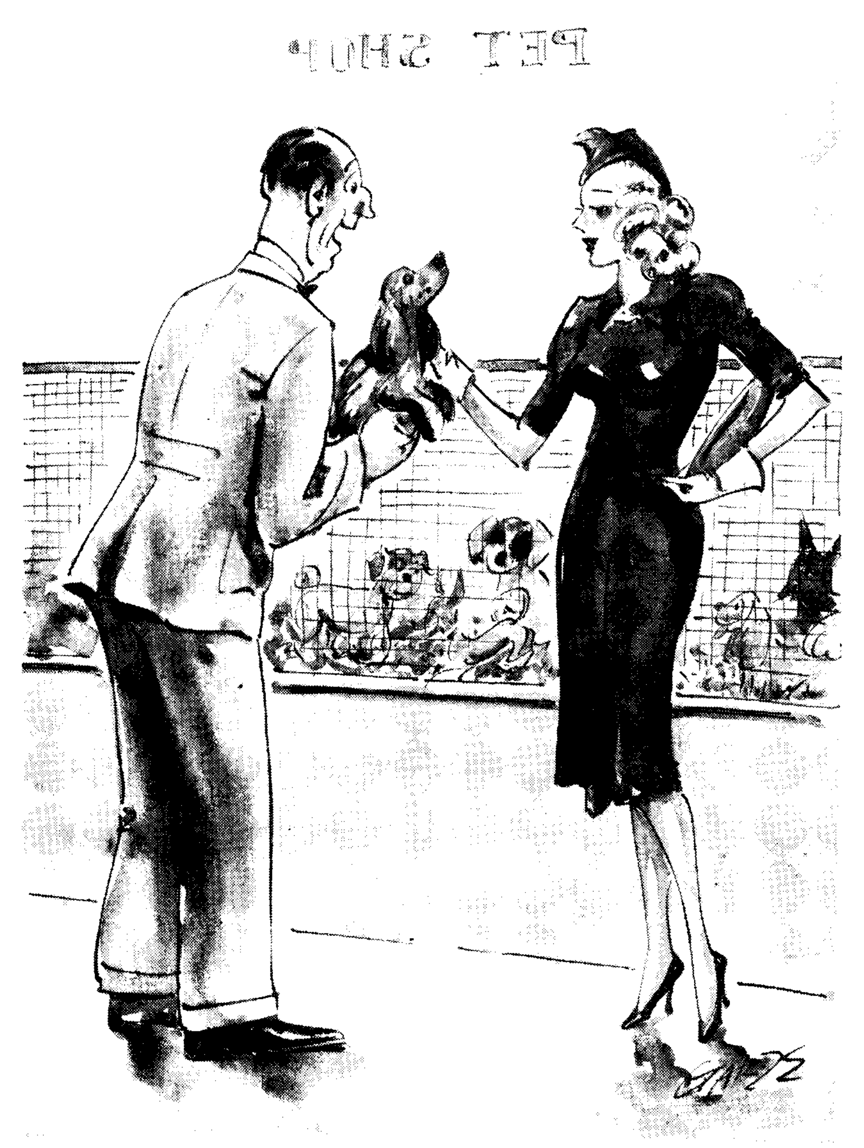
In five years Shanghai will be either Chinese or Japanese. It will become Oriental simply because Orientals are willing to fight for it and the British and French and Americans and Italians are not. For years, America and European nations have siphoned off the wealth of China through the French and International concessions.

At this situation the Chinese have been boiling for the past few years, as the spirit of nationalism slowly grew. If they beat the Japanese in this war, they will simply march into the settlements and take them over—and the white nations will make only a feeble resistance.

If the Japanese win the war they will do much the same thing—and the white nations will not fight them, either.

Foreign protests against what Japan is doing in China have a faintly hollow ring. The Japanese, to protests, retort that they are doing nothing half a dozen of the great powers have not done in fairly recent history.

"We believe we are doing right, of course," said an Osaka manufacturer. "But if we are wrong, then other nations have no right to criticize us. We are imitating what the British did in India,



"Of course he'll follow you—who wouldn't?" CHESTER GARDE

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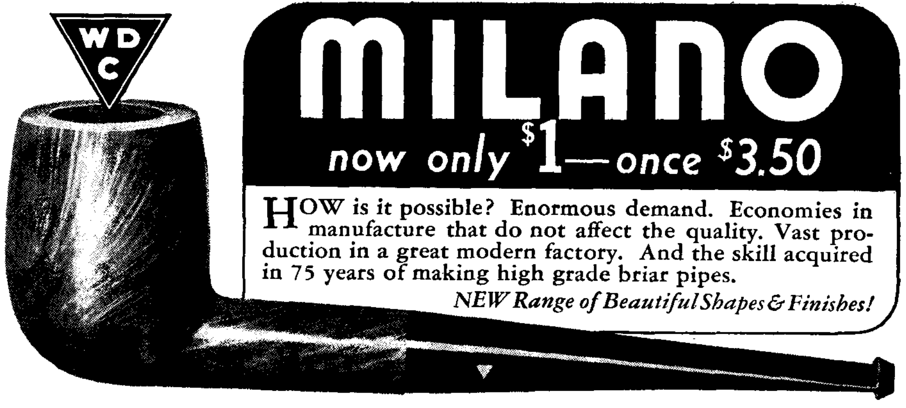

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what the French did in Syria, the Germans in Southwest Africa and the Belgians in the Congo—but we think we are doing it more humanely and with more consideration for the people we are punishing."

"But how do you figure that battling in China is defending Japan?"

"Did not the Americans believe that when they were fighting in France, and before that in Mexico, or in Cuba or the Philippines, they were defending America? The British have defended London all over the world."

In Tokyo the hot dusk came and the street lights shone through the sidewalk trees. The pavement stalls opened up for the evening's business, with packages of matchbox labels, which Japanese collect like stamps; with old prints and new toys, patent potato peelers and one-yen pearl rings, socks and ties, shirts and fountain pens—all the incredibly cheap products of hard-working Japanese industry.

The Air Force Comes Through

Around the top of the Nichi-Nichi Building the electric news flasher spelled out a war story. The crowd watched, silently. A Japanese student translated as the letters of fire ran along:

"In an air battle with three Chinese planes Officers Yano and Oyamino brought down two of the enemy, but exhausted their bullets. So they decided to crash the remaining plane with their own. They hit the propeller of the enemy plane with the float of their own seaplane. Then they made a forced landing on the Whangpoo. . . ."

The crowd smiled and laughed, but did not cheer. After all, a parent does not relish chastising a child. The Chinese, they are brave, too, though misguided.

"Our airmen, you see, they are good after all," says the student. For a long time, the foreign doubt about the ability of Japanese airmen has rankled with the Japanese. Now they are proving that their plane pushers are as good as any.

Up the avenue a dapper little artist with shears and black paper is cutting silhouettes of soldiers for twenty sen, and two long-haired painters are making two-minute water colors of a marine and his lady love for a yen apiece. The streets are full of youngsters, having a mild fling while they may. . . . If the war lasts a year, they, too, will be wearing the Thousand-Stitch *sennim-bari*. . . .

Up at the Gaimusho—foreign office—in the capital, Toshio Siratori, the former official spokesman, explained his ideas of Japanese desires in China:

"China," he said, "should abolish all her armaments and entrust Japan with the maintenance of peace and order. The cost of this should be borne, of course, by the Chinese. It would be much cheaper for them than the maintenance of their own armies."

"Are you going to take over North China?"

"We have no intention of taking over North China. We desire only co-operation. We want spiritual understanding and not military alliance."

"But isn't China becoming more orderly and modernizing rapidly?"

"There are four hundred million people in China. One or two million of them are building up a modern state in the Yangtze Valley, but the people in other parts still are mercilessly sacrificed. What China suffers from is not Japanese troops but Chinese troops."

One of Nippon's best political prophets—a man who usually knows what is going to happen in the months ahead, told Collier's:

"If you wish to engage in the dangerous business of prophecy, you might say that within a year Kang Teh, the emperor of Manchukuo, whom you call Henry Pu-yi, will be sitting on the Dragon Throne in Peiping as head of a Middle Asian state.

"You might go farther and say that when this happens Pu-chieh, who is Kang Teh's brother and who recently married a Japanese girl, will become the emperor of Manchukuo."

He smiled and continued:

"Perhaps I am prophesying and perhaps I am just thinking aloud. I have heard it said in government circles that China would be better off split up into three or four autonomous states in which the people would have more homogeneity—your hard words sometimes confuse me.

"Then, if western China, which is quite communistic, could be cut off and isolated, we might begin to get some order and law on the Asian continent. . . .

"For years the Western nations have talked about bringing order out of the chaos in China, but they have never done anything. We are doing something positive about it, not only to preserve our great interests in China, one of our most important markets and raw-material supply areas, but for the good of the Chinese themselves."

Out in the green and tidy countryside the village masters proudly posted on bulletin boards stories of heroism by local boys who had gone to war. Paper lanterns were bought and hung around the heroes' homes, to glow redly through the night. Little processions, bearing paper flags, made formal calls of congratulation upon the lucky parents of the son in China.

In some of the villages and cities there was rejoicing because the pigeons had disappeared from the shrines. The pigeons are the messengers of the gods and, the gods having gone to the front to watch over the fighting men, the birds had followed them. It was a good omen.

All the women stitched diligently on the *sennim-bari* that would turn bullets, and in the schools the pupils contributed a sen or two for the war fund or to buy comforts for the soldiers.

Neither Japanese nor American businessmen in Nippon are particularly happy over the war. It has intensified, all over the world, the Chinese boycott on Japanese goods—and the amount of buying the world-scattered Chinese race controls is surprising. China proper takes less than five per cent of Japanese exports, but this five per cent is important because it is profitable—normally.

A Game We Can't Win

The American business colony in Japan is unhappy for several reasons. First, wartime economy in Nippon has resulted in a restriction of imports. Second, a recent law limits the amount of profits any foreign firm may export in one month to around $335. So American firms which were sending home anywhere up to $50,000 a month now have to watch their net pile up in Japanese banks. What ultimately will become of these balances no one seems to know.

One American importer summed it up for Collier's:

"We are going to be squeezed out of Japan, one way or another. The balance of trade is heavily against the empire. America, for example, sells to Japan much more than she buys from her. Since Japan cannot increase her exports, she is doing what she can the other way —putting the brake on imports and stopping foreigners from exporting the profits they make from Japanese buyers.

"I've lived here fifteen years and I've always had a square deal. I don't blame the Japanese for what they're doing—but I'm putting $8,000 into the bank every month and sending $340 home for the stockholders. Whether the stockholders will ever get the $8,000 is more'n I know . . ."

Everywhere, in the villages and towns

and swarming cities, the geisha were doing their bit. So were the bar girls—learning, in preparation for the Olympic Games, that when a foreigner calls for "Isu" he does not mean "love," but ice water. The geisha fined their patrons for talking about the weather, for mopping their brows, for doing almost anything—and gave the fines to newspaper funds for war wounded.

Both the geisha and the bar girls abandoned their favorite ice-cream soda and chocolate malted milks and gave the money to the cause. But no man seemed to be foregoing a shell of Kirin beer. . . . And no man sewed in stitches on the *sennim-bari*. The women, mainly, did the sacrificing.

The Penalty of Wrong Thinking

From the great, tree-hidden palaces in the midst of the capital the empress herself sent bandages and artificial limbs and eyes to the army and navy. The old and revered dowager empress dispatched tons of rock candy.

JOAK, the great Tokyo radio station, spread correct thought in Mandarin Chinese every evening, hoping the recalcitrants on the continent would hear, ponder and decide to co-operate. This was in reply to the powerful Nanking station's "demagogic emissions," in every Chinese dialect, broadcast for Chinese all over the world—and sometimes, it was suspected, listened to by the many Chinese in Tokyo.

A newsboy came into the café with type-splashed extras. The bronzed marine officers bought and read.

"We have," translated the husky major, running a stubby finger down the columns of ideographs, "just sent a shipload of food and comforts to the suffering Chinese population around Shanghai. And our people still in China are sharing their food with the starving . . . It is as we have told you: We are not fighting the Chinese people. We must punish them positively for their dangerous thoughts—but there is no glory in punishing the wrong thinking."

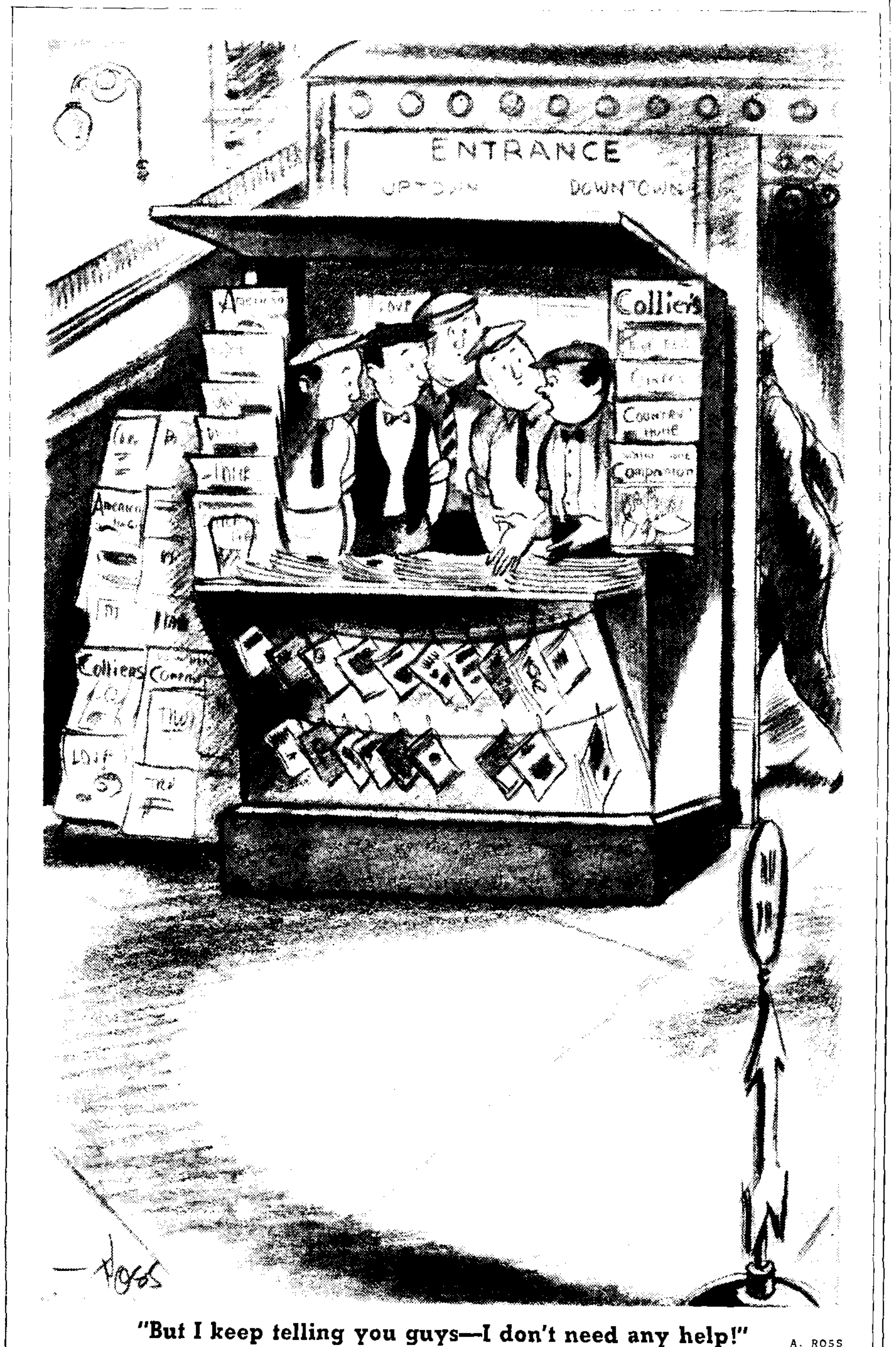
Down in a little side street in Omori, on the road to Yokohama, old Sing Lee dozed comfortably in the dim recesses of his restaurant—one of the thousands of Cantonese still living amicably enough with their Japanese neighbors.

"The Japanese will win, yes," said old Sing Lee. "For ten or for fifty years, they will win against my people in the Middle Kingdom. But what are ten or fifty years? In the end, China will melt them into her people and they will become Chinese, as our conquerors have done always.

"As for me, when the dragons of worry tear at my middle and the stars foretell misery for my people, I sleep. I sleep long hours and the worry-dragons leave me. When I awake . . ."

Out in the narrow street, people were waving flags and cheering a truckload of soldiers, speeding along. Old Sing Lee curled up with his little, long-stemmed, brass-bowled pipe and slept.

The war without passion went on.



"But I keep telling you guys—I don't need any help!" A. ROSS

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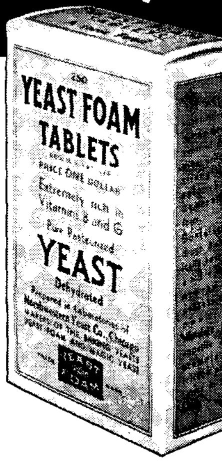

IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is often deficient in many typical every-day diets. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to such diets in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination becomes regular and complete.

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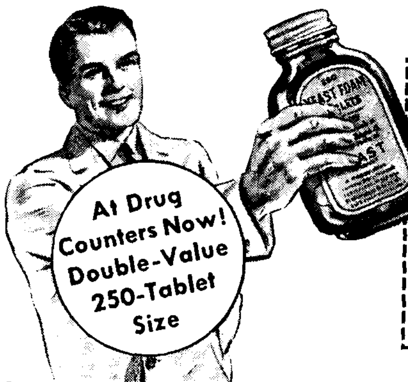
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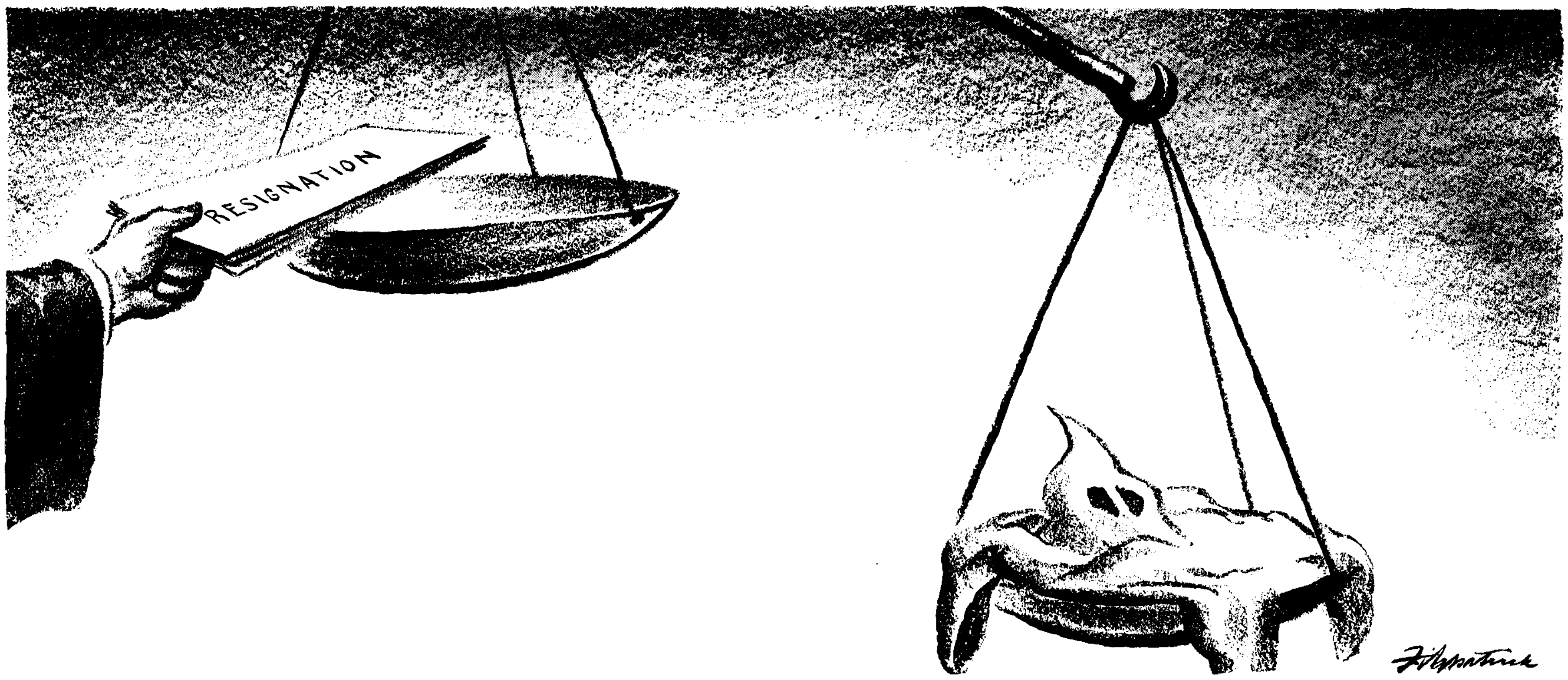


No Place for Fanatics

THE Ku Klux Klan has shriveled during the dozen years since Hugo L. Black was its successful candidate for the Senate from Alabama. The whipping of women and the torture of men provoked their own reactions. Exposure of the cruelties inflicted in the name of the Alabama Klan alienated public opinion. As a political force the Klan had all but faded from the national picture until Hugo Black's secret connection with it was uncovered.

Of Mr. Black's life membership in the Ku Klux Klan there appears to be no doubt. The documents uncovered by the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette told their own unmistakable story.

Hugo L. Black joined the Ku Klux Klan on September 11, 1923. He resigned on July 9, 1925, just before his successful campaign for the United States Senate. Immediately after his nomination he re-entered the Klan and on September 2, 1926, he was made a life member. Despite evasions and denials, he appears to have been a member of the Klan at the time of his nomination to the Supreme Court.

Mr. Black knows that President Roosevelt would not have nominated him if his membership in the Klan had been acknowledged. Mr. Black also knows that the Senate would not have confirmed his nomination if his membership in the Klan had not been denied. His appointment to the Supreme Court was made and confirmed on the false pretense of his not being a member of the Klan.

Few Americans are in any doubt concerning the essential character of the Ku Klux Klan. This organization trades on religious and racial prejudices. Its organizers and managers are merchants of hate and intolerance. At one time it possessed great political power in certain Southern and Middle Western states.

When the Ku Klux Klan was at the high tide of its power, the late William G. Shepherd described its activities in a series of brilliant articles published in Collier's. Mr. Shepherd reported the eyewitness accounts of the actual violence, illegality and intolerance practiced in both South and West by the Klan. The beatings, whippings and gang intimidations recorded compose one of the sorriest chapters in American history.

The true purposes and character of the Ku Klux Klan were well understood when Hugo L. Black first joined, when he resigned and when he re-entered. Two years before he joined, a United States Senate committee had investigated Klan activities. Mr. Black was a practicing attorney in Birmingham when he became a Klansman. Previously he had been a county prosecutor. He was not an innocent boy blundering into an evil organization of whose real purposes he was ignorant.

On the contrary, Hugo Black twice became a member of the Klan. When it was expedient for campaign purposes to be able to deny his membership, he resigned. When it seemed safe again to join, he was made a life member of the Klan. By his acts he proved his habits of mind.

Nobody of any variety of political faith holds that fanaticism and intolerance are the qualities required of justices of the Supreme Court or of any court. Fanaticism and intolerance have nothing to do with justice, which is the purpose of courts. Mr. Black's fanaticism and intolerance demonstrated by his membership in the Ku Klux Klan utterly disqualify him to act as a judge in any court.

Mr. Black's concealed membership in the Klan was a sorry betrayal of President Roosevelt and of those who supported the nomination.

President Roosevelt evidently wanted a convinced supporter of the New Deal on the Supreme Court. He did not want a conspicuous though clandestine member of an organization whose only business is to preach religious and racial prejudice and to instill hatred in the hearts of its members.

The instinct of the American people for justice goes very deep. During long centuries our ancestors sought to establish laws and institutions which would deal fairly between men. The way has not been easy but we have found no better means than through the establishment of independent courts presided over by honorable men.

Few would suggest that our courts, or any other human institution, have always been perfect. Up to now, however, the United States Supreme Court has not included among its members men actually engaged in spreading hatred and intolerance among the American people.

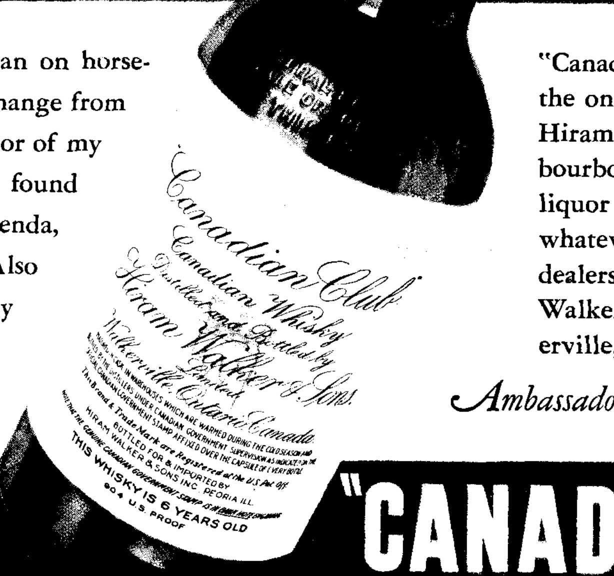
Regardless of how our interests vary and our opinions clash, all of us need justice and tolerance if we are to continue to be Americans. There are other ways of life but this republic was founded on the belief that men of diverging religions and of sundry races might dwell together peacefully and happily.

President Roosevelt could not recall the appointment of a justice who had been duly confirmed as a member of the Supreme Court. The Senate could not reconsider and withdraw its confirmation. To bulwark the independence of the court, the Constitution forbids such interference. To Mr. Black alone was committed the authority to withdraw.

Every consideration of the public interest leads to his resignation. As a justice Mr. Black could not conceivably aid President Roosevelt, the New Deal, or his most partisan supporters. Any decision rendered possible by his vote would be open to suspicion of prejudice and fanaticism.

The man, rich or poor, radical or conservative, who promotes intolerance and fanaticism and race hatred has no place on the Supreme Court. Off the court, Mr. Black can serve the nation. As a justice he could only embarrass his friends.

¡Viva México!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